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THE
Fortunate Country Maid:

OR,
MEMOIRS
OF THE

MARCHIONESS L—V—,

WHO, FROM A COUCHAGE, BECAME A LADY OF THE
FIRST QUALITY IN FRANCE, BY HER STEADY
ADHERENCE TO THE PRINCIPLES OF

VIRTUE AND HONOUR.

VOL. II.

A NEW EDITION.

L O N D O N :

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MDCCLXXXIX.



M DCC LXXXIX

T H E
Fortunate Country Maid.

Being the Entertaining

M E M O I R S

Of the Present Celebrated

MARCHIONESS of L. V.

THE counter-order, which the *Count de St. Fal* gave the servant, surpris'd me, but, to speak the truth, gave me no manner of uneasiness ; the place he mentioned, I knew to be the King's residence, which naturally recalled the dear remembrance, so interesting and so remarkable, of my meeting his Majesty at *Fontainebleau*, the accident which afforded me the first knowledge of my lover. Affected with these ideas, my imagination dispatched a great deal in a little time, uniting several things with much vivacity : The place where I was going, was to be the abode of the *Marquess*, and thither he might very possibly soon return. These endearing reflections quickly dispelled the lowering clouds my present situation had gathered. How easily do lovers revive ! The heart catches eagerly at the most remote hopes that have any

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connection with the object beloved. The *Count* was too quick sighted not to discover this alteration, but was far from attributing it to the true cause; he imagined it was only owing to his promise of not confining me in a monastery; upon this he repeated it, and added, I should be entirely my own mistress, and be convinced by experience, that though he should not be so happy as to gain my esteem, he would at least merit it by his services and complaisance

I was on the point of returning a polite answer to these fresh assurances of his favourable disposition in my regard, when entering the village where we were to dine, we saw a crowd of people gathered about a young female *Pilgrim*, carrying, or rather dragging an enormous cross; ‘Good God!’ cried I, ‘how I pity that young creature, and commiserate her unhappy condition! Cannot you inform me,’ said I to the landlady, as I was getting out of the chaise, ‘what can be the strict obligation this *Pilgrim* must be under to travel thus?’ “ ’Tis what nobody can account for,” replied the person I spoke to, “all I know of the matter is, that several of the inhabitants having given her charity, she immediately distributed it to the poor about her, which occasioned the acclamations you still here, and shows she is no ordinary person: My husband had the same curiosity, Miss, as you have, and endeavoured to discover the mystery; but all the account he brought was, that she said she was doing penance, and performing a vow; that if she should suffer a great deal more, it would not
“ be

“ be a sufficient atonement for her sins ; and
“ that before she left the village, we should be
“ acquainted with her history.”

All this only served to increase my curiosity, as I told the *Count de St. Fal*, and I went in much dissatisfied, at not being able to learn any thing farther.

Being left alone in the room where the cloth was laid, I imagined the *Count* was gone to the stable according to his custom ; drawing near the fire, I found my vexation (which now could be no novelty) redoubling upon me : If dear *St. Agnes* were but with me, said I to myself, I could talk over all my misfortunes ! Certainly, nothing can be more insupportable than on some occasions to be abandoned to one’s self.

Nevertheless, the calling of *St. Agnes* to mind, occasioned a reproach to myself, for being so slow in serving her ; it is true, from the time I parted from her, I had been so narrowly watched on all occasions by *Mademoiselle d’Et-bieux*, (as *Christina* informed me) that I had not the least opportunity of acquitting myself of the service I owed my friend : I might, indeed, have left her letters and directions with *Christina* at my coming away ; but, as it was of the greatest consequence not to hazard their being lost, and that the whole affair should be vigorously pursued, I made a scruple of intrusting the commission into the hands of one, who, if occasion required, could not act but in subordination to another. Such were the motives which hitherto tied up my hands ; but as we are

never so sensible of other people's misfortunes, as when we sink under the weight of our own, so these few reflections placed in such a strong light *St. Agnes's* grief for my absence, and what tedious hours expectation necessarily counts, that I resolved, cost what it would, to perform my promise, and send by the first opportunity which offered, an express to deliver her letters into her lover's own hand, or, in his absence, to his father; the thing seemed the more feasible, by reason of the money *Madame de G——* had given me, and which I had quite forgot, till this design of serving *St. Agnes* reminded me of it. I had a curiosity to see what my generous protectress had done for me, and found it amounted to twenty-five *Louis d'Ors*; but how was I transported in opening a little box, to find *Madame de G——*'s picture! I hugged it to me; and at this moment, whilst I am writing these Memoirs, my heart is moved at the remembrance of what then passed. Yes, generous lady! I'll be ever mindful of your goodness, and the friendship with which you honoured me; the loss I have of you is always fresh in my memory, and if any thing is wanting to complete my happiness, it is the being for ever deprived of you! It is generally said, that women seldom bear an intire friendship to one another; but I am an exception from this rule, and though I should live to be extremely old, the memory of *Madame de G——* will be ever dear.

The picture I mentioned was still in my hand, with my eyes and heart fixed on it, when I was
surprised

surprised by the *Count* leading in the *Pilgrim*.
“ Here, Miss,” said he, “ is the lovely person whose
“ condition excited your compassion and curiosity ;
“ I have engaged her to take up her quarters here,
“ and she has promised me to relate her story to
“ you ; it happens very luckily that this young
“ gentlewoman knows my name, being related to
“ an intimate acquaintance of my mother’s : I am
“ no stranger to the adventures of this pretty
“ creature, they have been much talked of in my
“ country, though in a manner, as she informs
“ me very different from the truth.”

I had rose from my seat when the beautiful
Pilgrim entered the room, and had embraced
her very tenderly ; but what the *Count* related,
redoubled my civilities to her, which she re-
turned in a polite manner, becoming a well-bred
person : When dinner-time came, she was about
to retire, but I pressed her so earnestly to dine
with us, that she consented to it, on condition
of being left intirely to her own management in
point of eating. At the same time, she begged
leave to step to the kitchen, and I took that
opportunity to thank the *Count de St. Fal*, for
obliging me with the company of the *Pilgrim*.
“ It will be time enough, Miss,” replied he,
“ to make your acknowledgments, when I
“ have been so happy as to be really serviceable
“ to you ; the least hint will always suffice to
“ make me immediately execute your com-
“ mands.” The *Pilgrim* coming into the
room, hindered me from making a proper reply.
While *St. Fal* was speaking to her, I examined
with great attention her whole person : she was

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a smart, brown woman, with large lively black eyes; about twenty-two; an engaging aspect, though with a particular melancholy cast: She had on a waistcoat of very fine cotton, with other apparel suitable, excepting a coarse red mantelet over her shoulders, adorned with shells; a rush hat, cocked boat-ways, and lined with yellow taffety, seemed more designed to set her off, than for use; tall and well-made, with an easy carriage; the tan on her face shewed she had been some time exposed to the inclemencies of the weather; but when her gloves were off, the fineness of her complexion was very conspicuous.

Whilst I made this scrutiny, a few sighs forced their way; as often as we compassionate the sufferings of others, if we have any reason to complain ourselves, we greedily appropriate the greatest part of our pity. I was much affected with this young person's conversation, frequently interrupted by her sighs and complaints against the severity of her fate, which was seldom mentioned without tears; this was abundantly sufficient to make me follow her example: I comforted her, and took her in my arms with as much familiarity as if we had been long acquainted: These tokens of my tenderness mitigated her sorrow, and were requited with equal proofs of her affection to me.

Dinner being brought in, put an end to our conversation, which was melancholy enough, and after some little ceremony, we sat down to table, when *St. Fal* and I saw, to our great surprise, some coarse bread and water placed
before

before the *Pilgrim*; this made us very pressing to engage her to eat some soup with us, but in vain, she desiring to be excused, on account that if she complied with our request, her penance, by a law she had imposed on herself, must last eight days longer; otherwise, the current day was the last, being on the morrow to change her way of life to something more conformable to the rest of the world. These reasons prevailed, and we left her to follow her own method. When dinner was done, which, notwithstanding *St. Fal*'s endeavours to divert and make me eat heartily, was not long, the pretty *Pilgrim* prevented us on the subject of her history, saying, nevertheless, that if we were straitened for time, she would cut off the circumstantial part, and give us what was most material in few words. *St. Fal*, who seemed more attentive than ever to find out what was agreeable to me, discovered that such a mangling of the story would deprive me of a great deal of pleasure; upon which he immediately replied, that my journey was of no such consequence, as to deprive me so soon of such an amiable companion; adding, with a smile, that he believed it would not be very disagreeable, if he should intreat me to stay till next day, which he thought necessary to prevent a too great fatigue: I bowed to him, as an acknowledgment of his complaisance.

The *Pilgrim* seeing us disposed to hear her, said, before she entered upon her story, that she was overjoyed at what was concluded on, as well as at the pleasure of my acquaintance; not

being to go herself till the day following, for that she expected a chaise to meet her overnight, in which she intended to reach her journey's end.

When the cloth was taken away, and we were left to ourselves, the young *Pilgrim* began her history in the following manner :

‘ I am the daughter of a very rich physician of *Montpelier*, whose repute was so great, that he was often sent for a hundred leagues off: It is true, in the cures he performed, an unusual success seemed to attend him, scarce one patient in thirty miscarrying under his hands, which contributed very much to the great vogue he was in to his last breath.

‘ At the proper age I received an education suitable to the fortune designed for me: the best masters were employed: The facility with which I took my learning, occasioned a favourable opinion of my parts, and the charms people fancied they saw in me, or rather my great fortune, soon drew a crowd of very considerable admirers.

‘ The desire my father had, being already advanced in years, to see me married, an earnestness of which he often expressed when we were amongst ourselves, occasioned my being continually importuned to make a choice; but the antipathy I had to matrimony was so great, that I could not bear to hear it mentioned: Every day furnished so many instances of faithless men, and their brutality to their wives when become their masters, by the most submissive addresses, that I could not prevail

‘ prevail with myself to increase the number of
‘ such unfortunate wretches. These prejudices
‘ were so strongly fixed in my mind, that one
‘ day I openly declared to my father, who was
‘ using all his authority with me to accept of
‘ one whose pretensions he favoured, that if he
‘ persisted in constraining my inclinations, either
‘ a monastery or death itself should free me from
‘ such importunities: This protestation was
‘ followed by a torrent of tears; and, as he
‘ perfectly doated on me, it prevailed with him
‘ to promise that I should be left intirely at my
‘ own disposal.

‘ I was now turned of sixteen; I had not
‘ only made a considerable progress in those arts
‘ which are usually learned, but even in Physic,
‘ which my father taught me, and found a
‘ pleasure in making me a considerable pro-
‘ ficient; charmed with the disposition I shewed
‘ for it, and the ease with which I surmounted
‘ all the difficulties of that science, he set no
‘ bounds to his lectures; my memory, like a
‘ fruitful field, yielded a plentiful harvest of
‘ whatever was sown in it; *Anatomy, Botany,*
‘ *Osteology*, all were displayed and understood;
‘ in fine, at eighteen I was so far advanced in
‘ the mysteries of *Esculapius*, that I wrote a
‘ Treatise on Physic in Latin, concerning —,
‘ and dedicated it to my father: The reputation
‘ I acquired by this work reached the most distant
‘ countries, convincing proofs whereof my
‘ father received in a short time.

‘ There came a letter from a physician at
‘ *Lisbon*, acquainting him that there had fallen
‘ into

‘ into his hands a book wrote by his daughter ;
‘ that he had read it very attentively, and
‘ formed a judgment of her capacity, from this
‘ learned production ; that as he attributed this
‘ prodigy to the great skill of the father, he
‘ thought him the properest person in the world
‘ to form an only son of his ; that he begged,
‘ in consideration of the science they mutually
‘ professed, he would take the care of him, there
‘ being nothing he would not do to merit a
‘ favour he had so much at heart.

‘ My father, who still persisted in his design
‘ of marrying me, though he would not break
‘ the promise he had made, resolved to take in
‘ this boarder, hoping that, under a pretext of
‘ leaving the care of his studies to me, on ac-
‘ count of his own age and infirmities, he might
‘ give the young man an opportunity of gaining
‘ my affections, and weaning me from the relish
‘ I had for a single life ; expecting that being
‘ continually in my company, if his person was
‘ any thing tolerable, he might at last compass
‘ what was so much desired.

‘ In pursuance to this, the *Lisbon* physician
‘ had a very civil answer which accepted of his
‘ proposal, acquainting him that he might send
‘ his son as soon as he pleased, and that no
‘ endeavours should be wanting to convince
‘ him he was not deceived in the choice he had
‘ made.

‘ It is true, my father took an extraordinary
‘ sort of precaution before he sent his answer.
‘ As he had no other view in receiving this
‘ boarder, but what has been already mentioned,

‘ his

‘ he privately informed himself from *Lisbon*
‘ whether the physician’s son was of a turn
‘ likely to please the ladies: He was overjoyed
‘ to hear that his person was exceedingly
‘ amiable, and his conduct and manners without reproach; upon this he immediately wrote
‘ as I said before, and waited an answer with
‘ great impatience.

‘ In eight day’s time he had the pleasure of a
‘ letter from the physician, with an account of
‘ his son’s being on his journey. My father acquainted my mother and me of his coming,
‘ but in an artful manner; in order to surprise
‘ me and work the desired effect in my heart,
‘ he told my mother, pretending not to observe
‘ I over-heard him, that what he disliked in the
‘ affair was the young man’s being very deformed and ugly; he enlarged upon the disgust
‘ which must necessarily arise from living with
‘ such people, and that he would gladly have
‘ excused himself, but the person in question
‘ was so earnestly recommended by those for
‘ whom he had the greatest respect and consideration,
‘ that he chose rather to undergo
‘ the mortification, than disoblige so many of
‘ his best friends.

‘ The aversion I always had to men, made
‘ me very little attentive to what my father
‘ said; it only served to form in my mind an
‘ exceeding disagreeable idea of our future
‘ boarder: But, how was I surpris’d, when
‘ one night at supper, there entered the room a
‘ young man, beautiful beyond expression, who,
‘ as we were previously informed, was the

“ boarder expected from *Lisbon*. My father received him with open arms, overjoyed to find he was not imposed on, and persuaded by the astonishment I betrayed, he had hit upon the right method of compassing his designs.

“ It is true the graceful appearance and polite behaviour of this stranger both disturbed and surprised me; to expect to see a deformed person, and find him exceeding handsome, must make a deep impression on a young heart. I could not refrain from viewing him, in hopes of discovering some defects, but found it was in vain: His hair, which was of an ashen colour, fell carelessly in large ringlets on his shoulders, and notwithstanding the disorder his voyage had occasioned in his dress, his air had something so grand in it, that after a long scrutiny I could not possibly dislike him. I rose from table, nettled to find nothing in him that suited the aversion I fancied I had to the whole sex, and notwithstanding my father and mother’s commands for me to stay, I retired to my chamber crying like a child.

“ Is it not with justice that capriciousness is looked upon to be the distinguishing characteristic of our whole sex? Was not my behaviour on this occasion a singular instance of it? My heart and eyes were no sooner freed from the impression I have already mentioned, but I found myself more averse to matrimony than ever; in vain did my affections struggle against so unreasonable a conduct; my obstinacy prevailed over the importunities of my parents and my own inclinations, for in a few
“ days

‘ days the young man’s presence disarmed the
‘ haughtiness of my heart, as my father plainly
‘ perceived. In order to succeed in their de-
‘ signs, it was resolved that I should read a
‘ course of physic to the boarder ; I piqued
‘ myself on complying on this occasion, and
‘ hiding from *Belizai* (for so the boarder was
‘ called) the pleasure his company afforded : But,
‘ how weak are we when in love ! and how dif-
‘ ficult it is to gain such victories without hazard-
‘ ing the most dangerous revolutions ! The per-
‘ petual constraint I was under to disguise my
‘ sentiments, and the constant guard I was
‘ obliged to keep over myself, was too great a
‘ shock to my inclinations for a tender con-
‘ stitution to support ; I sunk under the weight,
‘ and fell dangerously ill.

‘ *Belizai* never left my bed-side ; if my re-
‘ solution gave way at the sight of him, he was
‘ not less captivated on his side ; he secretly ad-
‘ mired me from the first, but having discovered
‘ my humour, and regulating his behaviour
‘ upon the antipathy I expressed to the softer
‘ passions, his conduct, either through timidity
‘ or discretion, was so circumspect and re-
‘ strained, that, led by my capricious temper,
‘ I blamed him for it in my heart. But when I
‘ fell sick, he left me no farther room to find
‘ fault with him. He threw off all restraint
‘ when he saw the danger I was in, and gave
‘ very convincing proofs both of his passion and
‘ grief : The transports he indulged himself in,
‘ were so acceptable to my father, that he pro-
‘ mised *Belizai*, if it should please God to re-
‘ store

‘ store my health, he would join our hands in
‘ case no obstacle arose from any dislike of
‘ mine. Transported with this promise, and
‘ looking upon me, as he told me, in the quality
‘ of his dear wife, he would scarce suffer any
‘ one else to do the least thing for me. The
‘ condition to which I was reduced, and his
‘ known discretion, pleaded an indulgence of
‘ his tenderness; but the small-pox soon ap-
‘ pearing, and my father being apprehensive of
‘ his boarder’s health, he was debarred from
‘ coming into my chamber. The timorous *Be-*
‘ *lizai* obeyed, but with so much regret and
‘ vexation that he lost his appetite; my father
‘ perceiving this, and fearing lest his over-pre-
‘ caution might bring on what he endeavoured
‘ to prevent, left him to his liberty: This,
‘ which he called a favour, was no sooner
‘ granted, but he presently recovered his usual
‘ chearfulness. During the first day of *Belizai*’s
‘ being removed for the reasons above-men-
‘ tioned, when the intervals of my illness per-
‘ mitted, I was sensible of his absence, and suf-
‘ fered cruelly by it, breathing out abundance
‘ of sighs, without discovering the real cause.
‘ Ah! without doubt, said I to myself, *Belizai*
‘ is gone, discouraged, as he well may, by my
‘ indifference; he is gone! and offers elsewhere
‘ those vows which here found so cold a recep-
‘ tion: or rather, has not my illness disfigured
‘ me to that degree, that the little beauty which
‘ once could secure his affections, is now no
‘ more; Either reflections pierced my very
‘ soul; these agitations increased my illness to
‘ that

‘ that degree, that had not *Belizai* returned, as
‘ he did by my father’s permission, life was
‘ fleeting fast away : His presence called it back ;
‘ the despair he expressed at my extreme danger
‘ being an undeniable proof of his constancy
‘ and love, was a precious balm re-animating my
‘ benumbed senses : I began to recover, but
‘ what chiefly contributed to it, and fed my
‘ vanity besides, was, that being fond of my few
‘ charms, especially from the time my heart was
‘ entangled in love, I found I should not in the
‘ least be marked with the small-pox.

‘ My father, who, during the course of my
‘ illness had been cruelly alarmed, was trans-
‘ ported at my recovery ; he shewed it by the
‘ large alms and other works of piety he em-
‘ ployed as an acknowledgment for so great a
‘ blessing, and to obtain its continuance till my
‘ health was fully re-established ; being uneasy
‘ that all his experience and remedies could not
‘ prevail against a languishing weakness under
‘ which I laboured. But in three months after
‘ the small-pox was over, he had greater reason
‘ than ever to be afflicted, for I was seized with a
‘ continual vomiting ; this was attributed to
‘ a disorder of my stomach, and proper re-
‘ medies were tried, but without success, till
‘ in the fourth month it ceased, when I began
‘ to mend, though I was still troubled with a kind
‘ of loathing, and odd fancies that were not usual.

‘ *Belizai* still continued his assiduity about me,
‘ but notwithstanding my secret inclinations,
‘ I behaved outwardly as usual : Though I
‘ really loved him more than myself, yet I could
‘ not

‘ not conquer the aversion I had to declare my
‘ mind, as he well deserved for his tenderness,
‘ love, and complaisance ; a declaration which at
‘ once would have compleated the joy of both
‘ him and the family, being what he so earnestly
‘ desired. My father attributed this indifference
‘ of *Belizai* to my old aversion in regard of men
‘ in general, but was still in hopes that in time
‘ my mind might change.

‘ My health was now entirely re-established,
‘ except some twitches I felt, which from time
‘ to time were almost insupportable. The ac-
‘ count I gave my father of it, and my comparing
‘ it to a living creature, made him conclude
‘ that I had something within me, bred by a
‘ conflux of humours, that preyed upon me
‘ and supported its life at the expence of mine,
‘ which it wore away by degrees ; examples,
‘ though not very frequent, are not wanting of
‘ such phænomena, and thence he concluded to
‘ his great amazement that it was my case ; he
‘ called a consultation of physicians, unwilling
‘ to rely on himself in so nice a point, and
‘ wherein he was so nearly concerned. I was
‘ examined, and it appearing that I felt the
‘ motions before-mentioned, when fasting, or
‘ beginning to eat, it was concluded that my
‘ father’s opinion was preferable to any thing
‘ that had been alledged on the subject, and that
‘ as the case was exceeding dangerous as well
‘ as extraordinary, an incision was the only
‘ means of freeing me from what sooner or later
‘ would prove my destruction.

‘ This

‘ This prescription threw the whole family
‘ into the utmost consternation ; my father after
‘ drying his tears, came and acquainted me with
‘ it, having prepared me with all that religion
‘ or reason could suggest ; I must own that the
‘ conclusion of his harangue struck a terror into
‘ me, since I found that in performing the oper-
‘ ation the least accident might be fatal. I took
‘ that night to consider of it, and any one will
‘ easily imagine, that in such a situation I got
‘ but little rest. It was near day before I shut
‘ my eyes ; nevertheless, oppressed as I was, I
‘ began to doze, when on a sudden I started up at
‘ a voice which said distinctly, *Lindamine, be*
‘ *sure you don't consent to the operation, in two*
‘ *months you will be certainly cured.* Terrified
‘ at the voice, and covered with a cold sweat,
‘ I called aloud for help to my father, whose
‘ chamber was near mine ; he immediately rose
‘ and came to know the occasion of my out-
‘ cries : When I told him what had happened,
‘ he endeavoured to bring me to myself by per-
‘ suading me, that considering the anxiety I
‘ went to bed in, it was easy to comprehend
‘ that the vapours of a sleep so reasonably dis-
‘ turbed, might occasion a dream, which would
‘ make the greater impression, as it arose from
‘ the apprehensions the soul is continually under
‘ with regard to a separation from the body :
‘ For a confirmation of what he asserted, he re-
‘ minded me of what I read a hundred times
‘ in our treatises on physic, that in a violent
‘ fever the subtle vapours which mount to the
‘ brain, cause so great a disturbance and con-
‘ fusion

‘ fusion in the several parts about the *pineal*
‘ *gland*, that it conceives objects very far dif-
‘ ferent from what they really are in themselves ;
‘ that they not only represent them thus to the
‘ disturbed imagination, but even to the eyes
‘ themselves: It sometimes happens that the
‘ very ears seem to hear, even when we are
‘ awake, sentences which are nothing but the
‘ whole produce of a distempered brain.

‘ These remarks, however well founded,
‘ made no impresson ; I was too well satisfied
‘ of what had happened, neither had I any fever,
‘ and consequently not in the situation my father
‘ supposed ; besides, my studies had not entirely
‘ conquered the prejudices of childhood ; and
‘ our sex, whatever progress it may make in
‘ learning, always retains some little share of
‘ its natural weakness : I dreaded apparitions,
‘ and imagined the voice to come from some-
‘ thing of that nature ; I was positive I had
‘ been acquainted with the voice ; from whence
‘ I concluded some friend of the family just de-
‘ parted had given me that admonition ; my
‘ father made light of all this, and set it aside by
‘ philosophical arguments, which at last con-
‘ vinced me ; the great confidence I reposed
‘ in his learning and experience obliged me to
‘ yield the point, but at the same time I de-
‘ clared to him, that finding myself much better
‘ and free from the pains I had complained of
‘ (which was only a feint to avoid the operation)
‘ I could not think of coming to an extremity ;
‘ he would have replied, but I fell into such a
‘ fit

‘ fit of crying, that out of compassion he gave
‘ me his word he would not insist upon it.

‘ Notwithstanding the danger with which the
‘ physicians threatened me, in case I did not comply with what they ordered, my health improved daily, excepting those interior motions I felt, but did not dare mention for fear of the fatal operation; nevertheless, the uneasiness this new habit of body occasioned, was far inferior to what I laboured under on account of my sleep: naturally I slept but little, and was so alert that a mouse would wake me; but after the small-pox it was quite otherwise; I was so altered as to this particular, that I not only slept many hours, but it was often morally impossible to wake me; my maid assuring me that she frequently pulled me about for half an hour before I opened my eyes, and sometimes could not effect it; that one day particularly she was very much frightened, imagining I was in a fit, and would have called my father, but that I had strictly charged her never to acquaint him with my ailments, for fear of bringing on the terrible operation with which I was threatened. This detail made me renew the prohibition for the same reason, and from my own knowledge in physic I took such remedies as are proper to thin the blood, and of course to prevent the ill consequences of a continual sleepiness.

‘ One morning being awake sooner than ordinary, *Belizai* sent in my maid to desire leave to speak a word with me: I was then in bed, as I generally had been of late by reason of a
‘ heavy

“ heavy weariness I could no ways account for,
“ and which made my father and mother very
“ uneasy, left what the physicians had foretold
“ should come to pass ; decency obliged me at
“ first to refuse *Belizai*’s request, but he insisting
“ on coming in, and declaring he should not
“ stay a minute, I ordered the maid to remain in
“ the room. He held a letter in his hand, with
“ a dejected air, and melancholy painted on his
“ his countenance ; the very sight of him made
“ me start, without knowing the reason. He
“ trembled as he drew near the bed-side. “ I am
“ going” said he, “ to leave you, *Mademoiselle*,
“ having just now received an account that my
“ father lies at the point of death ; my grief—”
“ It is very natural,” (said I interrupting him,
“ pierced to the very soul, and scarce able to dis-
“ semble it) “ I am much concerned at your
“ trouble.” “ Would to God” cried *Belizai*
“ not regarding the maid’s presence, “ it were
“ really so ! What a comfort should I receive
“ from your sharing in the affliction I must
“ undergo, when absent from you.” “ We
“ mistake each other,” replied I still dissembling,
“ I mean the danger your father is in, which
“ has not the least connection with what you
“ just now mentioned.” “ It is too evident,” re-
“ plied the charming *Belizai*, “ that you will
“ not understand me ; I blush when I own,
“ that what calls me away does not most alarm
“ me : Could I but lay open my heart, that
“ you might read what passes there ! Whence
“ comes this cruel aversion to men ? Am I too
“ included in it ? Ah ! lovely *Lindamine*, to
“ what

“ what has this notion prompted me ! How
“ happy should I be, if you do not one day
“ condemn the rashness of a passion, which
“ durst not face the light !” ‘ I understand
‘ you not,’ replied I, amazed at his dark ex-
‘ pressions, and surprised at his looking stedfastly
‘ on me, which was not usual. ‘ What fear of
‘ the light is it you hint at ?’ continued I ; ‘ what
‘ encouragement did I ever give you, that you
‘ should entertain me with so much assurance
‘ on the subject of love ?’ “ My right,” re-
‘ plied *Belizai* in confusion, “ is of such a
“ nature—” He was going on when my father
‘ came into the room ; I was extremely con-
‘ cerned at the interruption of a discourse
‘ which so much affected me, and which hither-
‘ to it was impossible for me to comprehend.

‘ My father, who by the same post had like-
‘ wise received the news, came to inform *Belizai*
‘ of the particulars : His voyage was immediately
‘ concluded on, the resolving upon which over-
‘ powered me : In love, as I was, so awful a
‘ presence as my father obliged me to stifle my
‘ tears : The moment was now come, in
‘ which my weakness must have discovered
‘ itself to open view. *Belizai* retired with my
‘ father, after taking his leave in the most re-
‘ spectful manner ; overwhelmed with anguish
‘ I sent the maid away, and being alone I aban-
‘ doned myself to affliction.

‘ It was near ten at night before I thought of
‘ eating, or would suffer any one to be in my
‘ chamber ; but finding myself seized with a
‘ violent colic which increased every moment,
‘ I rung

‘ I rung my bell for help ; my maid was scarce
‘ entered the room when I cried out bitterly,
‘ and thought myself on the point of expiring :
‘ The servant, terrified at the condition I was
‘ in, ran to acquaint my father, who im-
‘ mediately entered the room with my mother ;
‘ their presence afforded me no relief, nor
‘ hindered my moans ; my father, with all his
‘ skill, was mistaken, and apprehended I should
‘ be stifled by the creature the physicians sup-
‘ posed I had within me ; he ordered some blood
‘ to be taken away, which gave me a little re-
‘ lief, but the fatal colic returning with greater
‘ violence than ever, and throwing me into
‘ convulsions, he burst into tears, and whis-
‘ pered my mother that there was no hopes of
‘ my life, and that I could not possibly survive
‘ till morning ; this threw the whole family
‘ into the utmost despair : physicians and sur-
‘ geons were called in, and, whilst I was making
‘ my confession, consulted what to do : They
‘ all agreed (except one, who, after feeling my
‘ pulse, went away shrugging up his shoulders)
‘ that in this extremity the operation should be
‘ attempted.

‘ My father was coming into my room to
‘ prepare me for such a horrible prescription,
‘ not doubting but the presence of mind
‘ and good sense I retained in my torments,
‘ would effect an entire resignation to the will
‘ of Heaven : But alas ! there was no occasion
‘ for any thing of that kind : How shall I dare
‘ to acknowledge my shame ?’ continued the
lovely *Pilgrim*, casting down her eyes, and
blushing ;

blushing; ' Nature, pressed to ease me of a
' common and usual burthen, made so violent
' an effort, that, the whole house ringing with
' my cries, I brought forth a little creature
' without any one's assistance; my mother smote
' her breast at the sight, and my father quite
' thunderstruck, left the room with a broken
' heart: The apprehension lest reproaches might
' prove of fatal consequence, prevailed on my
' mother to stifle her rage; she constrained
' herself so far as to make much of me, and
' serve me in place of a midwife; I suffered
' myself to be guided, without the least sus-
' picion of what happened, believing very
' sincerely that it was only the strange creature
' so often mentioned, from which Heaven was
' pleased at last to free me.

' I gave the greater credit to it as the child
' was still-born, which might very well happen
' from the difficulty of the birth, and want of
' proper assistance, as the real cause of my ill-
' ness was not surmised. Ten days past on in
' this manner, during which my father never
' came near me; I enquired for him every mo-
' ment, as also a description of the creature from
' which I had been freed; I could get no answer
' to my questions; sighs and tears generally
' followed, which was all the satisfaction I
' received.

' But as I had recovered some strength, and
' thought myself out of any immediate danger
' of death, I resolved to rise and see what was
' become of my father, who never appeared.
' The sorrow under which my mother and the
' servant

‘ servant seemed to sink, disturbed me very
‘ much, and their answers not agreeing exactly
‘ together, I threw myself out of bed, fully
‘ resolved to penetrate into this mystery. “Go
“ to your bed again, cruel child,” said my
‘ mother forcing me to comply, “and don’t
“ compleat the number of your crimes in too
“ soon destroying my life, by the loss of yours,
“ which cannot be so far off after the dishonour
“ you have brought upon yourself; be satisfied
“ with the bitter anguish with which you have
“ overwhelmed me, by bringing your father to
“ the grave through your vile behaviour, and
“ do not add to your farther reproach.”—‘ Good
‘ God! what is it I hear?” cried I in transport:
‘ What stroke is this that is aimed at me? My
‘ father dead! I bring him to the grave!’
“ Yes, cruel creature,” replied my mother in-
‘ terrupting me, and shedding a torrent of tears;
“ your father paid the debt of nature two days
“ after that fatal one, which you blackened by
“ spreading shame and confusion over the
“ family.” Heavens!’ replied I weeping bit-
‘ terly, ‘ what crimes have I committed! what
‘ am I accused of! Wretch that I am in the
‘ very jaws of death, languishing for so many
‘ months, not seeing the face of any one, what
‘ is it I am thus reproached withal?” “But,
“ daughter, my dear daughter,” cried my
‘ mother, “to what purpose do you thus plead
“ ignorance? How can you hope to hide an
“ infamy, which I was an eye witness of, and
“ every body knows? Notwithstanding all the
“ precautions we employed to screen our shame
“ from

“ from the eyes of the world, the whole town
“ is too well informed ——” “ Informed of
“ what?” cried I interrupting her, and past all
“ patience at what she said; “ Explain yourself
“ better, for God is my witness.”—“ Do not,
“ *Lindamine,*” continued my mother, “ do not
“ prophane that adorable name, lest immediate
“ vengeance should fall upon you: On the con-
“ trary, you ought to thank the Lord for the
“ signal favour of preserving you a life, which
“ your indiscretion exposed, and of which you
“ were unworthy, by being the occasion of
“ your child’s dying without baptism: That
“ might have been prevented, had you placed a
“ due confidence in your mother, and frankly
“ owned what kind of assistance you wanted; a
“ mother, however afflicted she may be with
“ such a confession, yet when so dangerous a
“ moment is at hand, forgets what is past.”

“ I should have suffered her to have gone on
“ much longer, so confounded I was and asto-
“ nished with this discourse. Imagining that she
“ made an impression, and that grief and shame
“ restrained me from returning an answer;
“ Take courage,” continued she embracing me,
“ what is passed cannot be remedied: Your
“ first step at present towards an amendment,
“ is to implore the forgiveness of Heaven for
“ your crimes, and I will join with you in good
“ works, that we may obtain so great a mercy:
“ The death of a child and a parent can never
“ be sufficiently atoned for; nevertheless, we
“ ought not to despair,” continued she seeing
“ me almost choaked with excess of grief. “ The

“ Gospel assures us, that a contrite heart opens
 “ the gates of mercy. Come, daughter,” con-
 “ tinued my mother, fearing lest I should expire
 “ in the agony in which she saw me, “ we’ll say
 “ no more, should it throw you into a fever it
 “ may be fatal. Heaven forbid! what would
 “ become of me, if I should lose all that’s left
 “ me in this world! No, my dear child,” added
 “ this wretched parent, embracing me, “ you
 “ will not overwhelm me anew? You always
 “ loved your mother, and you know she doats
 “ on you; dry up your tears, I forget all, I
 “ have said it; and the cruel injury we have
 “ received shall be atoned for by your marrying
 “ the person, who, notwithstanding all the dis-
 “ cretion I know you are possessed of, has found
 “ means to delude you; name him, perhaps he
 “ absconds, but let him return, we have an
 “ ample fortune sufficient to settle him very
 “ happily in the world; it’s scarce possible,
 “ whoever he is, that he can be so dishonourable
 “ as to refuse you this reparation.”

“ All this was but so many riddles, as I
 “ assured my mother; she bewailed my obstinacy,
 “ and fearing lest her impatience might be of ill
 “ consequence to my health, went out of my
 “ chamber all in tears: She was no sooner gone
 “ but I renewed my lamentations, and threw
 “ myself a second time out of bed in order to
 “ follow her; the maid, who was much stron-
 “ ger, put me to bed again: ‘In the name of
 “ God, *Fanny*,’ said I, ‘explain what my mo-
 “ ther has been saying: I with-child! I brought
 “ to bed! I really believe, if I may use such an
 “ expression,

“ expression, my mother is gone distracted.”
“ Ay, but it’s too true for all that,” replied the
“ servant very coarsely, “and you would do
“ much better, Miss, to own who has abused
“ you.” “ You are an impertinent hussy,” an-
“ swered I giving her a box on the ear; “it be-
“ comes you mighty well truly, to talk to me in
“ this manner, learn the respect you owe me;
“ my mother is mistress, and may say what she
“ pleases, though, God knows, I bear it very
“ impatiently even from her; but, for you, let
“ me hear no more of it.” The servant, pro-
“ voked at my behaviour, took so much liberty
“ in a pert answer she made me, that, trans-
“ ported beyond all bounds, I caught up a
“ candlestick which stood by my bed-side, and
“ threw it with so much force, that lighting un-
“ happily on her temple, she expired in about
“ two hours time.

“ Imagine, *Mademoiselle*,” continued the un-
fortunate *Pilgrim* with a deep sigh, “ the despair
“ this last sad accident occasioned; I got out of
“ bed, bewailing what I had done, and ran in
“ my shift like a mad creature to my mother’s
“ chamber; she was crying, and seemed
“ frightened at the sight of me; she came and
“ embraced me, and led me back to my chamber
“ with all the caresses her tenderness could in-
“ spire; but how great was her consternation
“ when she beheld the maid groveling on the
“ floor in her blood! she called for help, a
“ surgeon was sent for, but all in vain, his skill
“ could not save her life.

“ A plausible account, you may imagine, was
“ given of this accident; as there was no witness

‘ present, and we much known and respected,
‘ the author of the murder was never called in
‘ question.

‘ In the mean time, this last adventure, together with what my mother had alledged, affected me so much, that I fell very ill, and lay at the point of death; the convincing proofs she had given me of my having really lain in, though I knew myself entirely innocent, afforded me a gloomy light in my fatal destiny, and perplexing my mind with so many contradictions, brought me into the condition I just now mentioned; my mother was so terrified that she made a vow of going in pilgrimage to our Lady’s of *Luxembourg*, if God would please to restore my health.

‘ Her prayers were heard, doubtless for the greater punishment of my sins; on my recovery she began to think of her grave, the way to which our misfortunes had already paved; but my persisting not to acknowledge who it was she imagined had abused me (a refusal she considered as a proof of an obstinate and wicked heart), was such a finishing stroke, that she sunk under it: Finding her dissolution draw near, and seeing me in tears by her bedside, she conjured me by the condition I saw her in, to give her the satisfaction she had so long desired: What could I say, ignorant as I was of what had happened, but convinced that if there was any thing in it, some very extraordinary means had been employed; my mother could not be persuaded but that I dissembled the truth, and upon that account
never

‘ never looked towards me during the few days
‘ she had to live; neither could my tears nor
‘ entreaties prevail upon her to give me her
‘ blessing; she assured me just before she expired,
‘ that sooner or later God would punish my false
‘ heart.

‘ Her death, attended with so many cruel
‘ circumstances, threw me into such agonies of
‘ despair, that I made several attempts on my
‘ own life; my relations, who never left me
‘ after this last accident, watched me day and
‘ night, and it is to their vigilance I owe my
‘ preservation from an untimely end. This
‘ frenzy lasted above a month; it is true, the
‘ frequent exhortations of a worthy clergyman,
‘ whose learning equalled his great compassion,
‘ brought me by degrees to myself; he pre-
‘ vailed on me, after hearing all my misfortunes,
‘ to have recourse to Almighty God: My
‘ sincerity and innocence appeared to him in-
‘ disputable; religion had gained its ascendant
‘ over me, and I made my confession with the
‘ dispositions of a sincere penitent. The good
‘ priest guessed, from all the circumstances of
‘ my misfortunes, that some unnatural means
‘ had been basely employed on this occasion, or
‘ that a sleeping potion had been secretly ad-
‘ ministered, since I was entirely innocent:
‘ This seemed the more likely from some par-
‘ ticulars I informed him of; and finding how
‘ much I suffered in relating all that had passed,
‘ he comforted me, by representing that as I
‘ could not foresee what was to happen, I might
‘ reasonably hope to find mercy in the sight of
C 3 God;

‘ God ; but, if I had persisted in rebelling
 ‘ against his will, I should have excluded myself
 ‘ from his holy grace ; that providence ordered
 ‘ every thing for the best, and out of love to us
 ‘ creatures, often moved its secret springs to
 ‘ draw us to itself ; that in misfortunes like
 ‘ mine, the only resource was to submit to its
 ‘ eternal decrees.

‘ Such exhortations, often repeated with great
 ‘ fervour, had the effect the good curate pro-
 ‘ posed : After a spiritual retreat of nine days
 ‘ which he enjoined, methought an inspiration
 ‘ from Heaven induced me to make a vow of
 ‘ fulfilling what my mother had promised during
 ‘ my illness ; besides, I firmly determined at my
 ‘ return to become a Nun, bestowing one half
 ‘ of my estate on the poor, and dividing the
 ‘ other among my relations, without regard to
 ‘ proximity of blood, but as their several wants
 ‘ might require.

‘ After this plan was formed, I communi-
 ‘ cated it to my worthy director ; he con-
 ‘ gratulated me on such pious resolutions, in-
 ‘ spired, as he said, by the divine grace ; but he
 ‘ disapproved of the pilgrimage, as liable to
 ‘ great inconveniencies, to which, in so long a
 ‘ journey, a young woman must unavoidably
 ‘ be exposed ; he offered a dispensation from the
 ‘ vow, but he found me so strongly bent on
 ‘ the performance, that he was obliged to con-
 ‘ sent, after giving me the best advice for re-
 ‘ gulating my conduct, and avoiding the dangers
 ‘ his prudence foresaw would attend the execu-
 ‘ tion of my design. Before I began my pil-
 ‘ grimage,

‘ grimage, I settled my affairs, reserving only
‘ what was absolutely necessary for the state of
‘ life I was determined to embrace; my rela-
‘ tions used their utmost endeavours to dissuade
‘ me from making over my fortune, justly ap-
‘ prehending that if I should change my mind,
‘ I must depend upon the courtesy of others for
‘ a subsistence; but my steadiness surmounted
‘ all these obstacles, and as they perceived I was
‘ entirely taken up with my project, they left
‘ me at liberty to act as I judged proper; a de-
‘ sign of embracing a religious life has this
‘ particular privilege, that it supplies the in-
‘ capacity of minors.

‘ The day before my departure I underwent
‘ an assault, little inferior to the rest: I received
‘ on the same day two letters from *Belizai*:
‘ The first informed me how much he suffered
‘ by being separated from me, and that nothing
‘ could effect the least alteration in his senti-
‘ ments: He acquainted me that his father was
‘ dead, and had left him a plentiful fortune;
‘ that decency alone had prevented him till now
‘ from assuring me that his happiness was in-
‘ compatible with my absence; he besought me
‘ to accept of his hand and heart with all he
‘ possessed; he exhorted me to reflect very
‘ seriously on what he proposed, declaring that
‘ in some sense I was not at liberty to do other-
‘ wise, nor so much my own mistress as to dis-
‘ pose of myself without his consent.

‘ I was still at a loss to comprehend the
‘ meaning of all this, which I thought a very
‘ extraordinary method of courtship; but the

‘ second letter, dated two days after the first,
‘ and wrote lest I should hesitate in coming to
‘ a determination, fully apprized me of my fatal
‘ destiny, by his declaring himself very roundly
‘ to be my husband; he there acquainted me
‘ with the base means he had employed to obtain
‘ that title, vainly endeavouring to palliate them
‘ by the excess of his passion, and a dread of
‘ losing me, too well grounded on the antipathy
‘ I expressed to any engagement; that having
‘ considered all this, he made use of some very
‘ extraordinary means to lay me asleep; that at
‘ first he had no farther view than to remedy a
‘ want of sleep, from which I suffered very
‘ much during my illness; but the opportunity
‘ appearing so favourable to his future lawful
‘ designs, as he called them, he could not resist
‘ the temptation; that he had flattered himself,
‘ in case a pledge of his love should appear,
‘ decency would effect what his passion and ad-
‘ dresses could not compass: How far he was
‘ in the right, my behaviour must determine.

‘ The second letter justly incensed me to a
‘ very great degree; notwithstanding the pre-
‘ judice of my secret passion for this unworthy
‘ lover, I firmly resolved never to see his face
‘ more, and that nothing should ever prevail on
‘ me to change my mind. I resolved to exert
‘ myself in endeavouring to forget him: ad-
‘ dressing myself to God, I made a sacrifice to
‘ him of whatever inclination might remain,
‘ and renewed my vow of becoming a Nun; a
‘ resolution I have hitherto persisted in, and will
‘ never lay aside, trusting in God that his holy
‘ grace

• grace will support me against every thing that
• may tend to shake my resolution.

• ' It is now a year and a day since I came from
• home in this equipage : I have had the good
• fortune to execute my design without meeting
• with any troublesome adventure, and, as my
• vow is fulfilled this day, to-morrow I bid adieu
• to the world.

• ' Thus I have given you, *Mademoiselle*, the
• history of my misfortunes, which will be ever
• fresh in my memory: For my greater humili-
• ation, I have made it a law to myself always
• to give a detail of them to such as desire it, to
• the end that this history, being made public,
• may teach young women to dread the vile
• artifices which men are so apt to employ in
• seducing their innocence, and to be always on
• their guard against such beasts of prey, the
• more to be feared, when emboldened in the
• havock they make, by any alluring endow-
• ments of body or mind.

• ' To this recital of my misfortunes there is
• one condition annexed, which I do not pre-
• viously mention, because I am persuaded no-
• body will refuse to comply with it : It is, *Ma-
demoiselle*, to do some act of piety in my
• behalf, that God will please to give me per-
• severance in the holy sentiments with which
• he has inspired me, and strength to put them
• in execution.'

Thus did *Lindamine* finish her story, wiping
away her tears which she could not restrain. I
thanked her for the complaisance she had shewn,
and enquired how far off the convent might be,

whither she proposed to retire: her answer was, that she had not as yet pitched upon any place; that it was indifferent to her, and, as she intended to forsake the world entirely, she proposed, when her steward arrived, to make him bespeak some convent where she was not known; that for this reason she would not fix her retirement in her own country, elsewhere she had no objection, if she were received.

Upon hearing this, a thought came into my head, that might be equally serviceable to her, and give me an opportunity of sending some account of myself to dear *St. Agnes*, ever present in my heart. With this view, I recommended very earnestly to *Lindamine* the monastery I had lately left, promising to direct her to a lady who honoured me with her friendship, and who would take a singular pleasure, through a sincere piety and obliging disposition, to serve her, as far as lay in her power; that it was the surest means of completing her design, as she would be received with open arms; and being so well recommended, no enquiry would be made.

Lindamine made her acknowledgments with great vivacity, and accepted very kindly of my proposal. I talked a great deal to her concerning *St. Agnes*, praising her sweet disposition and agreeable conversation; I spent the remainder of the day in entertaining the pretty *Pilgrim* with the satisfaction she would find in the company of my friend, whose adventures, when acquainted with them, would interest her much, and oblige her to own that *St. Agnes*, in some respects, was more to be pitied than herself. *Lindamine* seemed
very

very much surpris'd at this, and asked what misfortunes were comparable to her own?

The perplexity, into which this question threw me, made *St. Fal* rise from his seat, easily apprehending, that as matters were, his presence might be some restraint upon me: obliging and well-bred as he was, he desired leave to go before it was too late, and try the benefit of the air for a head-ach he had been troubled with since morning. As he address'd himself to me, I answer'd with a bow, upon which he retired.

When *Lindamine* and I were alone, I press'd her again to pitch upon the convent I had mentioned; she assur'd me that she would go next day to *Madame de G——*, and as soon as that lady had settled the terms of her admission, she would enter. This point being settled, I resum'd the subject of *St. Agnes*, and related her history in short to *Lindamine*, that she might entertain the better opinion of her. The *Pilgrim* confess'd that if the fair Nun had the least of her crimes to reproach herself withal, she, *Lindamine*, would allow herself to be the least unhappy of the two; but that no misfortune was equal to the stings of a guilty conscience.

Lindamine very readily gather'd from my friend's history, that I was entrusted with some letters of consequence, which I had not as yet found means to send; she told me very obligingly, that if I would venture them in her hands, she would answer for their being deliver'd; that she would send the next day a

trusty servant express with them, who should return and give her an account of the execution of his commission: I was ~~so~~ well pleased with the feasibility and expedition of the proposal, that, transported to think how overjoyed *St. Agnes* would be to have her business so well followed, I threw my arms about *Lindamine's* neck for joy. This lovely creature, charmed with my friendly disposition, had a great mind to know, in her turn, my history: and though her politeness made her readily accept of the excuses I framed, yet she could not forbear renewing the attack several times; at last, I told her with a smile, that it would be a very ill return for all her civilities, to trouble her with a detail of my misfortunes; that *St. Agnes* should satisfy her curiosity, and by an agreeable manner of relating the history, would render it less insupportable. *Lindamine* allowed of this frivolous apology, but it only served, as I was afterwards informed, to increase her impatience. As the time left for dispatching our business grew very short, we set ourselves to writing. I was very glad of this opportunity to beg of *Madame de G——* the continuance of her friendship, and to give her an account of my present situation. My letter to *St. Agnes* gave me the least trouble, though by far the longest; after letting her know how happy I was in having such an opportunity of serving her, I desired that if the *Marquess* should chance to come to the monastery (which I imagined might possibly happen), she would please to inform him, that, whatever befel me, I should preserve the most affectionate and faithful sentiments in his regard.

We spent so much time in writing, that it was eight o'clock before we finished our dispatches. I was surprised that *St. Fal* did not return; his polite behaviour, and the confidence shewn in leaving me to myself at this present, knowing I had it in my power to escape, as I had formerly done; this not only effaced all resentment of his behaviour on the first day, but even created an esteem, and gave me some uneasiness for his absence, as it was not a fit hour to be in fields in winter. Enquiring for him, I was answered that he was gone to kill some game, and very likely watching to shoot a hare. I knew very well, being bred in the country, that sportsmen often staid out late; I returned something satisfied to *Lindamine*, but was much surprised to find at her feet, a very handsome gentleman, expressing himself with great emotion, and from whom the pretty *Pilgrim* was endeavouring to free herself with words frequently interrupted with her tears. I was upon the point of retiring without examining any farther when *Lindamine* cried out: 'No, no, dear *Jenny*, come in and lend me your assistance to guard my heart against the attacks of this vile man, the unworthy lover you have already heard me mention. Behold the brutal ravisher who endeavours to alledge the most outrageous injury as a proof of the tenderest affection.' "Yes, charming *Lindamine*," cried *Belizai* interrupting her with great eagerness, "may Heaven punish me this instant, if I had the least intention of offending you!" "From the first moment my heart, captivated
" by

“ by your charms, to the name of a lover;
 “ would fain have joined that of husband. See
 “ here the first origin of my crime; your cold-
 “ ness, the distaste you expressed on all oc-
 “ casions against matrimony, your father’s con-
 “ sent, which by discovering his views, I was
 “ in hopes of obtaining, if I could bring my
 “ designs to bear; all this put together, com-
 “ pletly seduced and blinded me; I plead
 “ guilty my charming *Lindamine*: That you
 “ really love me is no secret; why therefore,
 “ through an unseasonable punctilio, will you
 “ make us both unhappy, my wife, my dear wife
 “ as you are?” “Hold, barbarous man,” cried
 the *Pilgrim* all in tears, “what odious title do you
 “ give me! what base means, O Heaven!
 “ dare you—“ Yes, you are my wife,” re-
 plied *Belizai* eagerly grasping her knees, “no-
 “ thing but death shall wrest from me the
 “ amiable name of husband; let this lady be
 “ judge,” continued the wretched lover turn-
 ing to me, “she shall decide.” “I take you
 “ at your word,” replied *Lindamine* casting a
 look at me; “I am satisfied her sentiments
 “ of honour and religion are such, that I have no
 “ room to doubt her passing sentence in my
 “ favour.”

Belizai finding his destiny placed in my hands,
 rose up and began with exaggerating his passion,
 tenderness and constancy; he set forth the most
 specious pretences, in excuse of his rashness
 and its consequences; he endeavoured to make
 me enter into his opinion, which was, that
 since what had happened could not be recalled,
 decency

decency required that marriage should supply the defects of his past conduct; alledging, that abstracting from his love, probity obliged him to insist on the marriage; from thence he passed to the torments he had suffered whilst absent from all that was dear to him in this life; he sought to move my compassion by giving me an account of the advantageous matches he had refused for *Lindamine's* sake; he affirmed that being pressed by his relations in that particular, he left *Lisbon* to avoid their importunities, and came to *Montpelier* a year ago, to make a sacrifice of all those offers to his mistress, and present her his hand; that finding, to his grief, that she was gone from thence, and not knowing where to find her, he had wandered about in search of her ever since; that returning to *Montpelier*, and luckily discovering by mere accident that she had sent for a chaise, he watched its setting out, and followed it, without being perceived, in order to throw himself at his mistress's feet, and either obtain her pardon, or an end of his afflictions by the violence of his despair.

I gave *Belizai* full scope to utter what he had to say; then turning to *Lindamine*, I asked her if she had any thing to add on this subject to what she had already said; her answer was, that she had not, and that nothing in the world should prevail upon her to alter her resolutions.

Encouraged by these words, I addressed myself to *Belizai* in the following manner: "Since
" you are pleased, Sir, to refer yourself to my
" decision," said I, "give me leave to tell you,
" my

“ my sentiments from yours on this affair are
“ very different ; you must excuse me if I as-
“ sert, that in my opinion, you are not only
“ unworthy of the favour, to which you pre-
“ tend, but even of being received into the
“ rank of those, whose strict regard for
“ virtue give them a just elevation of thought,
“ since you have so outrageously trampled
“ on those very dictates of honour and pro-
“ bity, upon which you seem, with so little
“ reason, to value yourself. Is it possible,
“ with your education and parts (for it were
“ injustice to deny you either) that you should
“ act in a manner so inconsistent with the duty
“ you owe yourself? The deluding or even
“ forcing a woman, black as they are, fall
“ short of the crime you have committed ;
“ the two first may be compared to two men of
“ superior strength and activity, attacking two
“ others, who by their known want of skill
“ and courage, are no ways able to withstand
“ them ; whereas your conduct resembles
“ exactly that of a base assassin, who stabs his
“ adversary in the back or asleep. In the first
“ case, the aggressors leave room for making
“ a defence ; a lucky accident may possibly
“ elude their strength and skill : but, in the
“ case before us, who can possibly be secure ?
“ In truth, I must say it, your behaviour in
“ this affair, is properly an assassination. I will
“ say more ; you plead, Sir, that your love
“ prompted you to perpetrate this outrage :
“ No, Sir, real love never leads to villainy ;
“ besides, it is not to be called love, where
“ the

“ the passion ultimately centers in itself. A
“ lady, who was pleased to have some share in
“ my education, and who is very justly ad-
“ mired for her nice discernment, always asserted,
“ that true esteem not only wishes its object
“ happy, but even exerts all possible means to
“ render it so, even in the highest degree that
“ can be desired ; but what obligation do you
“ lay upon your mistress, whom you admire
“ because she is handsome, bears a good cha-
“ racter, is sweet tempered, has, if you please,
“ uncommon talents, in a word, compleatly
“ qualified to be a companion for life? An
“ hundred others will be in love with her as
“ well as you, but perhaps are unwilling to
“ make a sacrifice to her of their several in-
“ clinations and fortunes. Put the case, that
“ this mistress, at an unguarded hour, should be
“ susceptible of any frailty, a man of worth,
“ who proposes to marry her, would be the first
“ to support her against any such weakness,
“ far from taking the advantages of such
“ an inclination. If you seek to make your-
“ self agreeable by lasting recommendations,
“ such as probity, virtue, and honour, the
“ esteem you create will always subsist ; you
“ must even, when requisite, sacrifice your
“ very love itself, and if you cannot complete the
“ happiness of the person beloved, you ought
“ to contribute all that lies in your power to
“ effect it in the arms of another. A sen-
“ timent truly noble, of which we see but few
“ instances ; nevertheless I have known those
“ whose greatness of soul would not have failed
“ them on such an occasion.

“ In

“ In fine, sir,” continued I, “ there is no
“ real happiness without the strictest regard to
“ honour and probity. The reason is, because
“ when passions have no other support than
“ themselves, they mutually clash and shake
“ each other ; whereas that love, which has
“ virtue for its guide, fixes happiness, as it is not
“ liable to the vexations and impetuous storms
“ the sallies of a disorderly inclination usually
“ create. How slender soever my experience
“ may be, I think I have given you a feint sketch
“ of the real character of a man of worth, and an
“ honourable lover, to both which I think *Ma-*
“ *demoiselle Lindamine* justly intitled, and which,
“ had she found them in you, would have made
“ her compleatly happy, if she really has those
“ favourable sentiments in your behalf, as you
“ seem to assert ; but, through an unhappy
“ contrast, she is become the most wretched of
“ her sex. Reflect how many cruel evils have
“ flowed from your rashness : she loses her
“ father ; provoked by an impertinent answer
“ embroues her hands in blood ; brings her
“ mother to the grave, and is on the point of
“ plunging herself headlong into eternity : To
“ compleat the whole, she lies under the
“ strictest obligations both of honour and re-
“ ligion, to make herself a sacrifice, and re-
“ tire for the rest of her life to a monastery,
“ in order to appease the remorse of a guilty
“ conscience. Let so generous an effort be
“ equalled on your side ; or, if you cannot
“ obtain so noble a victory over yourself, at
“ least give this last proof of your love, not
“ to

“to disturb her in the execution of what she proposes.”

I had no sooner named a monastery, but *Belizai* threw himself again at her feet, with such marks of a sincere repentance, uttering the most moving speeches accompanied with signs of so real a despair that the pretty creature's passion began to revive; some sparks seemed to force their way. *Belizai*, as cunning as amorous, perceiving the effect his presence and discourse had, pursued his advantage so warmly, and gave it so many different turns, that with a deep sigh followed by a shower of tears, she owned her happiness inseparable from his, and that her vow was the only obstacle left. Transported with this acknowledgment, *Belizai* told her that such vows were of very little consequence; that any priest had sufficient power to grant a dispensation from it, the obtaining of which would be attended with the less difficulty, as there were such cogent reasons for their being married. This *Lindamine* easily refuted, and beginning again to mention her vow and the monastery, *Belizai* in a violent transport drew his sword, and would have thrown himself upon it. ‘Hold cruel man,’ cried *Lindamine*, her blood running chill in her veins, ‘will you strike the finishing stroke to all my misfortunes? put up your sword; alas! I cannot survive you a moment. I must yield: No, you shall not die, you are too dear to me: Heavens! what would become of me if I had this death besides to lament! Do not, *Belizai*, do not thus terrify
‘ me

me any more ; I tremble still, and am unable in the consternation you have occasioned to come to any resolution ; allow me this night to implore the assistance of Heaven, that I may be directed by its inspirations ; in the morning you shall have my answer, alas ! too conformable perhaps to my inclinations.' The lover would have replied, but *Lindamine* assured him that she would not hear any thing more, that he had already but too successfully prevailed, that he ought to be satisfied with the promise she had made, and entreated him to retire ; he complied, but with such a visible sorrow as moved me very much.

Lindamine returned to me, drying her tears, and assured me that nothing should prevail on her to alter the resolution she had taken. 'Ought not I to blush,' said she, 'when I look you in the face, after betraying so much weakness ? But, dearest *Jenny*, deprive me not of your esteem ; I am the more to be pitied ; for notwithstanding the violence of a passion revived at the sight of him who first inspired it, you shall see me put in execution with the greatest courage, what I have undertaken to perform.'

The steward expected by *Lindamine*, entered the room just as she had done speaking ; she let him know the uneasiness she was under with respect to *Belizai*, after acquainting him with her design of retiring to a monastery : We all agreed that in order to elude her lover's vigilance, which doubtless would be extraordinary at

at this juncture, that she and I should change bed-chambers ; that early in the morning *Lindamine* should set out first in *St. Fal's* chaise, the postillion being ordered to wait our coming at a place appointed about six leagues distant. I flattered myself that the *Count* would make no difficulty to assist in so warrantable a design. In the preceding agitations a considerable time was spent, and the clock struck ten, without my hearing any tidings of *St. Fal* ; I grew very uneasy, as I informed his *Valet de Chambre*, not dissembling that his indifference on this occasion very ill became him : He was ashamed of it, and taking a guide with him went to seek his master. What made me the more apprehensive lest any accident might have befallen the *Count*, was my having very innocently given occasion to it, being convinced that his motive of going out was to take off all appearance of constraint on my liberty ; not but I was satisfied his only aim was to please me, and saw plainly he was in love : I did not see any obligation of taking upon me to resent a passion no ways encouraged or approved of on my side. We cannot controul our sentiments, but may always regulate our manner of expressing them ; and where a woman has by her merit created a passion in a man of strict honour, I really think, even at this day, when he has declared himself an admirer, and she, on her part, has in a polite manner sincerely assured him, that she is otherways engaged, or that her duty and affections are incompatible with any such declaration, she ought not to pride herself

herself in a scrupulous nicety of avoiding his company, provided she does not give him opportunities: An affected behaviour soon degenerates into mere preciseness, and daily experience convinces us, that coquets and abandoned women frequently lie hid under the mask of hypocrisy. But to return before a subject of this kind carries us too far out of our way.

Lindamine, desirous of setting out very early for the reason above mentioned, after her usual collation, went to bed in the manner we agreed on. I sent for the postillion belonging to the *Count de St. Pal*, and ordered the chaise to be ready by day-break: The great deference paid me by the *Count*, of which his servants were eye-witnesses, was without doubt the reason of the postillion's readily receiving my orders. *Lindamine* and I bid each other adieu with great regret; that amiable young creature was truly deserving of a singular esteem, and had our acquaintance been of longer date, this farewell would have cost me very dear; I begged very earnestly to hear from her as soon as I should be able to send proper directions; she promised to comply so well with my request, as might perhaps make me repent of allowing her that liberty.

Ten, eleven, twelve o'clock came, but no *Count* appeared; the landlady, with all her entreaty, could not persuade me to go to bed without knowing the reasons of this unexpected absence; all she could compass was to prevail on me to eat a mouthful. Sitting down at table, I heard a horse stop at the door; immediately

mediately the landlady called from the bottom of the stairs, that I might sup in peace for that a courier brought me news of the *Count*: in consequence of this, up comes a servant booted, of whom I hastily enquired for *M. de St. Fal*; his answer was, that he left him about ten leagues off, having rid post with him so far. Astonished at what I heard, I questioned the servant again; he replied, putting a letter into my hand, that there I should find a better information than any he could give me. I opened the letter with great eagerness, and read to my great surprise as follows:

The Count de St. Fal's letter to Jenny.

“ I have sent you an express, *Mademoiselle*,
“ being persuaded you must be under the greatest
“ uneasiness at my departure, as well as my
“ absence; I made a secret of it to you, being
“ confident I should return before you could
“ perceive either the one or the other; it would
“ be the greatest mortification to me, if you
“ should put any other construction upon my
“ journey.

“ My design was to prepare a convenient
“ lodging for you, till you were happily settled,
“ as your great merit justly deserves: But
“ when I arrived at *S. G* which I thought a
“ more proper place for you than any other,
“ judge how I was surprised to find there the
“ *Marquess de L. V.* whom I then thought
“ to have been in *Lorraine*: my cousin was not
“ less astonished to meet me; his pale face and
“ confused

“ confused behaviour gave me room to think,
“ he suspected the occasion of my journey;
“ you shall know to-morrow, Madam, the
“ reasons that hindered me from dealing sincerely
“ with him; I know you have so much sense,
“ I dare lay a wager you partly guess my
“ motive.

“ I did not well know what conduct to
“ observe with the *Marquess*; I would willingly
“ have avoided such an interview, and the
“ questions he put to me; but having always
“ been so very intimate, I could not excuse my-
“ self from supping with him: Our discourse
“ turned upon indifferent matters; though he
“ was twenty times upon the point of speaking
“ of his charming *Jenny*, still he contained
“ himself, which confirmed me more and more
“ in his mistrust of me: but to what purpose do
“ I any longer entertain you concerning the
“ *Marquess*, can one pretend to make one’s
“ court at the expence of the heart? Forgive
“ this expression, it escaped me, I too much
“ fear it may offend you; I am silent, and will
“ be more circumspect for the future: the more
“ easily to obtain my pardon, I will begin again
“ to talk to you of my amiable kinsman.

“ Nothing fetters conversation more than
“ distrust: The *Marquess* and I had no sooner
“ supped, but we parted under different pre-
“ tence: My cousin’s was that he must ride
“ post back again to *Pont-a-Musson*, pretend-
“ ing to me that he was only come to Court,
“ in hopes that as his affair lay dormant, he
“ might appear again, but that some of his
“ friends

“ friends had given him to understand, it was
“ proper for him to be absent a little longer, till
“ it was quite forgot. What do you think of
“ me, charming *Jenny*, for not believing him?
“ I was not to be imposed upon with this pre-
“ text: I imagined (and I have now reason to
“ believe myself not mistaken) it had either
“ taken air, or that he had been informed of
“ his father’s intentions; that my cousin was in
“ pursuit of you, and that the discourse I have
“ just now related to you, was only designed to
“ prevent my suspecting his real motives. I
“ dissimbled in my turn, and we took leave
“ with great coolness: he went away: that I
“ might know the truth, I had him followed at
“ some distance by a man on horseback: This
“ emissary is just returned with word, that the
“ *Marquis* was come into the town by another
“ gate, which left me no farther room to doubt
“ of his designs; such as they are, I thought it
“ was best to act with prudence; instead of
“ coming back to join you I set out for the
“ Court: if he has me doged in his turn, he
“ will know, that I have not deceived him;
“ and if it be true that he suspects me to act in
“ concert with his father, the conduct I pursue
“ will convince him of the contrary.

“ It is your business, *Mademoiselle*, to de-
“ termine which way to act; if I may give
“ my advice, in the disposition I am in of
“ always serving you, it would be proper for
“ you to meet me to-morrow at *Versailles*. I
“ shall take care to have an apartment ready
“ for you, where you shall be received under

" a name that shall secure you from all en-
 " quires; you will find a man in the long walk
 " who will watch your coming by, and conduct
 " you where you are to alight; let not this
 " place give you any disquiet, the *Marquess's*
 " father is at his country seat, and little suspects
 " how ill I comply with his orders and designs;
 " when you are at Court I shall see you, and
 " we will consult together how I am to pro-
 " ceed with my uncle, whether he returns or
 " or makes a longer stay at his estate: happen
 " what will, in me you shall always find a
 " sincere friend, who will secretly ward off all
 " assaults that may be made against you: Please
 " to do me the honour to let me know your
 " positive resolutions; the person who is the
 " bearer of this has orders to bring me your
 " answer, and knows where to find me. I am
 " with much more than esteem,

Mademoiselle,

Your most humble, &c.

DE SAINT FAL.

" P. S. You will please to remember, dear
 " Jenny, that it is of the utmost consequence
 " to your interest, in the present situation of
 " your affairs, by all means to avoid the
 " *Marquess's*.

I read this letter several times over without
 being able to come to a resolution; what pleased
 me

me most was, the fresh instances the *Marquess* gave of his passion for me; I could not help being sensibly touched with the kind regard he shewed me, and my heart was but too well pleased to see the pains he took in seeing me. This natural consequence I drew from it, that since I was so sincerely beloved by him, I need give myself no disquiet for what might happen; or, at least, in case of any accident, I had a protector to depend on, who would support me against the attacks of adverse fortune.

Notwithstanding the pleasure I took in these reflections, I could not but approve of *M. de St. Fal's* conduct, though I made no doubt but love and jealousy had the greatest share in it; but the polite and engaging manner in which this new lover behaved, made me quite easy; however that might be, I was just giving full scope to an ample train of reflections, but calling to mind that the case required a positive answer, I restrained my thoughts to the point in view, what was to be done? This gave me no small uneasiness; once I thought of taking advantage of the *Count's* absence, and throwing myself into the arms of my relations; but that vanity, I have mentioned elsewhere, which disdained the meanness of my birth; the notion of what people would say; love, if you please; the hopes of a charming and much desired fortune; all these things too strongly offered themselves to my imagination, and entirely banished that design; fearing even this virtuous disposition might influence me, I wrote instantly to *M. de St. Fal*, and informed him that I relied

so much on his honour as to be entirely guided by him; that I would be at *Versailles* as he desired, where I depended upon the continuance of his goodness to me.

The express was scarce out of sight, when I repented of what I had done: 'Ah my God!' said I to myself, 'why did I not pursue my first design? what was I thinking of when I chose to come to a place where my lover's father has so much interest: If my unlucky stars still prevail so as to discover me, who will protect me from his just resentment? will he not have have reason to think I come to insult him in his own house? If I should even have the good fortune to be concealed from this provoked parent, can I avoid being known by his son? Love will be his guide; and were I to suppose otherwise, should I not be weak enough to save him the trouble? Heavens! what have I done?' continued I; 'if none of these inconveniences were to happen, what motive have I to persuade myself that *St. Fal* will always behave with the moderation he now prudently puts on? Artful, perhaps dissembling, in his addresses, does he not disguise himself, the better to bring me to his purpose? Has he not sufficiently explained himself already in his letter? Without doubt,' said I crying, 'I am myself but too much the cause of all that has happened to me; less vanity, less love, had long ago prevented all these vexations, that have so fatally pursued me ever since I left our humble cottage; that shame which has hitherto opposed itself to a lawful and proper

‘ proper conduct, would by this time have
‘ been overcome: I should now have been
‘ secure in the arms of my mother; a
‘ country girl, it is true, but far more charm-
‘ ing in my virtue, than when decked in all the
‘ gaudy trappings, with which this age is so apt
‘ to dazzle.’ Part of the night was passed in
this disquiet of mind; a sudden thought that
struck me, made me rise in haste; remembering
the hour drew near when the *Pilgrim* was to go
away, I lighted a candle, and in spite of my
fears, ventured to *Lindamine’s* chamber; the
regard with which *Madame de G——* had
honoured me, encouraged my having recourse
to it on the present occasion; flattering myself
that this generous person, moved with the new
hazards to which my virtue was again exposed,
would receive me into her arms, and approve
my flight; or at least, if for the same reasons
as before, she durst not keep me, she would
use her credit to have me admitted into the
monastery from whence I came; ‘ I shall find,’
said I, ‘ my sincere friend *St. Agnes* again; and
‘ *Lindamine*, whose misfortunes have engaged
‘ my tender friendship, will be a great increase
‘ of my comfort; we will join all three of us our
‘ distresses, and there I will quietly wait the end
‘ of my misfortunes or life.’ These new pro-
jects fortified my troubled mind; I entered the
Pilgrim’s chamber to acquaint her with my re-
solution; she was just ready to go, but the force
she put upon herself in quitting for ever a be-
loved admirer manifestly appeared in her face by
her sorrow and tears; the condition in which I
found her, made me forget my own afflictions,

in order to comfort her ; she confessed that my presence restored all her resolution, which was not a little shaken at the thoughts of a convent, and her lover's being so near ; but how great was her joy to hear I intended to accompany her ? This assurance dried up her tears, a mild serenity succeeded her uneasiness, she embraced me in her transport, and offered to divide with me all she had remaining of her fortune, or at least to pay what would be necessary for my admission into a religious house, if I were so disposed ; I made my acknowledgments for this her goodness, but I could not help saying with a smile, that I thought the affair too serious to be determined so suddenly ; she approved of my sincerity, and added with a deep sigh, that in the condition she was, I must not regard her decision.

In the mean while, word was brought that the chaise was ready, and we were upon the point of going ; my virtue, satisfied with the resolution I had taken, gave me such an inward tranquillity, as to silence the voice of love ; *Lindamine* was preparing to follow me, muffled up for fear of meeting *Belizai* ; but this extraordinary lover, who had only feigned to comply with his mistress's desires, the better to prevent her distrust, had been upon the watch all night, and found out our projects (as he soon owned to us) having overheard all we said : In fine, we were opening the door to go away, when he appeared all of a sudden ; " Pardon my despair, dear *Lindamine*," cried he, stopping our passage, " I had rather suffer death
" than

"than consent to your unjust designs; will you
 "then leave me, and withdraw yourself from
 "the legitimate rights I have over you?"—
 "Rights!" cried the *Pilgrim* very resolutely:
 "Ah! my God, of what nature are they?
 "Ought you not to blush? Do you expect to
 "prevail because you have taken such a thing
 "into your head? Would you resemble those
 "who, arrogating a power to themselves which
 "they have not, think they need but speak and
 "the matter is done? As for my part Sir, I
 "am not of that opinion," continued *Lindamine*;
 "you will be so good if you please —"
 "To return to your apartment," replied
Belizai, growing calmer, and lowering his
 voice; "Ah! I ask your pardon young lady,
 "for thus opposing your designs, but I will
 "perish before I let you go without me." Du-
 ring this gentle expostulation, *Belizai* would
 have seized the *Pilgrim*'s hand to oblige her to
 go in again; but this amiable young creature
 returned of her own accord rather than suffer
 this violence; "Ah! how wretched am I,"
 cried she, throwing herself into an arm-chair,
 "those who ought to behave with respect be-
 "come my tyrants! I submit, O my God,"
 continued she, shedding tears, "you cannot
 "humble me too much; in you I place my
 "hope, founded on the purity of my intentions."
 Having pronounced these words, she was silent.
 "I leave you, *Maeemoiselle*," says *Belizai* in
 a respectful voice; "I am going to pray that
 "Heaven which you invoke, to free your mind
 "from this agitation: As soon as you give me
 "any

“any marks of it, you shall find me resigned;
 “but without that, I swear solemnly, I had
 “rather suffer death than you should engage in
 “any rash enterprise; if love has no greater
 “sway in your heart, at least, let honour reign
 “in its place; this is saying enough,” added
Belizai; “you understand me, and I am per-
 “suaded you will make suitable reflections
 “thereon.” Making a profound bow, he re-
 tired, giving me such a look as sufficiently ex-
 plained his resentment, though I pretended not
 to observe it.

Lindamine, who was pretty warm in her
 temper, poured out her soul in the most cruel
 and bitter complaints as soon as her lover had
 left us: After having given free passage to her
 grief, she declared, that Heaven had given her
 grace to lay aside all affection for her unworthy
 lover; that she was by so much the more com-
 forted, as the state she was upon embracing re-
 quired a heart exempted from all solicitude;
 that this cure would enable her to comply with
 her duty much more chearfully than she could
 have expected, if it were not for this happy
 change Heaven had wrought, to which the ill be-
 haviour of her lover certainly contributed. I
 did all I could to strengthen her in these good
 dispositions, representing to her at the same
 time, the just grounds there was to fear lest
Belizai should throw new obstacles in her way.
 This made her thoughtful for a few moments,
 then earnestly addressing herself to me, she said
 she had contrived means to guard against all
Belizai’s attacks; she begged of me to get into
 the

the chaise that waited for us, to leave the inn, pretending to go away alone out of the village, and to wait for her at a small distance behind a little chapel she described, assuring me she would find means to come and join me, and deliver herself from *Belizai*. We were very private in laying this design for fear of being overheard; I acquiesced to all she required, and in order to give the thing an air of probability, I took leave of her aloud; and *Linda-mine*, as she conducted me to her chamber-door, ordered one of the servants in a loud voice, to bid *Belizai* come up.

I was getting into the chaise to execute our intended project, when *St. Pal's Valet de Chambre* drew near me, and asked respectfully enough what was my design, and where I was a going? not being prepared for this question, I found myself very much at a loss, and did not know what answer to make; 'that is to say, *Mademoiselle*,' added he, seeing me struck, 'the departure of your *Pilgrim* is only a pretence of yours, in order to take the advantage of my master's absence, and make your escape; the thought was not amiss, and I was very lucky in watching you, or I should have made a fine figure in this adventure: I have no orders, it is true,' continued the old servant, 'to lay any restraint on you, but I think myself obliged at least to represent, that you ought not to go from hence without my master's knowledge; the civilities he has shewn you require this; as for my part I cannot consent that you should make use of my master's chaise, unless I have his positive orders for it.'

The postillion who was ready to set out, upon hearing this discourse got down, and took off the horses; finding myself at such a nonplus, I thought of making a *confident* of the *Valet de Chambre*, and tell him my motive, but he had so forbidding an air, and always shewed so great a prejudice against me, that I durst not let him into the affair; this consideration carried me in again blushing, and full of the greatest uneasiness.

I knew not what resolution to take: the fear of finding *Belizai* and *Lindamine*, and rendering her more suspected by my unlooked-for return, led me to my chamber; in reflecting on what had passed I saw nothing but obstacles on all sides; it was in my power to go to *Versailles*, I had the master's leave, his letter, and the journey diminished my uneasiness; but the more I thought of it, the more repugnant it was to my virtue. I had not forgot what *Madame de G—* had told me concerning a woman who is under her protector's roof, nor the snare I had so narrowly escaped when her husband hired an apartment for me; besides I reflected with what facility *Monsieur St Fal* had changed his sentiments in my favour, after having shewn himself the first day so strict an observer of the orders given him by my lover's father; nevertheless, instead of conducting me to a convent, pursuant to the cruel orders he had received, he became my friend, betrayed the trust his uncle had placed in him, offered to keep me (for any other expression would be far fetched) was carrying me into a country unknown to me, where
I had

I had neither friend or relation ; I could not but easily foresee I was going again to be overwhelmed with adventures.

I allow these reflections should have been made sooner, but admitting that, what could I do? Was it in my power to chuse? All things considered, ought I not on the contrary, to bless the happy lot which bestowed on me a *je ne scai quoy*, that disarmed those who were destined to be my persecutors? Women of a certain turn, when they read this passage, will say very superciliously, you ought, *Miss Jenny*, to have suffered yourself to have been conducted to a convent, instead of affecting so many airs with the men, or not to have set forth in such a pompous stile your virtue's being so much exposed; after all, would you not have been very happy when maintained in a monastery? What could you expect better?

The remark is doubtless very just; but I must ask these severe ladies, if, when girls, they committed no faults? If they vouchsafe to satisfy me upon this article, I will give them a fuller answer; in the mean time I beg they would please to content themselves with the short reflections which presented themselves in the exigency I just now described.

My chamber was under that of *Lindamine*, I had left the door upon the jar, without knowing why; sitting on my bed's foot quite buried in thought, I heard *Belizai* coming down. I knew him by his voice; as soon as he was gone by, I went immediately up to the *Pilgrim*; she was greatly surprised to see me again, I gave her

an account of what had happened: "That signifies nothing," replied she, "luckily my chaise is not yet gone, it will be easy to get over this new obstacle; would to God it were as easy to get rid of *Belizai*; I have just now undergone the most dangerous attack from him, it not being in my power to make him hear reason: I must confess, my dear friend, nothing but absence can make my virtue triumph; it was twenty times upon the point of yielding, neither would you have been surpris'd, had you been present at the assaults I have sustained; this wretched lover threw himself at my feet, confessed his guilt, wept, sigh'd, and would even have made away with himself. Ah! *Fanny*, how much is a man who is not disagreeable, to be dreaded on such an occasion! An occasion which young women who are not desirous of throwing themselves away, ought to shun as the most dangerous rock; but for Heaven, to which I interiorly address'd myself, I could never have sustained this conflict without fresh wounds; the divine grace preserv'd me against my natural frailty; my mind, elevated by a superior Power, safely conducted me along this thorny path: I pretended the tears of *Belizai* had soften'd me, and promis'd not to go away without him; he believ'd it, because one is apt to do so in things we wish for; in the mean while, I imagine the thoughts of your absence does not a little contribute to the making him easy, for he is afraid of you, and suspects your having suggested

“gested to me the design of leaving him:
“Does he know any thing of your return?”
continued *Lindamine*, “If that were the case,
“he would certainly resume his former in-
“quietudes.”

The *Pilgrim* seemed easy when I assured her, that her lover was not acquainted with my coming back; nor was there any reason to think he would be inquisitive about it. “Things being thus,” replied *Lindamine*, “you must return to your chamber, and avoid all intercourse with me this day: you must pretend to be taken ill, and artfully make those believe who wait upon you, that your indisposition was the hindrance of your journey, to the end that if *Belizai* should hear of your being in the house, it may give him no distrust: the best of it is, that, by what you say, they don’t pretend to lay any restraint upon your liberty, but only objected against your taking the chaise; mine, as I told you, removes the difficulty at once; I acquainted *Belizai*, that before I begin so long a journey as I have promised to take with him, my servant must go to a neighbouring town to provide me several necessaries; before he sets out, I shall intrust him to order affairs as follows: he shall go in my chaise, and return again at night to wait for us at the end of this village; the remaining part of the day I’ll spend with *Belizai*, the better to amuse him: Let us join in prayer, and implore the blessing of Heaven on our design: It is interest directs us, and from thence I draw a favourable omen.” This discourse

discourse revived me, as I thought the project well enough concerted; notwithstanding, I represented to the *Pilgrim* the difficulty I apprehended of going off in the night without being observed; but she assured me her steward would provide against it: after mutual embraces we parted.

I was no sooner in my chamber but I feigned myself out of order: Having sent for *St. Fal's Valet de Chambre*, I endeavoured to remove any umbrage he might take at what had passed, and the confusion I betrayed; fearing, with some reason, lest from thence he should think proper to acquaint his master, that I had a mind to make my escape; besides, I could not help thinking that good manners required I should inform *M. de St. Fal*, before I left him, what my motives were for so doing, since he had behaved so handsomely in my regard.

In order to leave the *Valet de Chambre* no room to suspect any thing, I shewed him the *Count's* letter, and asked if he knew the hand? Being answered in the affirmative, I told him I could plead a very good excuse for not being that day at *Versailles*. 'You know very well,' said I slyly, 'I was going, but you thought fit to stop me.' "Who I, Madam?" cried he, interrupting me, and confounded at what he heard, "I should be very sorry to have done it: "My reason for obstructing your journey, was the "apprehension I had of your making an escape: "had you mentioned the least syllable of your "design, you would have been there before "this." 'I did not imagine,' replied I very coldly,

coldly, ' that your leave was requisite ; besides I
' was so surpris'd at your presumption that I
' could not speak, nor have I as yet recovered
' myself. I sent for you to inform you of this,
' having no design to do you a prejudice ; but
' you mu't be sensible that I cannot avoid letting
' your master know the reason of my not setting
' out, or you may do it yourself ; I leave it to
' your choice, as well as my going to-morrow
' at day break to *Versailles* ; for since you have
' given me to understand, that in your master's
' absence I am to obey your orders, I shall be
' careful not to take any resolution for the future,
' without consulting you.'

All this was uttered with an air so very natural, as quite stunned the poor *Valet de Chambre* ; it is likely he knew his master's temper, and dreaded his anger in case I should give him the same detail of the affair ; besides, he was not ignorant of the deference *M. de St. Fal* paid to me, and as I seemed to resent the usage I had received, he apprehended his master might do the same. Upon this, he asked a thousand pardons, in order to appease me, acknowledging his fault, and begged of me to set out that moment, being ready, as he said, to receive my commands, and remove all occasions of offence. Pleased to find my artifice had succeeded, I grew more calm, and told him my indisposition would not allow me to go that day, but that he should hold himself in readiness for the next morning : I would then have had him retire, but he refused to leave my chamber till I had pardoned his ill-manners, as he termed it ; in order to rid myself of him,
I did

I did more ; I promised to say nothing of what had passed to his master. The *Valet de Chambre* seemed mighty well satisfied with this assurance, and told me, that as we were not very far from *Versailles*, he would go there himself to prevent his master being uneasy at my not coming ; he added, he would have sent another on this errand, but that he was desirous of shewing the entire confidence he had in me, and that he was not placed as a spy over me. I thought proper, to avoid all suspicion, to insist on his sending the postillion ; but he alledged that the boy, not having been long in his master's service, might possibly make some blunder, very contrary to the secrecy his master had prescribed. I acquiesced to this obstinacy as I called it, overjoyed within myself, to be free from this watchful *Argus*, whom I dreaded as much as *Lindamine* could *Belizai*. The *Valet de Chambre* set out, and I congratulated myself on my dexterity in getting out of this scrape ; it is certain, evasions cost women very little, and therefore woe to those lovers and husbands who have to deal with such as are not sincerely virtuous ; all their skill and foresight can never secure them from being imposed on, of which every day furnishes us too many instances.

Thus far every thing went well, when about eight in the evening, hearing some horses stop at the inn, I looked hastily out of the window, fearing lest any fresh obstacle might thwart our designs ; my life hitherto had been so much exposed to vexations, that I imagined each day must necessarily produce instances of my being disappointed in every thing I undertook ; a train
of

of misfortunes naturally produce a continual apprehension. As I had heard the *Marquess* was in the neighbourhood, I began to think he might be arrived; I dare not say I was displeased; is it possible one should after so long an absence of a person beloved? "Perhaps," said I to myself, "the *Count de St. Fal*, uneasy at my not complying with his eager appointment, is come to fetch me." This perplexity occasioned my looking out a second time; by the light of the torches, carried by two servants, I discerned a tall man getting out of the coach; he seemed something in years, with a venerable aspect, and, by his numerous retinue, to be a person of great quality; before he entered the inn, he cast his eyes towards me, and even stopped his attendants that he might have the better view; not accustomed to be thus ogled, I drew in, I fancied he looked something sweet upon me, and it was easy to discover he did not think me disagreeable. A small share of beauty suffices to inspire such a thought into most women; and let their way of thinking be never so just, if they deal sincerely, they must not deny but vanity and self-conceit furnish one half of their reflections.

The notion I had that *Lindamine* would not fail of coming to inform me of her setting out, prevailed upon me to leave my door half open; the agitation of my mind, rather than what I eat at supper, had inclined me to sleep in an armed-chair, though I was often disturbed from the continual expectation of seeing the *Pilgrim*; but how was I surprised at last, to see two men standing

standing by me, one of whom I knew to be the person I had seen get out of the coach. The sudden emotion, occasioned by their unexpected presence, no doubt betrayed some apprehension: 'I beg, *Mademoiselle*,' said the tall gentleman, whom I took to be the master, 'you would not be frightened; I little thought of giving any occasion to it, or of disturbing your repose, when, through a mistake, I came into your apartment instead of my own; perceiving my error, I was upon the point of retiring, but must confess I was so surprised to see such a beautiful creature, that, old as I am, I could not deny myself the pleasure of gazing awhile; so many charms cannot be destitute of sufficient sweetness of temper, to excuse what has happened, and I hope such an attracting motive will plead my pardon: no age is secure from the force of beauty, and yours, in particular, is too irresistible, not to occasion many such adventures.' Any one will easily guess, both the harangue, and the visit, afforded me sufficient subject of admiration; but it will certainly be thought very extraordinary, that both the one and the other pleased me not a little; something, I knew not what, delighted me; the old gentleman's presence, as much a stranger as he was to me, was highly agreeable; whilst he spoke, I could not help considering his person with a secret pleasure, and when he had done I returned his compliments in a polite manner; I even sought, I remember, to make myself as agreeable as possible, without knowing the reason. The stranger was so transported at the complaisance of my answer

answer and behaviour, that, folding his arms together, 'Is it possible,' he cried, 'that so much wit and beauty should be united ! She has certainly been extremely well educated ! happy man, whoever he is, to possess such a treasure of good sense : Who would have imagined, *Forfan,*' continued he, turning his eyes to a man, on whose shoulder he leaned, 'that at my years I could have expected so favourable a reception ! A great proof of the just way of thinking this young lady possesses.' "Take care, Sir," replied I very modestly, "lest your encomiums inspire a vanity prejudicial to that merit you are pleased to extol ; but if, as you seem to say, in overlooking age, and personal advantages, I must needs own I have so much good sense, as to consider only character and worth in men ; and, were I to make a choice, such qualifications would fix it, preferably to those of a more alluring nature."

The old gentleman extolled this maxim to the skies, embellishing it with all that wit could possibly invent ; his facility in expressing himself, and the polite language he employed, most agreeably engaged my attention ; this he perceived, and from thence took a fresh occasion of praising my understanding. "It is very evident, Sir," replied I, "yours is of such a turn, that a young person may not only be very safe in your company, but considerably improve herself when thus happy in enjoying so solid and elegant a conversation." "Have you really sworn then," cried the old gentleman

man transported, 'to make me forget my age, and the dictates of reason? as old as I am, I know my own weakness, my heart is on the point of falling a victim to your youth and beauty; why must you call the perfections of your mind, to complete the conquest? Do not cast down your eyes, thou loveliest creature I ever beheld! nor give yourself any uneasiness,' continued he, seeing me a little discomposed at this declaration; 'though I should even fancy myself young again, you have nothing to fear from the transports you inspire, blended with so much respect as they are, and your chaste beauties will sufficiently curb the sallies of an irregular passion. Are you not, *Forsen*, of my opinion,' continued the stranger, 'and though older than myself, do not you admire her innocent and unaffected charms?'

In the beginning of this interview I had offered chairs, but the stranger obliged me to sit down again; and his attendant brought him an armed-chair, placing him on one side; so many compliments heaped upon me during this conversation, had given me a colour no ways to my disadvantage; the candle-light too had contributed to promote so many fine speeches; whatever reasons I might have for dispatching this visit, it was so very agreeable to me, that I even furnished occasions of prolonging it as much as possible; certainly my mind foreboded something from it.

Our conversation soon turned on those talents which are thought to adorn merit; the stranger, who

who seemed fond of musick, enquired if, among my other qualifications, I practis'd singing; this occasioned some little excuses, a folly usual with performers: My voice was good, and, as I have already hinted, I had made some progress in musick. As we are all fond of pleasing in as many different ways as possible, I sung an air, the words of which were the *Marquess's*; it was his favourite song, as he assured me; this was more than sufficient to make me remember it.

S O N G.

I.

*MY joys depend on her alone,
Whose beauty fires my ravish'd breast;
Laid at her feet, if she but own
I touch her heart, 'tis then I'm blest.*

II.

*Chaste coyness never can alarm,
Or shake a constant noble mind;
Rigid virtue will always charm
A soul from loose desire refin'd.*

After passing very great compliments on my performance, the stranger turning to him who stood by, 'I could even pardon,' says he, 'the young spark, we were talking of, had he been enamoured with one any ways comparable to this young lady in her education, wit, politeness, and fine talents; one might venture to say, birth too: Nay, I
' would

‘ would have even approved of his passion.
‘ But to run after a sorry creature, from a
‘ dunghill, a country girl; in fine, the very
‘ reverse of what I have mentioned; to suffer
‘ himself to be so far infatuated as to entangle
‘ himself in one troublesome affair after another,
‘ disoblige his parents, and trample on the most
‘ essential duties in life, there can be no excuse.
‘ Nobody can have a greater compassion than
‘ myself for the follies of youth; I am sensible,
‘ were I in his place, I should run all hazards
‘ for such a lovely creature as this; but to——’
“ Ah! my Lord *Marquess*,” cried *Forsan*
interrupting him, “ what is it you say! The
“ near concern you have in this affair, makes you
“ lay down a wrong principle; I need not tell
“ you that love is blind, and consequently will
“ fancy in its object all those charms you have
“ found here to be real.” ‘ Though your
‘ maxim,’ replied the Nobleman, ‘ be something
‘ romantic, I agree it has its weight; but I
‘ deny that to be the case in dispute; there
‘ are some faults prejudice itself cannot over-
‘ look. The girl I am speaking of, has not
‘ the least resemblance of this young lady:
‘ That wench is a proud, haughty vagabond,
‘ and as she knows the power she has over our
‘ acquaintance, has engaged him hitherto in
‘ so many extravagancies, that the good
‘ qualities every one allowed him formerly to
‘ be master of, are all buried in oblivion: It
‘ is true, by this time she is severely punished,
‘ and must hereafter pay very dear, for all the
‘ vexations she has brought upon her admirers
‘ friends;

‘ friends ; but still, she can never repair the mischief that is done, or atone for the disobedience of a son to his father. You, *For-
‘ san,*’ continued the Nobleman very earnestly, ‘ was one of the first to represent these things to me in a proper light, and pointed out the only remedy left, for which I shall ever acknowledge myself obliged.’

The Nobleman no sooner began to take in pieces the poor country girl, but I found myself struck to the heart : Nothing contributes so much as our interest, to make us sharp-sighted ; the exact resemblance between this history, cruelly mangled as it was, and my own ; the reflections made upon it ; the earnestness, not to say indignation, with which this Nobleman spoke of the lover concerned ; all put together, left me no room to doubt of my acting the second personage in this notable scene. “ Good God !” said I to myself quite confounded with the thought, “ am I at last fallen into the hands of my lover’s father !” I was ready to sink at the apprehension ; but, dear liberty, which lay at stake, and certainly nothing else could have supported me, came to my assistance, and gave me so much command over myself as to elude the danger of being discovered : Not a soul in the house knowing me, I did not despair of getting over this difficulty.

As these reflections took up some little time, the old *Marquess* imagined from my silence, that the subject of this discourse did not affect me sufficiently to engage me in it ; upon this, changing

changing the conversation, he enquired how far I might be from home, and whether I should continue my journey the next day: I answered with great indifference, that I was accompanying a relation to the monastery; this put him upon enquiring if the monastery was near *Versailles*, and added, if so, he would wait on me thither. This gave occasion to his informing me, that he was returning from his country seat, and was obliged to stop at the inn, for that his servants who were to meet him with fresh horses, not expecting him till the next day, had disappointed him; that he waited their coming, having sent for them; he added, in a very gallant manner, that though he had been highly provoked at their negligence, he should be obliged to pardon them, as it had procured him the pleasure of my acquaintance; and therefore he ought not to regret the loss of time they had occasioned in his affairs, since it was employed in paying his respects to me. I answered to what he said in a polite manner, and found, by the rest of his discourse, that I was not in any danger of being discovered. Encouraged by this, I began to think of pleading my own cause, if any opportunity presented itself.

My earnest desire of introducing the subject again, made me take the advantage of the great regard he still shewed me. "I am apt to imagine, my Lord *Marquess*," said I, withdrawing one of my hands he was going to seize, "that you are easily prejudiced; if the young gentleman you mentioned, and whose
" affair

“ affair you seem to take so much to heart, be
“ as amorous as yourself, you ought not to be
“ surprised at his falling in love with a person,
“ perhaps much more amiable than me.”
“ Why so, *Mademoiselle*?” cried the old *Mar-*
quefs, piqued at what I said: “ There is a wide
“ difference between taking a liking to a person,
“ and falling in love.” “ The engagements,”
said I, “ of one at the age I suppose the
“ gentleman to be, for whom you are so con-
“ cerned, especially with a country girl, are
“ not, in all probability, of any great moment;
“ besides, her condition being so much beneath
“ him, I am inclined to think her relations,
“ and not his, have the most reason to be con-
“ cerned for the consequences.” “ Indeed,” re-
plied the old *Marquefs* very positively, “ I do
“ not believe my son will be fool enough to
“ marry her.” “ How! my Lord,” cried I,
with a feigned air of astonishment, “ is it your
“ son we have been talking of all this while?”
“ Well, *Mademoiselle*,” continued the *Marquefs*
in some confusion, “ it is out, and I shall not be
“ at the trouble of recalling it; besides, his
“ passion is grown so notorious, that it would be
“ in vain to endeavour to keep it secret.” “ If
“ that be the case,” replied I, “ you have some
“ reason to complain; though in reality you
“ hazard nothing in the main, since, as you
“ say, she is a country girl, and consequently
“ with all her beauty, can never be so vain as
“ to pretend to the honour of your alliance.”
“ I am not able,” replied the *Marquefs*, “ to dis-
“ cover all the views she may have in what she
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“ does ; but this you may depend on, if she has
“ as much sense, as several pretend she is
“ mistress of, she will lead my son many a dance,
“ considering the honour and constancy on which
“ he values himself.” “ Nay then, indeed,” re-
plied I, with an air of great simplicity, “ you
“ are certainly in the right to break off the
“ correspondence between these two lovers.”
“ You are not,” said he, “ the only one that ap-
“ proves of my conduct in this particular: I
“ expect with great impatience to hear every
“ moment of the slut’s being secured.” “ How!”
said I, interrupting him, “ have you that to do
“ still?” “ In all probability,” replied he, “ she
“ must be safe in a monastery by this time,
“ where I have taken care she shall meet with a
“ proper reception: I was yesterday to have had
“ an account of what has been done; how I come
“ to be so disappointed, I cannot imagine, un-
“ less our sly baggage has deluded my nephew
“ likewise, whom I entrusted with the com-
“ mission; but when I consider his known dis-
“ cretion, and the little regard he has for the fair
“ sex, I think there is nothing of that kind to
“ be feared; though one moment often suffices
“ to work an intire change: Besides, I have
“ heard of so many of her tricks and exploits,
“ that it is not impossible but she may have given
“ us the slip.”

This last harangue humbled me to such a
degree, that I was on the point of throwing off
the mask, and vindicating myself; no one can
be so very insensible as not to be moved, when
they hear themselves thus torn in pieces; with-
out

out the motives; which may be easily guessed, I could never have laid so great a restraint on myself: a moment's thought recovered me. "But, good God! Sir, you surprise me," said I, "and give me a very indifferent opinion of your son; is it possible that a person of his birth, should thus abandon himself to so sorry a creature as you have described, notwithstanding the old proverb, that love is blind. This, I conceive, may hold good with respect to the body, but certainly can be of no force in regard of the mind; at least I do not comprehend how any man of sense can omit weighing with great attention the good or bad character of the person beloved; possibly your son, my Lord, may have discovered in her something at least worthy of esteem." Your remark, replied he, "is very just, and if I had not been assured of the vile dispositions of this hussy, I should have concluded, as you do, that the violent passion she created in my son, must have been heightened by the influence of some commendable turn of mind; but there is no likelihood of this, where experience shews us that she has entangled her admirer in several broils, disconcerted his affairs, and set him at variance with his father; this you must allow is an abominable character, and can never be sufficiently condemned." "I am of your opinion, my Lord," continued I; "but give me leave to ask you one question, if this discourse is not grown tedious." "Not in the least," replied the *Marquess* in a milder tone, "as many as you please; I take a singular plea-

‘sure in hearing you.’ For the better understanding this notable dialogue, it must be observed, that every time the *Marquess* spoke of me under the name of country girl, he expressed himself with an air of contempt and indignation; his action was addressed to me, but his eyes were fixed on his gentleman who stood by, and only answered with nods and shrugs, approving of every thing his master said; but whenever I spoke, the *Marquess* grew calmer, was agreeable and complaisant; *Forsan* continuing his dumb show, and dividing his silent approbations between us.

“What I would fain know,” said I to the *Marquess*, looking him steadily in the face, “is, whether you have ever seen your son’s mistress, I mean the country girl we have been talking of; I specify her, because he may have several; a thing not unusual, they say with young noblemen at present.” “No, fair lady,” answered the *Marquess*, “I never saw her; but those who are acquainted with her have drawn her picture to the life for me: Particularly a certain person, daughter to the lord of her village, who has given me a thorough insight into her designs; and who has reason, from what her family has suffered on the girl’s account, bitterly to regret the charitable protection that was there granted her. What I tell you,” continued the *Marquess*, growing peevish with the remembrance of what had happened, “are facts, and of that consequence too, as had like to have cost me my son.” “How, my Lord!” cried I, equally sharing

sharing the bitter remembrance, "these are
" matters of moment indeed, and prove she is
" highly to blame as to what has happened;
" for as to the character they have given of her,
" how do you know but they may have very
" cogent motives for imposing on you!" "No,
" not the least," answered the *Marquess*; "it is
" true your objection would be of some force,
" where there is a rival, or one of equal rank,
" but ———" "Have a care, my Lord," I
cried interrupting him in my turn; "Love,
" who is at the bottom of all this affair, is a
" great leveller; the lady that has thus pre-
" judiced you against the country lais, perhaps
" is young; your son is doubtless a very
" amiable person; where would be the wonder,
" if she really has an affection for him? perhaps
" not being able to bear a rival, so much her
" inferior, she has taken this opportunity of
" punishing her, for pretending to a heart she
" is desirous of securing to herself. I have
" heard of such adventures before, and why
" may not this be of the same nature?" "So
" then," replied the *Marquess*, "we must be-
" lieve in romances, where we find many such
" ridiculous instances, more apt to corrupt the
" mind, than inform it, as some will pretend;
" but, put the case it were really as you say,
" these effects would never have followed; all
" the world will tell you the same; and though
" they were all of your opinion, and would
" endeavour to convince me, it would be in
" vain, for I never act but upon sure grounds."

This was uttered with so much sourness, that
I heartily repented my having occasioned the

discourse; I endeavoured artfully to introduce another topic; but he was too vehement, and too much bent upon the subject: ‘Had my son indeed,’ continued he, ‘fallen in love with a person of equal merit with yourself, I would not have interfered; as a father, I might have reflected on the consequences of such an engagement, but I could not have condemned his passion, being very sensible, that there are some objects morally impossible to be resisted, I myself, notwithstanding my age, cannot answer how far I might be carried by those charms of yours, were I much longer exposed to them; I am even sensible already,’ continued the *Marquess* very amorously, ‘that I have gazed on you too long for my own happiness, and that ———’ “Alas! my Lord,” cried I interrupting him, hurried on by my resentment, and without considering what I was going to say, “how can you thus address me, after speaking your mind so freely in my regard? Is it possible, that knowing me so well, and having this very moment given me such convincing proofs of your indignation——” Here I stopped short, perceiving too late my indiscretion; I would have given the world to have had it in my power to recall my words.

The *Marquess* astonished at what I said, stared upon *Forsan*, then turning towards me, he eyed me from head to foot: Notwithstanding, happily for me, he had not the least suspicion in my regard. ‘What did you intend to say, *Mademoiselle*? What proofs do you mean? Could I mistake, or might you have taken

amis

‘ amiss ——— It cannot be! I looked upon you
‘ as a lady deserving respect, and still I think
‘ I am not mistaken.’

These questions pressed me too hard, not to
endeavour to evade them; I would fain have
taken up another subject, but soon found I had
one to deal with, whose long experience would
not suffer him to be easily put upon a wrong
scent. ‘ In the name of goodness, *Mademoiselle*.’
continued he, taking me by the hand, ‘ do not
‘ endeavour to make your escape from me thus!
‘ Something, that concerns you very nearly,
‘ occasioned those reproaches you uttered against
‘ me; explain yourself, let me beg; in what is
‘ it I have undesignedly affronted you? I should
‘ be cruelly afflicted, if I have been so unfor-
‘ tunate, it being very far from my intention:
‘ I will say no more, I feel I know not what
‘ that interests me in your behalf: Speak, thou
‘ pretty creature,’ continued he, seeing the con-
fusion I was in. I would fain have set matters
to rights by giving a different turn to my ex-
pressions; but it was done with so little ap-
pearance of truth, that he easily saw through
the contrivance. ‘ Ah!’ cried he, ‘ you dissemble
‘ with me: Here is some mystery I am con-
‘ vinced; besides, now I recollect, you ex-
‘ pressed yourself with great earnestness con-
‘ cerning my son; perhaps you know him:
‘ you may know me too; you blush! Ah!
‘ *Forsan*,’ continued the *Marquess*, turning to
him, ‘ I suspect there is something of so much
‘ consequence in the trouble this young lady
‘ betrays, and what she has said, that I am

‘ resolved not to stir from hence till I have cleared
‘ up the business.’

I represented to myself, in such lively colours, the danger I ran if discovered by an incensed parent, who had so openly declared himself my implacable enemy, that I was ready to sink when he enquired whether I knew his son; but his last words terrified me so cruelly, that I fainted away. I was informed afterwards that the *Marquess* took abundance of pains to bring me to myself: He called for assistance, and whilst they were busied in assisting me, enquired of every one who I was, but not a soul knew me: I soon came to myself; but finding I was the subject of the discourse, I pretended to be still in a swoon, the better to discover the *Marquess*’s sentiments, and to avoid any farther questions, which would infallibly entangle me in new difficulties; I was in hopes of succeeding, as that Nobleman’s servants were expected every moment, and he had declared he was obliged to be at Court that night.

During my pretended swoon, I heard the *Marquess* enquire who I was, of every one present; he called for the landlord, asked him whence I came, who brought me thither, where the person was I had mentioned as my relation; but all the *Marquess* could get out of him, only served to increase his perplexity: The landlord told him, that as to the *Pilgrim*, I had never seen her before the preceding day; that an officer, whom they did not know, had brought me hither, and that if any one could give a farther information it must be the postillion; that

that they had observed a dispute I had with a *Valet de Chambre* belonging to the gentleman who came with me, but that being soon over, they could gather nothing from it. The *Marquess* immediately sent for the postillion, and I gave myself over for lost, trembling every joint; I blamed myself for not following *St. Fal's* advice.

The postillion, whom the *Marquess* expected with great impatience, was not long in coming; but how agreeably was I surpris'd, when he declared he knew nothing of the gentleman, nor had ever heard his name mentioned, being only hired for this journey! 'Well,' cried the *Marquess*, 'this is surprising, and certainly there must be some mystery in it. What think you, *Forsan*? Don't you wonder at so many precautions employed to prevent any discovery?'

The instant he uttered this, a servant came to acquaint the *Marquess*, that his equipage was ready; 'Let us go then,' says he, 'since I can get no farther information, and am oblig'd to be at *Versailles* before midnight, I must lose no more time; but all this juggle shall not avail, I am not to be foiled in this manner, having an infallible means of coming to the bottom of this affair.' Upon this, he whisper'd *Forsan*, then coming up to me felt my pulse; he was of opinion that I slept, and would do well; upon leaving the room, he charged the landlady to be very careful of me, assuring her I was a person of quality, as he very well knew, which ought to suffice; that in case I should grow worse, they must dispatch

an express to *Versailles*, naming an *Hotel* which I have forgot, and he would order a coach and a physician to attend me, if it should be requisite; saying this, he went away. I no sooner heard the coach drive off, but I began to breathe again, and immediately resolved, for this bout, not to slip the first favourable moment for making my escape. When danger presses, one easily decides what to do.

Whilst the landlady remained in my chamber, I considered with myself what could be the *Marquess's* motive for telling her I was a woman of quality; "Can I be so happy," said I to myself, "as to be mistaken for another by him?" This point will be cleared up in the sequel of these Memoirs. But to return.

After waiting a sufficient time, that I might be assured of the *Marquess's* departure, I pretended to come to myself, and by degrees to be perfectly recovered; I feigned an inclination to rest, in order to be left alone, that I might immediately provide for my security, against the danger into which I was now plunged.

I went up to *Lindamine's* apartment: She was waiting for me with great impatience: The noise occasioned by the *Marquess's* enquiries in regard of me, had reached her, and made her apprehend lest his arrival might prove a fresh obstacle to the design we had in hand; but she took heart on my acquainting her with his departure. She told me, that her measures were so well taken, that she had not the least reason to doubt the success, particularly as *Belizai*, of whom she stood most in dread, was so well satisfied by

by her assuring him she had entirely forgot what was passed, that there was nothing to be apprehended on that side.

All that in any ways regarded our journey was agreed on, and the hour fixed; the disposition seemed so well contrived, that I flattered myself we could not be disappointed. But how short-sighted is human prudence! *Lindamine's* ill stars were wearied with persecuting, and now conducted her to a port of safety: but I only began to feel the malignancy of mine. I had been told that before I could be happy, I must undergo all the trials that can possibly be made of a young woman's virtue.

Night had now stretched her sable mantle over our side of the globe, and wrapped the face of things in obscurity; not the least noise was heard in the house, where all were asleep except *Lindamine* and myself, who waited for her steward's calling upon us. Exactly at the time appointed he came to acquaint us every thing was ready, and conducted us down stairs, which he did without any light, to prevent accidents. The reckoning had been discharged that evening in the presence of the hostler, who was ordered to open the gates at the time appointed; a precaution which very much facilitated our design.

When we were got into the chaise, and clear of the village, after a mutual recommendation of ourselves to Providence, *Lindamine*, taking me in her arms, 'At last, my dear,' said she, 'we are satisfied for once; I hope by day-break we shall be in a place of safety.'

"Pray God we may," I replied; "but I tremble without knowing the reason." "It is the stillness of a dark night," replied the *Pilgrim*, "which frightens you, Good God!" continued she, "what would you do if alone in a wood as I have often been?" I made her no answer to this, though my experience was not short of hers in that particular; for, whatever affection I might have for *Lindamine*, I was reserved as to my own affairs, and had not as yet let her into the secret history of my life: Such hasty confidences may suit romances well enough, where there is a necessity of making things hang together, and introducing as many speakers, good, bad, and indifferent, as possible to swell the work; but truth on which all memoirs ought to be built, excludes improbabilities; and this rule must be so strictly observed, as often to omit real events, if they deviate too far from the usual course of things.

Lindamine's steward, who rode by the chaise side, had not yet, for want of time, given her any account of the commissions he had executed; he took this opportunity of doing it. What a pleasure was it to hear him say, that as to *St. Agnes's* letters, of which his mistress had given him so great a charge, they would be safely delivered into *Melicourt's* own hand; for the steward had very luckily called to mind a relation of his, who served that young gentleman's father in quality of comptroller upwards of twenty years; the steward assured us, that he should very shortly have an answer from his kinsman,

kinsman, to whom he had given in charge the delivery of the letters. I asked him with great precipitation, by what means the answer would come to hand? He replied, that not being able at the time of writing to guess where he might possibly then be, he had desired his relation to direct for him at the monastery I had mentioned, imagining, by what his mistress said, he should be in that neighbourhood. I was charmed with the man's contrivance: In my transport I could not forbear crying out, "My *Minette* will have tidings very shortly of her beloved! she will be overcome with joy, in which too I shall share with her!" The *Pilgrim* was struck with admiration at this overflowing good-nature; she commended it very politely, and from thence our discourse turned upon the new kind of life we were going to embrace.

We had gone about four miles, the postillion was resting his horses after getting up a pretty steep hill, when we heard through the stillness of the night the trampling of horses feet: This threw us into a consternation. "I am undone," cried out *Lindamina*; "You will find *Belizai's* mistrust has made him suspect what I have done, and upon this he is come in pursuit of me. Good God! what shall I do, if it proves so!" "Make yourself easy, Madam, I beg of you," replied her steward; "you know I have carried arms and do not want courage. As to the person you mention, he certainly has no right to controul you, and at the worst, if he should persist in following you, can only learn the place where you have chose to retire; I think this all you need apprehend; but if
" you

“ you have no mind even to be troubled with him, I can easily prevent it.” “ But I am afraid,” replied *Lindamine*, after pausing a little, “ lest in his violence he may do you a mischief.” “ Do not be afraid, Madam,” replied the steward; “ I have a pair of good pistols, the sight of which will suffice to keep him in awe.” This was uttered with so much resolution, that *Lindamine* seemed something encouraged; she embraced me very close, her little heart beating very quick, and doubtless feeling a severe struggle, from the trial she apprehended her virtue must undergo. In effect, it cannot be denied, but a young woman is very wretched, when a part of her life is employed in gaining victories over herself, against the bent of her affections.

In the mean time the noise of the horses increased, and notwithstanding that of the chaise now in motion, we could hear them gain upon us every moment; we even imagined that we could discern a small glimmering light on the road. Here I began to be alarmed in my turn. “ Heavens!” cried I, “ perhaps their design is on me!” The light increasing, seemed to be torches; this reminded me of what the old *Marquess* said at going away, that he had infallible means of coming to the bottom of the affair; the reflection terrified me so much, that I did not dare to examine any farther. *Lindamine*, whose courage surpassed mine, looked out, and called to her steward, who had stopped to view the subject of our alarm. “ Ah! my dear girl,” cried she sitting down again, “ I do not know.”

“ know which of us is pursued ; but there are three
 “ men with torches coming full speed after us.”
 “ Are they a great way off,” replied I. “ About
 “ two hundred yards,” answered the steward
 coming up to us. “ For God’s sake,” said I, “ order
 ‘ the chaise to stop, I am convinced they come
 ‘ after me : As I have the most important
 ‘ reasons not to be discovered, I beg to alight :
 ‘ Yonder nedge will conceal me till they are
 ‘ past,” *Lindamine* and her steward endeavoured
 to dissuade me from it, but the terrible apprehensions of falling again into the old *Marquess’s*
 hands, made me persist in my design, and obliged them to comply with what I desired ;
 but, the greater haste, the worst speed. Neither *Lindamine* nor I could possibly get the
 chaise open, so that the steward was obliged to alight and assist us ; I was getting down, but
 the loss of so much time gave the horsemen, I endeavoured to avoid, the opportunity of coming
 up with us and surrounding the chaise. By the light of the torches, I discovered the *Count de St. Fal* ;
 he was as pale as death, presenting his hand to me, and endeavouring to speak, I supposed
 to reproach me ; but he was so much out of breath with hard riding, or rather, as I understood
 afterwards, so overjoyed to find me, that he could not utter a syllable, his *Valot de Chambre*,
 the same who I had so genteelly tricked, supplied his deficiency. “ Really *Mademoiselle*,” said he,
 with a taunting kind of air, “ you make a very
 “ ill return to my master’s civilities ;” were I in
 “ his place ———” “ Hold your tongue,”
 cried the *Count*, in a tone that shewed he would
 be

be obeyed ; ‘ the young lady is her own mistress, and if at this moment I any ways hinder her designs, it is what her interest absolutely requires.’ Saying this, he approached me, and made a thousand excuses for his interrupting my journey ; adding, that he would lay down such reasons for what he did, that I could not but approve of his conduct. I was so agreeably surpris’d with his behaviour, and the complaisance he shew’d, after I had put such a trick upon the confidence he repos’d in me, that I had not a word to say.

St. Fal, after giving me time to recover, address’d himself to *Lindamine* and me in the politest manner, and far from reproaching her, as another might have done, for spiriting me away, hearing that our expedition terminated in a monastery, he return’d thanks for the civilities shewn me, and extoll’d our discretion, as he call’d it ; adding, that in order to make her some amends for depriving her of such an agreeable companion, he would wait on her himself with an account of me, as soon as I was conveniently settled.

During this conversation, a servant came and acquainted the *Count* that his chaise was coming up ; upon this he told me, that computing from the time I left the village, as he was inform’d on his arrival there, he guess’d he should overtake me, and therefore order’d his chaise to follow him ; a precaution he was overjoy’d to have taken, as it prevent’d any interruption in *Lindamine’s* journey ; I found by the sequel of his discourse, that it was owing to his *Valet*

de

de Chambre's coming to *Versailles*, and what they told him at the village, that his mistrust gave him so much uneasiness, as obliged him to take post horses in pursuit of me.

By this time the chaise had joined us; *St Fal* presented his hand to help me in; I embraced *Lindamine* with great tenderness before I left her, and promised she should frequently hear from me.

When I had taken my place, the *Count* was very diligent in employing all possible precautions that could contribute to make my journey agreeable: To prevent my catching cold, he wrapped me in a cloak, and obliged me to cover my feet: in fine, he did every obliging thing good manners could suggest, and then ordered the chaise to drive on. I could not forbear admiring his sweetness of temper, and found him truly worthy of esteem, on so many accounts, that I heartily regretted my having given him any uneasiness.

I began to think the best excuse I could make *St. Fal* for my flight, was to acquaint him with my adventure in meeting with the old *Marquess*, and my dread of falling into his hands; the pretext was so natural, that I did not in the least doubt of its success. The *Count* seemed much disturbed at such an unforeseen accident; he made me repeat every syllable his uncle had uttered; he very humanely put himself into my place, and agreed, perhaps through complaisance, that I was perfectly right in making my escape: 'Whatever vexation,' said he, 'your flight occasioned, or trouble this unexpected return of my

‘ my uncle throws me into, I am overjoyed in
‘ knowing from your own mouth, that your
‘ departure was not owing to any aversion I
‘ apprehended you might have taken to me. If
‘ you knew, lovely *Jenny*,’ continued he, ‘ how
‘ much I suffered, when I did not find you at
‘ the village, you would certainly be moved ; I
‘ concluded that I had been so unfortunate as to
‘ lose your favour, and that my company was
‘ become disagreeable to you : But you have re-
‘ vived me ; how happy should I be, were I
‘ honoured so far as to enjoy your friendship !’
‘ Alas ! that you have already,” cried I, over-
come with his polite behaviour, his nice turn of
sentiments, and that they aimed at nothing far-
ther than my friendship. “ Your merit,” con-
tinued I, “ abundantly deserves that I should
“ think myself happy in such a worthy friend ;
“ neither is this the first time that I have va-
“ lued myself on the respect and civilities re-
“ ceived at your hands.” “ Heavens !” cried
St. Fal, interrupting me, “ who could behave
‘ otherwise to so charming a creature ? Nay
‘ more, I am so entirely devoted to you, my
‘ heart is so far prepossessed in your behalf, I
‘ love you with that delicacy (this sure will
‘ give no offence) that I am resolved to serve
‘ you even against my own interest : No more
‘ mistrust therefore, lovely *Jenny*, no longer
‘ look upon me as a tyrant, obstructing your
‘ secret inclinations : I promise, I even vow,
‘ notwithstanding the ardent affection I have for
‘ you, that I will ever promote your happiness,
‘ as far as lays in my power ; all I ask in return
‘ for

‘ for an esteem, call it love, so disinterested, is,
‘ that you will never forbid me your company.
‘ Unruly passions are strangers to my breast; it
‘ knows no desire, but that of seeing and ad-
‘ miring you; should it ever exceed those
‘ bounds, the delicacy, and much more the vir-
‘ tue I profess to cultivate, will always check
‘ any such attempts, and prevent them giving
‘ you the least disturbance.

Such formal assurances of so generous a friend-
ship, and so rarely seen in this age, moved me
exceedingly, and were answered with a becom-
ing sincerity. From thence we fell upon the
subject of my lover’s father. I informed *St. Fal*,
“ that I very much apprehended, lest, suspicious
“ as he appeared to me, he should have me
“ watched so narrowly, especially finding his
“ orders neglected, that at last he would find
“ me out wherever I should retire.” “ Make
“ yourself easy, dear Miss,” replied *St. Fal*,
“ you will be much safer at *Versailles* than else-
“ where; the precautions I have taken will
“ elude all enquiries, for you will pass for an
“ officer’s widow that is come to solicit some
“ favour at Court; the house where you are to
“ lodge is already acquainted with that particu-
“ lar; a waiting-woman and a cook-maid will
“ make up your little family; and as they will
“ know you under the name of the *Countess de*
“ *Roches*, which I have invented for you, they
“ cannot any ways disturb our project by their
“ tittle-tattle. The pretence I have invented
“ for your coming to *Versailles*, will sufficiently
“ screen you from the eyes of the curious; no
place

“ place can be properer than the Court for
“ concealment, where every one is taken up
“ with their own concerns: Strangers pass there
“ for what they please, nobody troubling them-
“ selves to examine into their affairs. I have
“ known several that have established themselves
“ there under a travelling title, and their chil-
“ dren have succeeded to it, as well as to their
“ substance: Silence and a long possession are the
“ proofs of their assumed nobility. As to ladies
“ in particular, their affairs not being of any
“ great consequence, they are seldom molested,
“ unless it be with too much complaisance,
“ where their merit is conspicuous, but never on
“ account of their quality: Does not every one
“ know, they may assume what rank they
“ please?”

“ All this, Sir,” replied I, “ is very well;
“ I am satisfied I shall not be disturbed on this
“ head, and that under the name you have in-
“ vented, I shall frustrate the most curious
“ scrutinies that may possibly be made after me:
“ But, pray, how shall I find wherewithal to
“ support my condition? For, I take it, empty
“ titles are as thin diet at Court as elsewhere;
“ I have not one farthing of income, nor the
“ least expectancy of that kind. You are suf-
“ ficiently informed, that a capricious turn of
“ fortune has raised me from my original con-
“ dition, and left me in a very precarious situa-
“ tion, without the least means of subsisting.
“ But I must assure you, Sir,” continued I,
“ rather than make a figure at the expence of
“ what I think honourable, I would return a
“ thousand

“ thousand times to the wretchedness of my
 “ birth ; taking therefore this for granted, as I
 “ beg you will, I cannot see——” “ I should
 “ not have given you time to form these reflec-
 “ tions,” said *St. Fal* interrupting me, “ had I
 “ not taken a singular pleasure in hearing you.
 “ Ah! lovely *Jenny*, how noble are these senti-
 “ ments! What a veil do they throw over the
 “ obscurity of your extraction! Birth is the effect
 “ of chance, and, where Providence has allotted
 “ it, gives no grounds to value ourselves upon ;
 “ he that should arrogate any thing to himself on
 “ that score, would be justly reproached, that
 “ his acquired merit must be very insignificant,
 “ since he has recourse to what passed in the
 “ world before he made his appearance in it. He
 “ might, in that case, be justly said to adorn
 “ himself with the dust of his ancestors. But,
 “ to cut the matter short, if you were not born
 “ in an elevated rank, your merit highly de-
 “ serves it on many accounts ; with so much
 “ good sense and discretion, you will certainly
 “ succeed in the world ; every thing will smile
 “ upon you, your family will be maintained,
 “ and you——” “ But,” said I, interrupting
 him a second time, “ how? For you can never
 “ make me believe——” “ Why, *Made-
 ‘ moiselle*,” cried *St. Fal* very smartly, “ it is no
 “ matter ; you shall find, by experience, that I am
 “ not building castles in the air.” “ Alas! Sir,”
 replied I with some emotion, “ I am satisfied as
 “ to that particular ; I dare say you will order
 “ every thing so well, that it will be a secret to
 “ all the world but myself, from whence my
 “ sub-

“subsistence comes; but still, I can never prevail upon myself to accept of it.” “And why not?” replied *Sr. Fal* very eagerly, “can you be so mistaken as to apprehend what the world will say? What have you to do with other people? Will any one know you? No certainly; nor have you any design of making acquaintances. This being granted, who can hinder you from living retired, and cultivating your talents, till you are settled in the world? The public will regard no more of your conduct, than what openly appears, and will applaud it accordingly, and without entering—”

“But I shall be kept,” cried *I*, interrupting him with great emotion; “there is no palliating the matter; I am not to learn what that word means.” Well then, *Mademoiselle*, continued *Sr. Fal* very impatiently, “you will be kept, since you must absolutely use that expression; where is the harm? After all, the meaning of words varies according to the use to which men apply them; there are daily instances of vice being kept by them, why should there not be one, from whom virtue may find the same relief?”

It was thus the *Count* endeavoured to remove those scruples, which a virtuous disposition raised in my mind; but all his wit and experience in the world, both of which he possessed in a sovereign degree, could not convince me on this occasion, the extremity to which I was reduced, and the approach of want, could scarce excuse so dangerous a step; in reality, I ought to have submitted to the orders he was to put in execution,

tion, rather than thus expose my innocence. A young woman can never be too much upon her guard against herself; a word, a trifle, oftentimes effects her overthrow. Real virtue is always attended with diffidence and humility; its constant lesson is to fear ourselves; it is this happy diffidence which crowns the work, and makes us triumph over the fiercest assaults of vice.

These reflections brought me to *Versailles*; it was now eight in the morning, the sun shone full upon the palace, and yielded the finest sight my eyes ever beheld; my transport, occasioned by such grandeur and magnificence, was so great, that I even forgot myself. *St. Fal*, not imagining what it was which thus engrossed my thoughts, and who was always apprehensive of giving me the least uneasiness, or fearing, perhaps, that I might give myself up to reflections arising from our preceding discourse, asked me, with some concern, what made me so silent. We were then at the end of the great alley, and going to turn off to the left. "Good God!" cried I very impatiently, "do not disturb me; you are very barbarous to interrupt me in the contemplation of so delightful a view." When I said this, my eyes were so earnestly fixed on the palace, that the *Count* easily guessed at the occasion of my silence, and the earnestness I had betrayed. "I ask you pardon, fair lady," said he; "but I must tell you, nothing can be a greater proof of your exquisite taste, than the attention you bestow on the beauties of that place." Upon this, he ordered the postillion to stop; I ran over with my eye that charming prospect, asking a thousand

thousand questions, without allowing him time to answer one half of them.

When I had recovered myself a little from the admiration so many fine objects excited, I asked *St. Fal* very gravely, if that was the place I was to lodge at? He could not forbear smiling at such a question, whilst he acquainted me, that it was inhabited only by such whose rank or employments placed them near the King's person, of which he gave me a kind of detail, that lasted till we reached the *Orangerie* street, where the chaise set us down.

A woman of about five and twenty, mistress of the house where I was to lodge, having been acquainted by *Monseigneur de St. Fal's Valet de Chambre* of our arrival, waited for me at the door; she received me in a mighty obliging manner: "Good God!" said she, turning to the *Count*, after embracing me, "how young
" this lady must have been married! She is an
" infant, exceeding handsome; it is a crying
" shame she should be a widow at these years!" This harangue put me to the blush. The *Count* seeing the confusion I was in, turned the discourse, and presenting his hand, led me up a very handsome stair-case to my apartment; the reflection of the sun from the glasses and gilding with which it was adorned, cast a prodigious lustre. I must own, I felt a satisfaction arise in my breast; fond as I had always been of finery, such lodgings and furniture could not fail of affording me a singular pleasure. It did not escape the *Count*, who, as he has since told me, often pleased himself with the thoughts of having
ing

ing succeeded in his endeavours to strike my imagination at the first entrance, knowing very well that nothing diverts melancholy more, than the gaiety of those objects which surround us. He was certainly in the right; outward show is always bewitching, and the gaudy appearance of things more or less carries the greatest weight, especially with women; which clearly proves our small share of solidity, not excepting myself, notwithstanding our vanity in priding ourselves upon what they term *sentiments*, the parade of which is now so much in vogue, that the cinder-wench will not yield to a Dutches, in what is called *manner of thinking*. This folly of an affected heroism may have its application, as well as that of luxury. Luxury is said to be a mark of concealed poverty: May one not venture to say, that *sentiments*, for which some, with so much ostentation often value themselves, are a specious cover, by which they endeavour to dazzle the eyes of the world, and cover their own weakness?

When I was put in possession of my apartment, *St. Fal* desired I would employ the good sense, he knew me mistress of, to amuse myself in his absence, giving me to understand that he was obliged to pass the rest of the day with the old *Marquess*, for whom he must invent some story concerning me, designing, in order to excuse himself, to pretend I had made my escape from him. I could not forbear trembling at what he said. 'For Heaven's sake, Sir,' said I, 'take care how you behave on this nice point; your uncle seemed to me a person of so much

' distrust and penetration, that I am very apprehensive, lest, after laying together the
 ' rencounter he had in the village, and your
 ' account of my escape, he does not employ
 ' such sure methods of finding out the truth,
 ' as will infallibly discover where I am : If
 ' that should happen, you know I am entirely
 ' ruined.' " I have already told you, *Mademoiselle*," replied *St. Fal*, " that you have
 ' nothing to fear on your side ; it is on me the
 ' *Marquess's* displeasure will light." " And is
 ' not that of sufficient consequence ?" cried I ;
 ' I should be very sorry you underwent any uneasiness on my account.' " Good God !
 ' *Mademoiselle*," replied *St. Fal*, as he was retiring, " that is the least of my care ; my
 ' cousin's return, for his father will certainly
 ' send for him upon hearing your evasion ;
 ' the notion I have that sooner or later he
 ' will see you ; the certainty I have of the
 ' pleasure such an interview will create in you ;
 ' these are uneasinesses much more real, than
 ' any I apprehend from acquainting my uncle
 ' with your escape." I easily understood the meaning of all this ; but as I had no mind to enter on such a subject, I let him go without returning any answer.

When he was gone, the chamber-maid, who had been hired to wait on me, came up, she seemed towards fifty, with an easy insinuating air ; her name was *Brochan*, and the landlady of the house gave her an extraordinary character ; she had lately left a Dutchess's service, by reason, as she informed me herself, of a violent passion

passion the secretary had for her, and which might possibly have endangered her innocence. I could not forbear smiling to myself at this acknowledgment. Her age and plain face was a sufficient security against any attacks of that nature: I soon discovered her foible to be a foolish belief, that she inspired love into all the men who looked at her, which she imagined could not be with indifference; to this conceit she added another notion, equally ridiculous, that she was nobly born; it is true, she could not be ignorant that every one knew her to be a cook's daughter; but her folly, or rather vanity, prevented this objection, by assuring you very gravely, that she had been changed at nurse.

Madame de Geneval (for that was my landlady's name) made her appearance soon after the chamber-maid. Now I am disposed to draw characters, it would be unpardonable to omit her's. She was tall, handsome, and well made; but the misfortune was, she knew it too well: A failing that renders the greatest charms very disagreeable; her character was to find fault with every thing, though her genteel way of doing it made some amends.

Most things at first smile upon us; *Madame de Geneval* was so very obliging and assiduous, that I made her very sincere returns, attended with too little reservedness. The event will shew plainly that young persons ought to be very cautious and circumspect with their new acquaintance. This gentlewoman's behaviour has taught me, at a very dear rate, to inculcate so necessary a lesson to others.

Before I went to bed (for the landlady and my waiting woman had determined it should be so, in order to refresh me after a journey of between two and three hundred miles, as they imagined) my chest of drawers was opened for me: 'You see,' said *Madame de Geneval*, 'every thing is laid in as exact order, as if you had been present. *Monsieur de St. Fal* has said so much in your praise, and so earnestly recommended the care of your trunks, that I took the things out myself; when I opened them, I wrote an account of what I found; but this is a liberty I would not have taken, without the positive intreaties of your friend the *Count*, who insisted on every thing being in its proper place against your arrival: But go to sleep, pretty lady,' said she, embracing me, 'we shall have time enough to discourse these matters over when you wake; bring her a porringer of broth,' continued she, going out of the room, 'she will rest the better after it.' *Brochan* had it ready; after I had taken it, she helped me to undress; I got into bed, upon which she retired, shutting the door after her.

My mind was in too great an agitation to admit of any repose: May I venture here to disclose myself ingenuously? Will not the professed prudes, those splenetic ladies I have before mentioned, take the alarm at the secret motions of my soul, I am going to divulge? What will it avail, if I should give a false gloss (and nothing can be more easy) to my thoughts at that time? They will be equally severe, and I should forfeit my title to sincerity, that truly
valuable

valuable quality, under a protestation of which I entered upon these Memoirs. Self-love, indeed, must suffer; but amiable truth will entitle me to some compassion.

Had I called my heart to a strict account, I am persuaded, at first I should have found it more affected with the brilliant situation I was in, than with the secret murmurs of a repining virtue. There is a wide difference between arming ourselves against future trials, and encountering the immediate influence of things present; we faintly resist the charms of what we actually possess. Wise men often exclaim against the abuse of riches, but we have few instances of their practising the doctrine they teach.

I was no sooner left alone, but I looked with pleasure on the gay objects which surrounded me; the glasses, gildings, the pictures, raised such bewitching ideas in my mind, that I could no longer resist the temptation of taking a nearer view of the things I was in some measure mistress of. Being alone, I got up, bolted the doors, and indulged my curiosity. It is true, virtue made some little effort before it abandoned me to these allurements; but a sudden thought represented my curiosity as absolutely necessary; "I must," said I to myself, "be acquainted with what the drawers contain: The things are given out to be mine; if I should betray any ignorance, it may raise some suspicion prejudicial to the part I am to act."

Prepossessed with this necessity, I went into the wardrobe, in which were placed two large chests;

chests; I opened them with some apprehension; this scrutiny, though attended with a kind of qualm, as if I had been engaged in mischief, soon amused me by the alluring discoveries it produced, especially in respect of one, whose birth and education had not made her mistress of any one individual thing.

Next to my bed-chamber was a closet adorned with pannels of looking-glass; the hangings, like those of the apartment, were crimson damask bordered with gold fringe: Several pictures representing children playing together, and beautiful landscapes, all placed with great symmetry between the glasses, had a charming effect; but what pleased me most, was a book-case at the farther end, containing great choice of new music books.

My toilette was placed in the wardrobe I mentioned before: It contained every thing that regards dress: The boxes were filled with bracelets, gloves, and modern trinkets in an elegant taste. Whatever inclination I had to examine every thing in particular, the fear of being interrupted, not having sufficient time to go through the whole, obliged me to content myself with a transient view of so many bewitching objects.

I was not a little surpris'd, in opening the chests, at the great abundance of linen and other things. What was designed for my wearing, appeared exceeding fine; but a complete service of plate, which I found by itself, I must needs own quite charmed me.

Another chest furnished a set of china of the
finest

finest sort ; in the partitions were contained every thing belonging to the table.

After running over all these things, I returned to my chamber. I was curious to know the contents of a large commode with a marble cover, which was no small ornament to the room. The first drawer was filled with mercer's goods, for making gowns proper for the several seasons of the year ; nothing was forgot even of the most trifling nature. This detail may very well be thought tedious, yet it is really necessary in order to give a just idea of my new admirer. Self-love possibly finds its account here, but that is a subject I am not very willing to discuss ; such an obliging attention must necessarily make a very engaging impression on the mind of a young creature. Not to own I was very much affected with this generous behaviour, would be making too free with sincerity ; and as experience convinced me that his conduct was not in the least influenced by any criminal views, I was the more sensible of the obligations conferred on me.

The little rest my affairs had allowed in the foregoing nights, oppressed me to that degree, that notwithstanding my eagerness to continue the scrutiny, I was obliged to desist ; sleep overpowered me, and I threw myself into bed. There my soul, perfectly satisfied with my present situation, and void of care for what was to come, entertained none but the most agreeable ideas, followed by so profound a repose, that I did not wake till the day was far spent.

It was near sun-set, when the noise of the

coaches obliged me to rise; I immediately recollected that I had fastened my chamber door, upon which I went and drew back the bolts: This was no sooner done, but my waiting-woman entered. 'Lord! Madam,' said she in a wheedling tone; 'you are certainly very timorous to barricade yourself thus in broad daylight. I have been several times at the door to know if you wanted me; but the fear of disturbing you, made me wait till now.' This was answered with great indifference on my side. Her countenance did not please me; such antipathies are many times involuntary, and from my childhood I was liable to prepossessions of this nature, though they are often groundless, and always argue a weakness in our understanding. We ought to guard against such follies, as there are many who by an unfortunate cast in their aspect, promise nothing commendable, and yet their real worth greatly surpasses that of others whose countenances are very taking at first sight. Every day's experience justifies this remark, though very few correct the failing.

Brochan having opened the windows, I placed myself at one of them. The evening was delightfully pleasant, and abundance of people were taking the air. Such a sight was altogether unusual to me, its great variety affording an agreeable amusement. I was charmed with the neatness and elegance of the women's dresses; I examined them with great attention, and such as pleased me most, drew my eyes after them as far as I could possibly distinguish one object from another. This so entirely took up my thoughts, that

that every thing else was banished from my breast.

Women must own with me, that our strongest propensity is to examine each other; this is generally attended either with jealousy or envy, as we can seldom prevail on ourselves to do one another justice; a wretched disposition, which seems inseparable from the sex. As much as I have at this day got the better of little follies, if I deal ingenuously, I must acknowledge myself still subject to such mean impressions. If ever I should publish the sequel of my adventures, as perhaps I may, I propose to treat of this matter more at large, and prove by examples how careful we ought to be in forming a judgment on outward appearances: Fatal experience has convinced me of this. I am now very cautious, it is true; and endeavour to correct so great a weakness; nevertheless, it often happens that custom, *that second nature*, prevails over reason.

Whilst I was deeply engaged in examining every one that passed by, somebody clasped me fast in their arms, without my perceiving who it was that took that liberty with me. My colour came, and I turned about very hastily, struggling to free myself from such an unexpected embrace. "It would be no easy matter to surprise you," said *Madame de Geneval* laughing, "you are so much upon your guard; and are so strong, there would be nothing got by romping with you." Upon my asking her pardon with a smile, for being so rough in disengaging myself; "I will pardon you this:

"once," replied she in a jesting way; "but
 "another time I shall not be so easily prevailed
 "upon; and even now, it shall only be on this
 "condition, that you do us the honour of sup-
 "ping with us." This invitation was accom-
 panied with so polite an air, that I could not
 refuse it, after which we placed ourselves at the
 window, and began to criticise those that passed
 by.

Madame de Geneval had a particular talent for
 this dangerous pleasure; dress, figure, coun-
 tenance, nothing escaped her. The women
 seldom found mercy at her hands; those who
 were handsome rarely escaped the most satirical
 strokes; the men came better off, that is, such
 as were above the ordinary rate, for the others
 were excluded all favours.

"What do you think of her," cried *Ma-
 dame de Geneval*, "that comes this way with
 "that flaunting gait, and false air of beauty,
 "that deceives at a distance? Do not be mis-
 "taken, her fine complexion is only borrowed
 "from the mysteries of the toilette, as her
 "carriage is from the information of a much-
 "consulted looking-glass; for all her affectation,
 "she is very plain; as you will own when you
 "see her nearer. I will lay a wager," added
 she, "that you would not suspect her hair,
 "tricked up as it is with ribbands, was none of
 "her own; and yet she is as bald as a coor,
 "and has recourse to art for supplying the
 "deficiency of nature. Speak the truth, would
 "not you guess, by her attendants and dress,
 "that her husband belonged at least to the Ex-
 "chequer?"

“chequer? Far from it, he is cook to the
“Prince of ———. Though her mother
“sold fruit, her vanity aimed at his steward;
“but she is very well off in marrying his cook,
“who must cheat his master to maintain her
“extravagance: And yet, in return for this too
“great indulgence, he has never a quiet mo-
“ment; they say his heart is broke; but it is
“all to no purpose, she goes on her old way.
“Pray behold that other woman that is coming
“out of the great gates; by her behaviour and
“the airs she gives herself, would you imagine
“her to be five and twenty? and yet she is
“turned of fifty; but in order to impose on
“those who do not know her age, she tells them,
“with an affected air of sincerity, that she dresses
“in brown, because it is her favourite colour,
“and suits any age: But the best of the jest is,
“that she cannot prevail on herself to marry a
“man, who has long made his addresses, for
“fear she says, of dying in childbed.” Saying
this *Madame de Geneval* burst into such a hearty
fit of laughter, that I could not forbear joining
with her, though I knew not why.

We had spent near an hour in this kind of
amusement, when a flourish on the kettle-drums,
and a hurry in the street, made me enquire what
could be the occasion. “The King is return-
“ing from hunting,” replied *Madame de Ge-
neval*, “we shall see him pass by.” My heart
began to flutter at this, as I immediately recol-
lected the first time of my seeing his Majesty,
and the consequences his presence had drawn
after it. Though I was now grown up to years,

of discretion, and had already satisfied my curiosity, I found the same eager desire of seeing the King seize my soul, as in the Forest. It is true I concealed my earnestness. Vanity which always grows upon us, made me imagine I should want no assistance to distinguish the King from the rest: Persuaded of this, I fixed my eyes on that side the King was expected, and gave very little attention to the criticisms *Madame de Geneval*, with her usual charity, passed upon every one that came in her way.

My impatience did not remain long unsatisfied; the hunt returned, and, contrary to what was usual, moved very slowly. Day-light was not quite gone, and I congratulated with myself on the opportunity I was going to have of considering the King's person very attentively; but the false shame of informing myself which was the King, disappointed my hopes, surrounded as he was by the courtiers. By good luck, his Majesty dropped something out of his hand, otherwise he would have passed by undistinguished; but the eagerness every one expressed to take up his glove and return it, sufficiently pointed him out, and I had the satisfaction I so much desired.

My admiration of this charming Prince was so great, that I could not forbear observing to *Madame de Geneval* the gracefulness of his person; but she scarce made any answer to what I said on the subject: Her eyes were fixed on a Nobleman, with whom she seemed to be entirely charmed, and was no less solicitous to make me sensible of his personal accomplishments,

ments, than I was in remarking those of the young monarch. But the best of it was, we mutually applauded each other's remarks, falsely imagining they regarded one and the same object.

In the mean time, the Court was directly under our windows; I was so taken up with the sight, that I quite forgot I was in a very plain undress. *Madame de Geneval* was full dressed, and either through malice or inadvertency, did not give me the hint; thus was I unwittingly exposed to the curious eyes of the company, for my little vanity would never have relished the negligence of my *deshabille*. I think I have elsewhere mentioned how much I suffered on such occasions, and indeed do to this day.

"Good God!" cried *Madame de Geneval*, with a mysterious air, but such as betrayed how well she was satisfied with her own dear self; "these men are turned fools surely! One cannot be at a window, but they stare one through! See, *Madame*, I beg, how they eye us!" In effect, they all to a single man looked up as they passed by. "Indeed, *Madame*," replied I, "you make me observe what would not have surprised me, had we been the only women that looked out of window in the street; but, methinks, the whole Court seems entirely taken up with staring at us," "Oh!" replied *Madame de Geneval*; "what you say does not at all surprise me! I am so well known, so very well known, my pretty lady, that you must not wonder at what you see; you do not know that the King himself is pleased often to favour me with a look; not that I would

“ would have you think,” continued the vain thing putting on an air of modesty, “ that I
 “ attributed this to any thing very flattering in
 “ myself; my husband goes every day to Court,
 “ and as he is upon very good terms there, it is
 “ no wonder if some notice is taken of me.
 “ Did not I tell you so ?” added *Madame de Geneval*, standing up, “ the King does us the
 “ honour to look at us ! He certainly re-
 “ members my face. For Heaven’s sake, *Ma-*
 “ *dame*, let us retire,” continued she in a
 childish affected tone; “ I can stand it no
 “ longer.”

A Nobleman, who was opposite to the window, singled me out with his hat to those that were near him : ‘ Own, gentlemen,’ said he, ‘ that young lady to be exceeding handsome, ‘ and that the *deshabille* you see her in, far ‘ surpasses all the arts of dress.’ This was no sooner spoke, but every one eyed me with fresh attention, and bowed to us one after another. The King being directly opposite to our window, looked up a second time, and took off his hat ; I blushed prodigiously, and imagining I ought to return the compliment, made an exceeding low courtesy : “ Lord, Madam, what “ are you doing ?” cried *Madame de Geneval* loud enough to be overheard ; “ nobody salutes “ the King ; you will make us be taken for “ mere country creatures.” The King and the whole Court fell a laughing at this ill-timed reprimand. Whether this was owing to the manner of expressing herself, or my simplicity, I cannot determine ; this I know very well,

tha

the hasty reproach struck me all of a heap. I should have remained in this condition for a considerable time, had not *Madame de Geneval*, in order to ingratiate herself with me, and shew her knowledge of the Court, given me the names and history of part of his Majesty's retinue, though heard with great indifferency on my side: I had not forgot the little mortification I fancied she had drawn upon me, and self-love made my resentment appear very justifiable.

My vain cajoling landlady, imagining my silence proceeded from the relish I had for her conversation, continued the subject for some time, sparing nobody that came in her way: When breaking off on a sudden, she proposed going down to her apartment, supper-time, as she said, drawing near. I replied, that "it would be proper for me to put on some head-cloths, since she would not allow me to dress." "Oh! by no means," cried *Madame de Geneval*, "you are killingly handsome in the dress you are in; neither am I the only one who thinks so, as you have just now heard: We shall have frequent opportunities of seeing you dress, for this once let us enjoy you in your native charms." This compliment was answered in a proper manner on my side, not forgetting her beauty, with which she seemed mightily taken; as this, indeed, was truly her weak side. "'Tis very justly said," cried she, begging pardon for the freedom of taking me in her arms, "that women of quality are always distinguishable by their behaviour: I have ever been fond of their company, as their conversation

“ conversation is so very instructing.” What does not prejudice effect ! As long as she took me for the *Countess de Roches*, this was always her stile ; but, the moment she discovered the truth, she protested to one, who gave me an account of it, that “ she all along took me for “ a counterfeit ; that, notwithstanding the airs “ I was pleased to give myself, she saw through “ the artifice, and every day discovered some- “ thing that betrayed my mean birth.” So much for prejudice.

Although I was very much pressed to go down undressed as I was, I should never have consented, had not *Monsieur de Geneval* surprised us in the debate : He accosted us in a genteel manner, and paid his compliments gracefully enough. He had something of the sop in him, his voice trifling, and much upon the familiar : As superintendant to the Duke of — he imagined himself company for any one ; handsome, tall, and well made, always in the pink of the mode, and very full of himself ; a ready wit, and so happy in his little sallies, that the spleen was entirely banished where ever he came, and made his conversation much coveted. The vicious part of any one’s character is much easier attained than what is valuable in it ; his satirical vein *Madame de Geneval* had acquired, and was very ready at biting expressions ; but then, she wanted the fine turn of wit in applying them, of which she was a perfect master ; insomuch that he would frequently lash people to their faces, with so much art, adapting his voice and expression so justly, that every one present, except the person concerned,

cerned, immediately discovered who was aimed at ; nay, it often happened that the object of his raillery was the most diverted of the whole company. Let any one judge if such talents were not esteemed in an age so favourable to fatirical reflections, that all charity for our neighbour is exploded, as a thing quite out of date.

Our supper was perfectly neat and elegant. *Monsieur de Geneval* acquitted himself exceedingly well in doing the honours of his house. We were five at table, without reckoning a boy of seven years old, so very ill-bred, that he seized every thing he could lay his hands on, daubed the table-cloth, and spoiled the cloaths of those who had the misfortune to be near him, and all this without his father's being allowed to reprimand him. As he was pretty, and by way of compliment said to be like his mother, she thought upon this account he could not be too much indulged, and consequently spoiled him to such a degree, that he was ready to fling things at any one's head that presumed to find fault with him.

A relation of *Monsieur de Geneval*, about fifty years of age, made the third woman in the company: Her humour seemed gay and airy; she amused us with abundance of pleasantry, accompanied with so much wit, as threw a veil over her age, and the malicious turns she frequently gave to things. She was not all of a piece; her folly betrayed itself in giving us to understand, that in her younger days she stood unrivalled in point of beauty; then her discourse ran upon the extravagancies Princes and Noblemen

Noblemen had committed in making their addresses to her ; there was no end of this subject ; and if any one took a fancy to contradict her, as it sometimes happened, the scene was changed in an instant, from affable and polite, she became downright scurrilous.

A gentleman belonging to the household, about thirty, was the very opposite to the person just mentioned : Taciturnity, gloom, and disdain were strongly imprinted on his countenance. He never was known to approve of any thing in all his life ; and before you uttered a single syllable, you might depend upon being contradicted by him : *But* was his favourite transition, and *No* his darling particle.

Notwithstanding this difference of characters, I soon perceived that the company was agreed upon making me talk, with a design to learn some account of my affairs ; but *Monsieur St. Fal*, who had a good deal of foresight, gave me my lesson in writing : My story was framed, digested, and got by heart ; I came off very well, notwithstanding their attacks, and this chiefly by the concise answers I gave. The only secret for baffling curiosity, is to say little ; there is no hazard in being cautious, whereas giving a loose to the tongue, overburdens the memory, and endangers the contradicting one's self : A ticklish situation, to which persons ought never to expose themselves, who have reasons not to be publicly known.

The desert had not been long served up, when a footman came and whispered something to *Madame de Geneval* : She immediately turned towards me, and told me in the ear that a Nobleman

man enquired for me. Imagining it must be *St. Fal*, who was come with some news, I ordered the footman to conduct him to my apartment, and was preparing to go and receive him. The servant hearing me name that Nobleman, assured me it was not him, but that he guessed by his livery, it must be the Duke of ——. The name surprised me, and *Monsieur de Geneval* perceiving it, asked me if I had any reason for not receiving the visit, for in that case it was only saying, that I did not sup at home: My answer was, that I did not desire to be seen, as the person was an utter stranger, and I did not apprehend what his business could be. *Madame de Geneval* rose from table at this, bidding me make myself very easy, for she would speak to the Duke herself; adding with a mysterious air, that she partly guessed his errand. Saying this, she left the room, making me several signs which I did not comprehend.

I expected her return with great impatience, wondering what could detain her so long. The dread I had of the old *Marquess*, brought him continually to my mind, whenever troublesome accidents gave me any uneasiness.

Monsieur de Geneval perceiving me much disquieted, endeavoured to make me share the mirth of the company: Complaisance obliged me to feign an attention to what passed. What an irksome task it is to counterfeit satisfaction, when the mind labours under perplexity!

After half an hour's stay, *Madame de Geneval* returned laughing very heartily. "Did not I tell you," said she, speaking to me, "that we were examined very narrowly when at the window?"

“ window? Without vanity, our charms make
 “ some noise in the world.” “ Who doubts
 “ that?” replies the husband; “ all the Court
 “ envies my happiness in possessing so lovely a
 “ creature as *Madame de Geneval*.” “ None of
 “ your jests,” continued she, half angry at his
 ironical tone; “ I could give very convincing
 “ proofs of the truth of what you say: but that
 “ is not the business at present. It is very cer-
 “ tain I have had a thousand soft things said to
 “ me just now by a very gallant spark; it is
 “ true, I was not altogether imposed on, know-
 “ ing very well” continued *Madame de Geneval*,
 pointing slyly to me; “ the Countess has the
 “ best title to the courtship, though addressed
 “ to me.” “ Meaning me, Madam?” replied
 I very gravely: “ How can I be any ways con-
 “ cerned? I am but just arrived from the other
 “ end of the kingdom; have no acquaintance—”
 “ Alas! that is no reason,” replied *Monsieur de*
Geneval very earnestly; “ there are a thousand
 “ for your engaging their adoration.” I could
 not forbear smiling at the manner in which I
 was addressed. The wife, thinking perhaps this
 was carrying things too far, and, like many
 other women, was piqued to hear another ex-
 tolled, or might be naturally a little jealous, cor-
 rected the transport her husband had been guilty
 of, by saying, “ that if I had not really been so
 “ very handsome, novelty was of great service
 “ in this country; nevertheless it must be sup-
 “ ported by something more lasting than beauty;
 “ that the vogue drew admirers for a while, but
 “ when that was over, the object was as easily
 neglected,

‘ neglected, as it had been eagerly pursued.’ The gentleman of the household opposed this maxim, asserting, that what was once truly amiable, was always so. *Madame de Geneval*, who had her reasons for maintaining what she had advanced, brought a recent example in favour of her own opinion: ‘ You all saw,’ said she, addressing her discourse to her husband’s kinswoman; ‘ the famous *Lyonnoise*, so much talked of about two years ago at *Paris*; she was as fair as alabaster, had fine features, a good shape, and an air of grandeur; notwithstanding all this, I could find nothing very extraordinary in her; she no sooner appeared in public, but was followed by all the world. I happened to be one day at the *Thuileries*, when the *Lyonnoise* was walking there; as the great alley perfectly swarmed, I enquired of every one I met, what could occasion such a crowd?’ “ Good God! Madam, where do you come from?” replied the person, “ not to know that the beautiful *Lyonnoise* is come to *Paris*, and is now actually walking in the *Thuileries*?” ‘ I shrugged up my shoulders at such a preposterous answer, and resolved to see with my own eyes on what it was grounded: I made my way through the crowd, and at last got a sight of this so much extolled beauty. Whether through prejudice, not being according to my taste, or not so handsome as they pretended, she did not please me at all. I pitied the stupidity of the public, which often is lavish of its praises on objects that, upon a nearer view, are scarce tolerable: It is true,

‘ true, sooner or later, the prejudice is laid
 ‘ aside, as it happened in the case of this very
 ‘ *Lyonnoise*.

‘ Some weeks after this, I was in the *Tbui-*
 ‘ *leries*: I met her again, but she was scarce
 ‘ taken notice of; nevertheless, she was ex-
 ‘ actly the same; and, as the inconstancy of
 ‘ mode never affects me, methought she was
 ‘ even handsomer than at first.’ “No wonder”
 replied the kinswoman very sily, “you liked her
 “ the better because nobody admired her; and
 “ consequently envy had nothing to work on.
 “ Put the case she had once more become a
 “ reigning toast, and you had seen her sur-
 “ rounded with a crowd of admirers, she would
 “ have appeared as plain as at first: the thing
 “ speaks itself.”

Madame de Geneval frowned a little at this
 cutting remark: From one of her character, a
 sharp reply might have been expected, but she
 had her reasons for being moderate; interest,
 which always rules, and to which she was an
 absolute slave, prevailed on her to stifle her re-
 sentment; to do it with a better grace she went
 on thus:

‘ *Lyonnoise*, nettled at the injustice she met
 ‘ with at *Paris*, came to Court; her charms
 ‘ had a run, but soon met the same fate as be-
 ‘ fore; she disappeared on a sudden, and I have
 ‘ since been informed, is gone for *England* in
 ‘ search of new admirers.’

I presently discovered the malicious drift of
 this story, and the application *Madame de Ge-*
neval was willing should be made of it; from
 whence

whence I concluded, that her character and mine would not long sympathize.

The discourse ran again upon the Duke's visit, which *Madame de Geneval's* reflections had interrupted: She told us, 'that all she could gather from what he said, was, that in returning from hunting, the sight of a young lady had made such an impression on him, that he came to enquire after her, and in case she had any affairs depending at Court, to offer his service.'

Madame de Geneval added, that 'all this was expressed in so polite a manner, that though she was prepared to answer this gallant preamble, which doubtless was aimed at me, as it deserved, yet she could not avoid replying with a great deal of respect, and letting him know who I really was; the Duke upon hearing my name, assured her he was well acquainted with my family, for which he had a great value, and would have the honour of being introduced at a more seasonable opportunity.

'I apprehended from the confusion in which this Nobleman retired,' continued my landlady, 'that without doubt he took the *Countess* for one who had her fortune to make, and that he need only come to be well received; a foolish presumption men are often guilty of, who think, that in visiting a woman they do her an honour. This vanity must either be grounded on the figure they make, or the confidence they have of our weakness. As for my part, who am often exposed to the intrigues of these gentlemen, I use them with a great deal

‘ deal of freedom, ridicule their serious faces,
‘ amuse myself, and laugh at them ; this I take to
‘ be the method.’ “ Not so very commendable”
replied the husband very maliciously, “ as you
“ may perhaps imagine ; under this pretext of
“ indifferency, the gallants are restrained and
“ listened to without suspicion. Their follies
“ amuse me, you will say ? No doubt of it ;
“ and that is just what they look for ; to have
“ admittance into certain houses, is all they
“ can hope for at first ; taking up your time
“ agreeably and amusing you, ladies, is their
“ second step ; but what lucky fellows, if you
“ do them the honour to smile on their en-
“ deavours !” ‘ Lord,’ cried *Madame de Geneval*
interrupting him, ‘ it would have been a
‘ wonder indeed, if you had not contradicted
‘ me ; it is mighty becoming a husband, who
‘ fancies his honour is at stake, if he does
‘ not thwart his wife on every occasion.’
“ Not in the least,” replied the gentleman of
the household ; “ you are stung for want of
“ understanding him : Your spouse is far from
“ being of a different opinion on this point ;
“ does not his conduct give you daily proofs of
“ it ? Can you imagine, that if he were really
“ serious in what he says, he would allow you
“ such an unbounded liberty ?” ‘ A continua-
‘ tion of your long silence, Sir,’ replied *Madame*
de Geneval very sharply, ‘ would have been much
‘ more acceptable, than the part you are pleased
‘ to take in the conversation.’ The gentleman,
not the best bred person in the world, took her
up as smartly on his side ; and like many others,
who

who when they have got footing in the house, take upon them to controul at large, indulged a malicious pleasure in maintaining the argument with equal vehemence. The mistress of the house, exceedingly haughty, apprehending possibly the consequences of such a dispute, and provoked besides at the little ceremony with which she was treated, and her husband's not silencing her opponent, addressed herself to him with bitter reproaches for want of tenderness in her regard; declaring that 'for the future she should take proper methods, and the moment certain countenances appeared——.' Being apprehensive from the sharpness of the gentleman's reply, that the conversation was growing still warmer, I thought it high time to retire. *Madame de Geneval* was too much taken up in retorting the sarcastical replies of the gentleman and her husband, to perceive I was gone. But *Monsieur de Geneval*, more attentive to what passed, left his friend to pursue or drop the argument, and came after me to present his hand, making an apology for the scene of which I had been a spectator. "She is very silly," said he, speaking of his wife; "a trifle discomposes her, and makes her exceptionous: I overlook it all, as she is with-child: when she is so, her humour is unaccountable; but, in consideration of her condition, some complaisance must be shewn." I commended *Monsieur de Geneval* for his moderation, but blamed him at the same time for suffering the gentleman to divert himself in provoking his wife. To this he replied, "that he was an old friend, whose

“characteristic was, never to yield in a dispute;
“that he was so well known for it, that no-
“body ever resented his obstinacy.” Upon
this he told me an odd story: This very gentleman was deeply in love with a young lady, who on every account was a very proper match for him, and the affair on the point of being concluded: it happened very luckily, that he invited his future father-in-law, after signing the writings, to supper; the conversation turning upon the ceremonies observed at the marriages of the Ancients, the old gentleman and his future son-in-law, neither of whom wanted wit or learning, enlivened the discourse with many interesting passages and curious citations; but the spirit of contradiction, the predominant passion in *Geneval’s* friend, soon made the old gentleman lose his patience; it is true he yielded for some time, apprehending his memory might fail him, till the son-in-law, who had been bred a scholar, falling upon a point in divinity, which the old gentleman happened perfectly to recollect, he maintained his ground; the young one contradicted him; the other, positive that he was right, ran home to his library, brought the book, and imagined he had carried his point; but the son-in-law disclaimed both the author and the edition. This obstinacy provoked the young lady’s father so much, that he retired without any ceremony. Upon this, their friends interposed, and endeavoured to make up the breach; the old gentleman, the most reasonable of the two, was not averse to an accommodation, and only insisted that his future son-
in-law

in-law should acknowledge himself to have been mistaken: But *Geneval's* friend chose rather to lose a very advantageous match, than purchase it at so dear a rate.

This whimsical story amused me the more, as having just experienced that the hero of it was very well qualified to furnish many such adventures. After some reflections on it, *Geneval* left me. I ordered the servant to light him down, and then shut myself into my apartment, with a firm resolution of avoiding, as much as possible, such an odd medley of company.

I was going to bed, when I heard somebody knock at the door; curious to know what important affair could occasion a visit at one in the morning, I went to the window; in order not to be seen, I bid the maid carry the candles out of the room: I discovered a footman holding a flambeau, by whose glimmering light I perceived a tall man standing at the door, which was just opened: Upon listening I heard him ask the maid, if a young lady did not lodge there, who arrived but that very day? finding by the answer, that he was not mistaken, he inquired if she was up, and could be spoke with. The maid, who had been present at supper when her mistress gave an account of the Duke's visit, answered the stranger very roughly, that the person he enquired after was not to be seen, especially by night, and so shut the door upon him.

I thought it likewise time to draw in, lest if I should be seen, the person might insist upon speaking with me.

I went to bed without reflecting on this accident, persuaded as I was, that it had been occasioned by the visit intended me at supper-time.

It is with some confusion I own the profound tranquillity with which I slept till ten in the morning, as if I had not the least reason to be uneasy. Such is giddy youth, almost void of reflection! My waiting-woman came to acquaint me that a mantua-maker, and other work women waited my rising. I was inconsiderate enough to ask if she had sent for them: She answered with some surprise, that I had given her no such orders, but that the people said, they came by appointment. This made me presently imagine that *M. St. Fal*, with his usual foresight, was the contriver of this piece of gallantry. I got up, was taken measure of for stays and gowns, without examining any farther, which I judged could be of no manner of service, nor alter their opinion of me one way or other.

The clock had struck one; I was sitting down to table (for my house affairs were as well regulated the first day as if I had been settled ten years) when *M. de St. Fal* sent his name. He was richly dressed; I had not till then considered his person with any attention; notwithstanding my affections were prejudiced in favour of another, I could not be so unjust as not to look upon him as a very accomplished person. His address was even more respectful than usual; a nice conduct to avoid reminding me how much I was beholden to him. Whilst my waiting-woman was present, he constantly employed the word *Madam*, and only

only talked of general things. I insisted on his sitting down to dinner, which he complied with. As soon as we were alone, he began by expressing the pleasure he had in seeing me, and the apprehension he was under, lest time should hang heavy on my hands in a strange place. Upon this I related to him all that had passed since he left me; I described the supper, acquainted him with the Duke's intended visit, not omitting the debate which ensued on that occasion. I could not prevail upon myself to hide my suspicion of *Madame de Geneval's* ill temper. His answer to this was, that the being obliged to provide a lodging for me on a sudden, prevented his taking a whole house; that it was not yet too late; and while he was looking out for one, he advised me to avoid *la Geneval's* company as much as possible.

It was with the greatest difficulty imaginable that I took the *Count* off this subject; he did not relish the Duke's visit; the stranger who enquired after me at midnight gave him no small uneasiness; he took heart however when I gave my word to avoid all visits, and the occasions of them, so far even as not to amuse myself at the window for the future. *St. Fal* appeared as much transported at this promise, as if I had acquainted him with the most agreeable piece of news he could have wished to hear; he confessed he did not dare to ask such a favour, lest I should look upon it as a restraint on my liberty.

Resuming his usual tranquillity, he came at last to the point which concerned me most. I had already asked several times whether he had

seen my lover's father, without receiving any answer ; but now he gave me an account of a smart conversation, whereof I was the subject.

' Would you believe,' said *M. de St. Fal*, ' that the old *Marquess* could scarce be persuaded you had escaped out of my hands ? He would be informed of the time, place, and other circumstances. In order to detect me, he sent for my *Valet de Chambre*, questioned him apart in his closet, to try if we both agreed in the same story : In a word, I never saw him in such a passion before ; but all his precautions gave me no uneasiness, being prepared on all hands, by giving my servant his instructions, and being well assured he would not betray me.

' As to my uncle, though he threatened to go himself to the place, he has not as yet proceeded any farther in the affair ; his anger is over, or at least he pretends as much. He was very inquisitive as to your beauty, character, and every thing which regarded you. I need not say, I did you justice,' continued the *Count* ; ' on such a subject could any one have been reserved ? The description of your person was called over several times ; from whence I judged, he recollected what had passed in the village, where he waited for his horses. The confusion into which his first onset threw me, made me forget what you had related concerning that affair, and I gave him an exact likeness of you.

' This conformity set him on thinking. " If I am not mistaken," cried he, " there is no room to wonder at my son's passion for this girl,"

“girl.” “I pretended to be surpris’d at the exclamation; but the old *Marquess*, either because he mistrusted me, or was unwilling to let me know his sentiments, changed the discourse, and I retired exceedingly pleas’d with extricating myself so well out of this ticklish affair.”

The assurance *St. Fal* gave, that his uncle’s indignation seem’d appeas’d, made me something easy. “Whatever reason I have to believe that to be the case,” continued the *Count*, “I shall be continually on my guard; we have a subtle crafty politician to deal with; and lest he should impose upon me, I shall be very careful not to give him any handle for suspecting the sincerity with which I have pretended to act in this affair. Upon this account, I never left him since yesterday; to-morrow he goes to *Paris*, and I shall take the opportunity of his absence, to spend the day, lovely *Fenny* with you, in order to settle your little affairs.”

The word *settle*, remind’d me of what this generous person had already done for me. “Good God! Sir,” replied I, “what will you think of me! I am as you may see, in the greatest confusion imaginable for being so backward in making my acknowledgments for your favours, of which I have a far greater sense than I can possibly express.” “Ah! *Mademoiselle*,” cried *St. Fal* interrupting me, “your bare remembering them is too great a return; I beg we may say no more of such trifles.” “I look upon them in a far different light,” replied I; “but still some melancholy reflections

“ overpower my gratitude, and give me very
 “ cruel alarms. I have already said,” continued
 I, “ that all the grandeur of the world shall
 “ never draw me from the rules I have pre-
 “ scribed to myself ; and if your views——”
 ‘ No, once for all,’ replied *St. Pal* in the
 sincerest manner, ‘ my word and honour is your
 ‘ security, the which, assure yourself, I am not
 ‘ capable of violating ; and I consent to be
 ‘ looked upon as the last of mankind, if ever
 ‘ any behaviour of mine contradicts this pro-
 ‘ testation I have the honour of making to you.’
 “ On these terms,” replied I very much en-
 couraged, “ I shall take a pleasure in seeing you,
 “ and abstracting from the sentiments you have
 “ formerly expressed, so opposite to those in my
 “ own breast, I should take a pleasure in not
 “ hiding any thing from you.” ‘ Alas,’ cried
 the *Count* with great earnestness, ‘ let that be no
 ‘ hindrance ; on the contrary, charming *Jenny*,
 ‘ such a confidence would afford me the greatest
 ‘ consolation ; how happy should I be to possess
 ‘ it ! The effects of love are as various as the
 ‘ persons it influences, and in me widely dif-
 ‘ ferent from what they are in others. I was
 ‘ always of opinion, that to love for one’s own
 ‘ sake merited no return ; for it is properly self-
 ‘ love, where one’s own happiness is the end
 ‘ pursued ; as it is self-interest, not that of the
 ‘ object beloved, which is consulted. The
 ‘ proof of a disinterested passion is, to promote
 ‘ the happiness of a mistress, even in opposition
 ‘ to our own desires : Judge then, too lovely
 ‘ creature, what kind of passion I entertain in
 ‘ your

‘your regard; it is your satisfaction, it is your
‘own happiness I study. Yes,’ continued the
Count seizing my hands; ‘you shall see me
‘strive as eagerly to promote your union with
‘him you love, as if my own happiness imme-
‘diately depended on it. It is true, in losing
‘you, I lose all that is dear to me in life; but I
‘shall have the comfort of reflecting, that in
‘point of disinterestedness and generosity, I stand
‘unrivalled.’

Sentiments so delicate, so refined, and so new
to me, raised an admiration that silence alone
could express. ‘Ah! can you doubt my sin-
‘cerity?’ continued the *Count*, ‘you make me
‘no answer. Will you exclude me from the
‘confidence you mentioned, one of the favours,
‘alas! I can only expect? The sentiments I
‘have just now expressed, however commend-
‘able in the theory, you perhaps imagine im-
‘practicable. My behaviour thus far, my late
‘protestations, all betray some secret views.
‘Yes, such I have, too charming creature;
‘shall I acknowledge them?’ continued *St. Fal*
rising up; ‘Will you be convinced of what I
‘have said, if I pour out the secret motions of
‘my soul?’ ‘Well then,’ replied I terribly
alarmed; ‘what is it you hope for? You ought
‘to know me, and consequently not to flatter
‘yourself that I should ever ——’ ‘Ah!
‘*Mademoiselle*,’ cried *St. Fal* interrupting me,
‘here what I have to say; do not suspect that
‘under an apparent probity, a villain lies hid ::
‘I love you, I adore you, your charms have
‘vanquished me, and to preserve you, I would
‘sacrifice.

G 5

' sacrifice rank and fortune a thousand times
 ' over; but I would owe this happiness to your
 ' own choice, and not to any importunity of
 ' mine. I am persuaded, that had not your in-
 ' clination for my cousin prevented me, I might
 ' one day have been so happy as to gain your
 ' favour; but the probity on which I value my-
 ' self, and my singular way of thinking, have
 ' reined in my passion, though not extinguished
 ' my hopes: on this is regulated my present
 ' condition, and that which I shall observe till
 ' fate shall leave me no possibility of possessing
 ' you. Not that I wish the *Marquess* may
 ' change, and much less, that death should ravish
 ' him from you: knowing as I do, and in the
 ' sentiments I profess, it would be desiring your
 ' unhappiness; but the events of life are so va-
 ' rious, and so continually subject to change,
 ' that such a thing may naturally happen: In
 ' either of these unfortunate cases, may I not
 ' reasonably hope that you would one day call to
 ' mind the purity of my sentiments, the services
 ' I had done, or at least endeavoured to have
 ' done? and that then presenting a heart, which
 ' I may venture to say would not have been
 ' disagreeable, had you not been prejudiced in
 ' favour of another, you would crown a passion
 ' that never was inspired to be unfortunate.'

The *Count's* last words were uttered with so
 much tenderness, that I was greatly affected.
 "You are not mistaken," replied I with some
 emotion, and yielding one of my hands, which
St. Fal bathed with his tears; "you are not
 "mistaken in relying on my gratitude: I will
 "say

“ say more ; were not my affections already engaged, I know no one but yourself could succeed in fixing them,” — “ For the present this suffices,” cried *St. Fal*, throwing himself at my feet ; “ I am less wretched : This acknowledgment affords relief, and transports me — How ! charming *Fenny*, may I flatter myself.” “ Heavens ! what do I here ?” cried a voice from the door, which was half open ; “ I am betrayed : perfidious creature ! I will never see thee more.”

The sound of the voice, the cruel *apostrophe*, the sudden disappearing of him that spoke, the posture the *Count* was in when I was surprised, all together made me start up and fly to the door. “ Alas ! I am undone,” cried I, discovering the *Marquess* as he made off : “ This unexpected apparition struck such a terror into me, that I must have sunk upon the floor, had not a *sofa* luckily received me. *St. Fal*, no less surprised than myself, ran to my assistance. “ Ah ! Sir,” cried I, “ leave me, and follow your kinsman ; “ he believes me guilty, and detests me, of all which you are the cause. O Heavens ! I am quite spent, I am in despair.”

St. Fal did not hesitate a moment, he ran down stairs, and presently overtook the *Marquess*. I would fain have got on my feet to prevent a quarrel, which their high words gave me too much reason to apprehend, but the agony I was in rendered it impracticable. My waiting-woman came up in a violent agitation ; she put the finishing hand to my misfortunes, by acquainting me, that *St. Fal* and an officer, as she called the

Marquess, were gone out disputing, and by the fury visible in the *Marquess's* countenance, she really believed a duel would ensue. At this terrible news I exerted myself, and ran to the window to bring them back; but, alas! they were so far gone, that it would have been in vain to call after them. "Ah Heavens!" cried I, not observing I betrayed myself before a servant I had no reason to confide in; "what will become of me, if I lose all that is dear to me in this life! Go, *Mademoiselle*," said I to my woman, "lose not a moment; run, and endeavour to bring them back." "God forbid!" replied *Brochan* with an air of disdain; "it would be very fine, truly, to see young women running after such sparks. If I had imagined I was hired to be engaged in these kind of adventures, I would never have darkened the doors." After this comfortable harangue she left the room, muttering to herself, but so loud as to let me hear several shocking expressions.

Let any one imagine the condition I was in; I knew not what to do; If I go after them, said I to myself, to what purpose? Put the case I reach them whilst they are engaged, as they certainly are, ought not I to apprehend my presence will only serve to redouble the *Marquess's* fury, and hasten some tragical event? He thinks me perfidious; what effect can my prayers have on him? Again, how shall I be looked upon here? I reflected, that though the prying *Madame de Geneval* should happen not to be at home when the *Marquess* and *St. Fal*
went

went out, I must expect that prude *Brochan* would not fail to inform her of all that had passed. What would not be the consequence? Women, especially those of my landlady's character, shew no mercy on such occasions. In fine, I knew not which way to turn myself; sometimes I relied on *St. Fal's* prudence and sincere attachment to me; then again all hope vanished when I considered him vigorously attacked, as I had reason to think, and under an absolute necessity of defending himself. I walked about my room in a violent agitation, musing on all these particulars, when, to complete my misfortunes, *la Geneval*, notwithstanding her former politeness, entered without the least ceremony, and asked very hastily the meaning of what she had just been informed of; adding something drily, "she would not for the world
" any untoward affair should happen, wherein
" her name could be brought in question;" she told me, "her house was not designed for such
" purposes; and that she took it heinously ill,
" that *M. de St. Fal* should expose her house
" to any such inconveniences."

To all this I answered not a word; I was so confounded, that I could not devise the least pretence to give a favourable turn to what I was reproached with. *La Geneval*, taking my silence for a tacit acknowledgment of what she thought of me, perhaps confirmed in it by the remarks of my devout waiting-woman, continued her discourse in so high a strain, with so many bitter taunts, and expressions so very ill-timed, that not being much prejudiced in her
favour,

favour, I took her up very short for her impertinence, telling her with a piercing look, 'to leave my room, that I waited for the Count's return, and should not fail to acquaint him with the civilities I had received in the apartment he chose for me, and where I had expected to be safe from any insult.' This was uttered with so much resolution, that she durst not make any reply. Her husband, who came in and heard part of what I said, asked very earnestly if any of his family had behaved otherwise than with respect? I thanked him very coldly for his concern, and perceiving his wife was going to open again, I retired to my closet, throwing the door after me; there I burst into tears, and lost myself in a train of reflections surpassing each other in the anguish they occasioned.

Abandoned thus to myself, I looked upon what had happened, as a punishment for accepting of *St. Fal's* offers: It would have been much better, said I to myself, to have gone to a monastery, which would have answered all purposes: Love and reason might have gone hand in hand; the old *Marquess* perhaps would have desisted from persecuting me. I must have suffered, it is true, from my aversion to a cloister; but virtue, being free from any alarms, would have afforded some comfort, in representing me bemoaned and valued by a lover truly dear, and whose preservation was of such consequence. This day my ruin is compleated, continued I, shedding a torrent of tears; what will he not think? What has he not room to imagine?

imagine ? He finds me in the hands of another ; however innocent I may be, he surprises him at my feet ; appearances are against me ; he will never return !

Three hours were spent in the most melancholy situation ; no account of what had passed, which my imagination represented very tragical. The strict honour of *St. Fal* was too notorious, not to render it more than probable : I could not forbear thinking he must have perished in the combat, since he thus left me a prey to racking uncertainty. This notion gathering strength, let me into the consequences of such a terrible affair ; it was natural to expect being seized, and made responsible for what my imagination represented to have happened, as the cause, though very innocent of the quarrel : In this case, I had no room to flatter myself ; on the contrary, it was reasonable to suppose I should find no favour, but meet with the severest treatment.

Such just alarms produced other reflections ; I thought it high time to consider seriously what I had to do. Flight seemed the best grounded, as well as safest, and which consequently I resolved on. Money I did not want (for I forgot to mention a purse of gold I found in the commode) but I repeat it once more, I was no longer that *Fenny*, mistress of so much resolution in any adventure ; plenty, ease, consulting my inclinations, had instilled all the terrors and weakness usual with young women of quality ; I was even afraid of being left alone ; I loved to be

be at my ease; and the apprehension of being otherwise, gave me no small anxiety. A service I could not think of with patience; and yet the only means which presented themselves were a service, or to work for a livelihood. What could I set about? I knew nothing, and could scarce wait on myself. It signified nothing to debate the thing, a thousand obstacles opposed themselves to what my virtue pointed out; it did not yield indeed, but maintained its ground; yet, sullied as it was by so many concurring accidents, it no longer cast forth those bright rays, it had formerly done, when not weighed down with the follies of the age. I saw plainly my wretched condition, and bewailed it; but that was all, I came to no resolution.

It was now near ten at night, and nothing determined; I knew not which way to turn myself, overwhelmed as I was. I never thought of eating. My cook-maid, who was mightily taken with me from the first, and whose good-nature, which far surpassed that of my waiting-woman, made her more considerate and attentive, came to look for me in my closet. I shall make no difficulty to enter into a detail of what passed between us, as it proved afterwards to be of consequence. “Lady of ours,” said she very innocently, “do people live here on the air?” “Why, your supper has been ready these two hours. *Jesu-Maria!*” cried she, holding her candle to my face; “you are all in tears!” “Can persons at your age have any thing to trouble them? Mercy on us! what will become of others, when such sweet babes take
“ things

“ things to heart? Just Heaven! I am rarely
“ fitted truly, out of the frying-pan into the fire:
“ My last mistress was always grumbling,
“ growling, snarling, and throwing things
“ about; this here cries like a child: Patience,
“ every one has their humour——But, in
“ plain truth, what makes you take on thus?
“ You want for nothing: have you not a good
“ lodging, well furnished? A large income?
“ As for youth or beauty, Heaven be praised,
“ we need not go from home, so that you are
“ much to be pitied truly! Pies on’t what
“ would you do, if you were in my place,
“ simple as I stand here? Gracious Saviour!”
continued the good natured creature with tears
in her eyes; “ I warrant ye all this is for the
“ loss of her husband! Well, he’s gone, and
“ there’s an end on’t. For one cold one,
“ there’s a thousand warm ones. We shan’t
“ miss our market: we live, Heaven be
“ praised, in a country where they are as
“ plentiful as the miseries of a kitchen-wench.”

I could not forbear smiling at my maid’s
comparisons and manner of comforting me: I
told her however, to leave me, and that I did
not intend to eat. “ Then I must e’en fast
“ too,” continued she; “ for it would not be
“ right in me to regale, whilst my good mistress
“ is in affliction. Well, well, it won’t kill
“ me; if I go without my supper to night, I
“ will eat two to-morrow.” *Barbara*, for
that was her name, left me saying this: Her
compassion moved me, I called her back, and
ordered her to go to supper. “ Come then,”
said

said she, " we will compound the matter : If
 " you will but sup a porringer of broth, I will
 " undertake to eat as much as any four in the
 " parish ; otherwise I can out-fast our curate,
 " the greatest penitentiary in all the country,
 " and a very good man if he did not love
 " money, and here and there a pretty girl, you
 " know what I mean. If it were not for such
 " little fooleries, they say, he might have been
 " a saint long ago ; but, like the rest of the
 " world, he loves himself ; and after all, he
 " may not be so much to blame as people
 " pretend."

I endeavoured a second time to send *Barbara*
 away, losing all patience through her nonsense.
 When we are under affliction, every thing in-
 commodates us ; but this day I was destined to be
 embroiled. ' Begone,' said I very hastily, ' do
 " you think I have nothing to do but ——'
 " Well, Madam, I am gone," said she with-
 out stirring an inch ; " I see foul weather gather-
 " ing, and you must be obeyed. How one
 " may be deceived ; I could have sworn, with
 " so much good-nature in your face, you
 " would never be angry : But they say, one
 " should never judge of people by their looks ;
 " and I fancy, when you have mind, you can
 " scold as well as another. Heavens be praised,
 " women of my rank" that was her expression,
 " are born to suffer : I lived with one *Made-*
 " *moiselle d'Elbieux*, who like you ——"
 " *Mademoiselle d'Elbieux !*" cried I, struck with
 the name, ' where is she ?' " Why, are you
 " acquainted with her ?" answered *Barbara* :
 " No,"

“No,” said I, dissembling the truth; “but a friend of mine knows her.” “So much the better if you are not acquainted,” replied *Barbara*; “she is a malicious Miss, or Lady, which you please, now she is married; our village has a good riddance of her, she plagued us out of our lives when she came to pass the summer there, which was only once every year.” “What is the name of your village?” said I, extremely surprised that what I heard should agree so well with the place of my birth. “If you imagine I have forgot, Madam, replied *Barbara*, “you are mistaken; my memory is not so short, nor is it so long since I came from thence; it is called *D—*, and though the least in the Forest of *Fontainebleau*, it is not behind-hand with the best of them; a perfect little paradise on earth, I long to end my days there; but patience, all in good time, if God grants me life, every thing has its day; something must be laid up to prevent starving; we are poor folks, it is true, but very honest; and our family, God be praised, has nothing to reproach itself with, except one of my nieces, who has made noise enough, and they say will make her fortune: But there is not one of us would be in her place; for it is a proverb in our village, *More honour and less money; a good name is better than a golden girdle.*”

Upon this she went away. Let any one imagine the consternation I was in to find my cook-maid to be my own aunt; for by what she said, she was my father's sister. This is
one

one of those accidents, which are least expected, and make the deepest impression. I could have wished to have entered a little more into particulars with this good-natured simple relation; but I thought it proper to take another opportunity of asking abundance of questions which occurred. My head was too much perplexed to take the necessary precautions prudence would suggest, in order to prevent betraying myself in such a conversation.

Good-natured *Barbara*, or rather my aunt, presently brought me a porringer of broth: I received it in an obliging manner, and behaved to her with great tenderness. She went away, swearing I had pleased her better than if I had bestowed an *Agnus* on her: This was saying a great deal, for her, being very fond of relics, though her devotion was well ordered, and no ways resembling the precise severity of *Mademoiselle Brochan* my cross-grained waiting-woman.

I was no sooner left alone, but I was buried again in reflections: Various projects were formed in my disturbed imagination; sometimes I was for discovering myself without ceremony to my aunt, and going back with her to the village; the next moment I was for retiring to a monastery, and concealing myself so well, as never to be heard of more; then again I resolved to write to *Madame de G——*, or to go to her and beg to be received as a servant: In a word, twenty different schemes presented themselves, but I had not courage to fix upon any one of them.

My

My last resolution, after a long struggle, was to go to *Paris*, and shut myself up in some room where I might learn to work, till I had recovered myself sufficiently to determine what was to be done. This resolution taken, I dried up my tears, and then began a letter to the *Marquess*: I justified myself in a handsome manner, and concluded with assuring him, that since he had thought fit to suspect my conduct, he should never see me more.

In the same packet I inclosed another directed to *Monsieur de St. Fal*, where I returned him thanks for all his civilities, and assured him, that whatever befel me, they should always be fresh in my memory; I told him, that it was with the greatest regret I deprived myself of so generous and disinterested a friend; and added, that I should do him the justice to flatter myself, that notwithstanding what the world might think fit to say of me, he would scorn to condemn me on bare appearances, as his kinsman had done. This offence provoked me so much, that it was frequently mentioned in both my letters.

I was going to seal them; my design was to leave them on my toilette, to pretend the next morning to take the air; to lock up my apartment and send the keys to generous *St. Fal*, that he might withdraw his effects; and after these proper measures, to take a place in the coach for *Paris*: I was beginning, I say, to order these affairs, when my aunt came hastily into the room, telling me to dry up my tears; that she had learnt the occasion of them from
Madame

Madame de Geneval's servant ; that I had nothing to do but to be merry, for that the danger I apprehended was all over. I asked *Barbara*, with great earnestness, from whence she had learnt all this ? " Here," said she, pointing to *St. Fal* and the *Marquess*, who that moment entered the room ; " here is a convincing proof of what I say. God be praised, you are easy, and that witch *Brochan's* heart will burst with spleen."

I gave no attention to what she said : The *Marquess* was at my feet ; he had seized my hands, endeavoured to speak, but was not able, nor was I to prevent his caresses ; my tears alone could force their way, no despicable language on such an occasion.

St. Fal was still silent ; leaning on the back of my chair, from whence I had not power to rise, he seemed to wait the result of the first emotion. " I have brought you back," said he to me, " a tender and a faithful lover. Appearances imposed on him but for a moment, and I had no difficulty in convincing him how deserving you are of his affections. Twenty times he has blushed to think he could suspect your conduct ; and we should have been here four hours ago, had we not met with my uncle. I easily foresaw how much you must suffer from your apprehensions, and should have sent word of our being prevented from waiting immediately on you, through fear of giving the old *Marquess* any room to suspect us ; but that we thought such a commission of too great consequence to be entrusted with a stranger.

“ Recover

‘ Recover yourself then, *Mademoiselle*; dry
‘ up your tears, and enjoy, without disturbance,
‘ the pleasure of seeing a lover again, who de-
‘ serves you as well for his honourable intentions,
‘ as by the greatness of his passion.’ Saying
this, *St. Fal* left us, promising me to return
the next day. He went, as he said, to meet
his uncle, in order to give the *Marquess* an op-
portunity of discoursing with me. My heart
was so full, and so much affected with the pre-
sence of a lover too dear to me, that I was
scarce able to return a bow to this generous friend.

At any other time I would not have been
left alone with the *Marquess*; but *then* I was
in a different way of thinking: I felt a secret
joy to find myself acquitted in his mind, and
wished to hear it confirmed. My tears were
no longer the effect of despair; the trouble I
was in seemed a pleasing kind of melancholy,
and afforded a satisfaction. How delightful must
that pleasure be, which comes in the room of
misfortunes that were expected! This period of
my life is never reflected on but with the utmost
content.

The moment I am writing such an interesting
passage of my Memoirs, this admired lover, this
husband in whom I am now happy, surprises
me in my closet. He smiles at my perplexity
in properly expressing so momentous an *epoch*;
he says, he will assist my memory on this oc-
casion; he takes the pen, he writes, he will
not be refused; though he were not so dear to
me as he really is, he must be obeyed. Thus,
indulgent reader, or severe critic, you must
not

not wonder, if the stile in the following sheets is not always alike ; the *Marquess* of *L. V.* is so complaisant, as to assist me often in the execution of this work. I am sensible this digression, as my frank confession above, is not entirely according to rule ; but, is there any to be observed, when the heart speaks ? I should choose to break through it, rather than lose an opportunity of mentioning the most amiable of husbands. But to return.

I was so transported, as I mentioned above, to see a lover again whom I gave over for lost, that I never thought till now of making him rise : I used my utmost endeavours to prevail on him to change so painful a posture ; but, pressing my hands, he answered, “ No, charming *Jenny*, “ I will die at your feet, if you refuse to pardon “ the cruel outrage I have committed. I acknowledge myself the last of mankind ; I “ thought you capable of perfidy ; I imagined “ my cousin in possession of that treasure I covet, “ and after which I have sighed so long. Alas ! “ what did I not think ! How difficult is it to “ be impartial when in love ! I own such suspicions are highly criminal, I repeat it : I “ ought to have known you, and that alone “ should have prevented my indulging a jealousy “ which appearances hurried to an extremity.”

What did not my heart feel, whilst the *Marquess* made his apology ! How gracefully did he acquit himself ! A heart of marble must have been moved at what he said on that subject. Happy are those young women, whom inbred virtue and modesty are their guard, or severe education

education supplies the want of such happy dispositions ! Without one of these restraints, I know not (with confusion I speak it) how far I might have indulged myself. The blushes arising from these too endearing reflections, were looked upon by the *Marquess* as the marks of a resentment still subsisting ; a second time he asked if I forgave him. ‘ Yes, my Lord,’ answered I hiding my face, ‘ I do : At the same time let me beseech you to forget the vexation my listening to the *Count* your kinsman’s advice has perhaps occasioned : I am sensible I ought to have been the first to engage him in a punctual compliance with your father’s designs ; but that very inclination, that over-ruling deference, at the same time instilled a horror against a convent, which necessarily implied an absolute separation from you. It is that very passion, which you have inspired, and has been but too much cherished, that endangered my forfeiting your esteem, by some indiscretions.’—— “ No, adorable *Jenny*,” replied the *Marquess* seating himself by me, “ you are no ways to blame : Ruin on your side, and despair on mine, must have been the inevitable consequence of your falling into my father’s hands : His design was to shut you up for life ; his measures were so well concerted, and his orders would have been so punctually obeyed, that I must have lost you for ever. All this I learnt but the other day. A servant of my father’s, in whom he much confides, knowing my very life lay at stake,

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" let me into the secret : / I took post imme-
 " mediately upon it, and came but a few hours
 " too late. Imagine the despair which seized
 " me, when coming to *Madame de G——*'s
 " I found you gone. She was moved at my con-
 " dition; and it was from her I learned *St.*
 " *Fal*'s commission : She had the precaution to
 " engage my word of honour, or I would have
 " risked my life in extorting from him the
 " place where he had left you. I dissembled
 " with him, set spies upon him; in fine, dis-
 " covered his haunts; it was I that came last
 " night to enquire for you : To speak the truth,
 " all these practices, the neglect, or rather con-
 " tempt of my father's orders, the remaining
 " at *Versailles*, this lodging, all together turned
 " my head. Ah ! cried I to myself, I am be-
 " trayed ! *St. Fal* has taken advantage of the
 " authority put into his hand ; *Jenny* was terrified
 " with it ; my cousin is handsome, and *Jenny*,
 " perhaps, unfaithful. This notion throwing
 " me into despair, made me watch *St. Fal* all
 " night. When he came to *Versailles*, I en-
 " deavoured to sift him, but not getting any
 " thing out of him (for you was not then ar-
 " rived) I blamed my own suspicions. Think-
 " ing you were in some monastery, I began to
 " resolve upon coming to extremities, and break-
 " ing my word, in order to force *St. Fal* to
 " discover where you were secured : With this
 " design I endeavoured to find him out ; but
 " hearing he was gone the evening before, and
 " not expecting to overtake him, I resolved to
 " wait his return, and then revenge the evils he
 " had

“ had brought upon me, but Heaven was merciful, and ordered matters otherwise; going out of the park, whither I went to indulge my thoughtfulness, I had a sight of *St. Fal* walking with great emotion; I followed him, and found he entered here, by which means I discovered your lodging.

“ This is part of the uneasiness, lovely *Fenny*, you made me undergo: But judge of my despair, when coming up to an elderly woman, who waits on you, and to whom I addressed myself to let you know I was at the door, I learnt from her, that you saw nobody; that the preceding evening a Nobleman had been refused, and that *St. Fal* alone had admittance: I would have told my name and persuaded her to let me in; she replied, that the *Count* and you were alone, and she did not think proper to interrupt you.

“ All this was delivered in so mysterious a manner, as disturbed me very much. Ten *Louis d’Ors* proffered and accepted, removed all obstacles; the old woman charmed at the sight of the gold, was so far from continuing refractory, that of her own accord she proposed concealing me, provided I gave my promise that I would never discover her compliance, nor what she was going to impart to me. The more mystery she affected, the more my suspicions increased. Give me leave to pass over in silence the impertinence she was guilty of in your regard.” Here I interrupted the *Marquess*, and would know what a servant could pretend to say of me,

bovis

with whom she had been but two days acquainted. It was with some difficulty the *Marquess* satisfied me on this head; he owned, that *Brochan* had given him to understand, that *St. Fab* comforted me in my affliction for the loss of a husband, and upon that account I refused all other visits. "Forgive me once more," cried the *Marquess*, seeing me moved at this detail; "I know very well, I ought not to have given the least credit to it; but one would imagine every thing conspired to involve me in guilt. I find *St. Fab* at your feet, your expressions are endearing, he kisses your hand, you do not resent it. Could any man, as much in love, as myself, calmly behold so interesting a scene? But what do I say? Ought I to be surprised that my cousin should wear your chains? Or rather ought I not to expect as many rivals, as there are men who behold your charms?"

This discourse concluded with the tenderest marks of the most lively passion. The *Marquess* expressed himself with so much ardour, as would not by any means admit of the least interruption; however I gained so much over myself, as to refer the sequel of a conversation, which concerned me so nearly, to the next day, telling him it was past midnight, and that decency required he should retire. Ever complaisant and tractable, he obeyed, kissing my hand. I plainly perceived by his countenance and address that he wished for something more; I thought I might allow him a kiss, and turned my cheek to him, but with so much confusion, that he easily per-

ceived

ceived it, was the first favour I ever bestowed on any man, and for which he was entirely beholden to the sincerity of my passion.

The emotion, occasioned by so many different adventures, was too great to suffer me to enjoy that repose, which might naturally arise from the endearing behaviour of the *Marquess*. Hitherto I had been an entire stranger to that modish complaint of the ladies, called *vapours*; but this night I sufficiently experienced the violence of them, and it was day-break before I began to rest.

Tender *Barbara* came to wake me about two in the afternoon, alarmed at my profound sleep. She informed me that *St. Fal* had called in the morning. I could not but admire his discretion; my simple aunt frankly owning it was not her fault that he did not come into my bed-chamber; but he refused it, lest, as he said, my rest might be disturbed. We have not many instances of such moderation; the *Marquess* has since owned, he should not have behaved so well.

I took this opportunity of remonstrating very mildly to my aunt, that decency required she should never suffer any one to come into my chamber when I was in bed: As she meant no harm, this was sufficient to make her promise to be more upon her guard for the future.

I was sitting down to dinner, when the *Marquess* came in, more amiable than ever; his dress was exceedingly genteel, and the satisfaction visible in his countenance gave him so charming an air, as could not but with difficulty be withstood. His conversation was lively and

affecting; I assured him, as often as he desired,
 of my reconciliation. How dear and fleeting
 are the moments spent with those we love!
 The clock struck four, when we had still a
 thousand things to say, and were so taken up
 with each other, that if *Barbara* had not re-
 minded me of dinner, I should have passed the
 whole day without eating. The *Marquess* made
 a thousand apologies for having undesignedly
 given occasion to this delay. I asked him with
 a smile, whether he would venture on such a
 meal as was ready? He was transported at my
 proposal, thinking himself much obliged. *Bar-*
bara, whom I did not blush to call aunt, was
 ordered to serve up dinner immediately; we sat
 down to table, and love, as will easily be ima-
 gined, supplied the place of a third person. After
 dinner we entertained each other with the detail
 of all that had passed since our separation. Ad-
 ventures, reflections, nothing was omitted, not
 even *St. Agnes's* history, which I related to the
Marquess, and the share I had in every thing
 which regarded that dear friend. My lover
 assured me, that, in consideration of our mutual
 friendship, he would employ all his interest for
 setting aside her vows, and seemed much con-
 cerned that I had not by me the letters entrusted
 to my care, for that he would have dispatched
Dubois express to the *M——* with them, as
 they were directed, and have heard some tidings
 of *Melicourt*. I informed the *Marquess* into
 whose hands I had delivered them, and thence
 took an occasion of acquainting him with *Linda-*
mine's

mine's adventures: he had already heard of them, and expressed himself very much in her favour.

The conversation turned insensibly on *St. Fal*. If jealousy were the standard of love, I ought to have been very well satisfied with the vivacity of the *Marquess's* passion; he asked a thousand questions concerning that of his cousin; I answered them very sincerely; I discovered that the detail gave him pain; but, at the same time, I observed with pleasure, he did *St. Fal's* justice; even so far as to tell me, that *St. Fal's* honour was so much to be relied on, that though he knew him to be his rival, and was himself inclined to be jealous, yet if my affairs required it, he should not hesitate a moment to leave me in his power. I answered with a smile, that my way of thinking was a sufficient governess: to which he replied with the same good-humour, he did not question it, but that his chief dependence was on the regard, he flattered himself, I had for him. I remember I looked on him, at that instant, with so much tenderness, that he might easily discern the natural modesty of the sex hid from him a part of what then passed in my breast.

The emotion I perceived in his eyes making me apprehensive lest my own had betrayed me, and he should reflect we were alone, I asked him, in order to divert his thoughts another way, whether he could with as little difficulty give an account of his own behaviour, as I had done of mine. "What account can I give you," replied the *Marquess*, "but of a great deal of impatience and vexation? Several copies of letters wrote to my charming

“ *Jenny*, but prudentially suppressed ?” “ Have
 ‘ a care’ replied I, looking very earnestly at
 him, ‘ what you say : I have been informed of
 ‘ a certain fair lady at *Pont-a-Mufson* who was
 ‘ not altogether indifferent to you ; that you
 ‘ found a good deal of amusement in those
 ‘ parts ; and that another lady——’ “ Good
 “ God !” cried the *Marquess* interrupting me
 and smiling ; “ who could have told you all these
 “ stories ? I know none but *Dubois* capable
 “ of making such blunders ; he has been tiring
 “ you, I suppose, with the adventures that
 “ country furnished ; and as they are frequent
 “ enough, he has brought me in by head and
 “ shoulders, in order to discover whether your
 “ regard for me would take the alarm.” “ A
 “ very notable turn truly ;” cried I laughing ;
 “ this introduction to what you shall think fit to
 “ relate, makes me ——” “ Alas ! lovely
 “ *Jenny*,” replied the *Marquess* very earnestly ;
 “ this is too serious a subject to jest with. Can
 “ you imagine, that where you possess the
 “ heart of one whose strict honour equals mine,
 “ there can be any room for other objects ?”
 “ I am willing, my Lord,” replied I ; “ to credit
 ‘ what you say ; nevertheless I shall not dispense
 ‘ with your giving a detail of your stay in
 ‘ *Lorraine*.’ I was very pressing on this subject.
 Whatever self-love might dictate, I would not
 rely on the power of my charms ; or perhaps I
 sought the pleasure of having a farther con-
 firmation of a passion already so endearing : Be
 it as it will, my lover seeing me obstinately
 bent on hearing the relation, thought fit to satisfy
 my curiosity in the following words :

“ The

“ The detail of my adventures,” charming
Jenny; “ will not be very long. A profound
 “ melancholy seized me on my arrival in
 “ *Lorraine*; I seldom went out of my chamber
 “ except to church; *Dubois* seeing me pine away,
 “ thought proper to engage me to take the
 “ air and see company; finding me averse to
 “ what he proposed, and observing me to grow
 “ worse and worse, he applied to a physician of
 “ note in the town, where we were, and en-
 “ treated him to come to me. In order to
 “ prepare me for the reception, he said, I
 “ might, if I pleased, bury myself alive; but
 “ that I could not refuse visits, and must expect
 “ them; though according to the established
 “ custom, I ought to have prevented those who
 “ showed me that civility.

“ The apprehension I was under, lest my
 “ *Valet de Chambre* should have made me guilty
 “ of ill-breeding, by inviting in my name any
 “ one to visit me, occasioned my giving him a
 “ severe reprimand. The gentry of those parts
 “ are people of worth, but very nice in point
 “ of *punctilio*, and I should have been unwilling
 “ to have given any offence for several reasons.
 “ *Dubois* made me easy, by assuring me, that
 “ he was no ways blameable as to this particular,
 “ having only desired a physician to call upon
 “ me. At that instant the doctor sent in his
 “ name; he entered the room very genteelly;
 “ but I little expected so much pleasantry from
 “ him: His name is *Le Lorrain*, proper enough
 “ to remind him of the place of his birth.
 “ Instead of physic, this merry companion

"proposed a party of pleasure; he said, I was
 "not fit to keep my chamber, but must take
 "the air, to which the fine weather invited
 "me; that his first prescription was, that I
 "should go every day to a little box he had at a
 "small distance, where I might possibly meet
 "with good company; that good wine and
 "fine women were admirable remedies in all
 "hypochondriac cases. Every phrase was sea-
 "soned with a smile, and the tongue moisten-
 "ing his lips, served for commas and points; in
 "a word, lovely *Jenny*, I never met with so
 "jocose a physician. I was so taken with him,
 "and his easy behaviour was so agreeable, that
 "I made him to dine with me; all the while
 "we were at table, he entertained me with
 "several diverting passages; in the evening we
 "went to his country house, and found some
 "good company. I did not perceive the ladies
 "were in the least awkward, as they are gene-
 "rally represented; their dress was very
 "fashionable, their accent, it is true, not so
 "good as at *Paris*; nevertheless I must own,
 "that in point of good breeding and politeness,
 "they are no ways inferior to the *Parisians*.
 "My physician dined with me the next day:
 "He prescribed for me with his usual facetious-
 "ness, and for the first time I was prevailed
 "upon to have recourse to an apothecary's shop.
 "I found great benefit from what I took, and
 "never enjoyed a better state of health. It
 "were to be wished that all our doctors behaved
 "in this manner; besides his great skill, he has
 "the

“ the knack of putting his patients in good
“ heart, which is at least half a cure.

“ In the affairs of life, the first step is all;
“ though melancholy, arising from your ab-
“ sence, hung upon me, yet I had a relish for
“ company; but, what chiefly drew me fre-
“ quently to one particular house, was, the near
“ resemblance which the *Comtesse de Chareé's*
“ eldest daughter has of you, in every thing
“ except her temper and height; methought I
“ saw you whenever I was in her company.
“ This young lady's sisters are persons of great
“ merit. *Mademoiselle de Chareé*, the youngest,
“ is made up of charms; her brother as fine a
“ gentleman as any I know; the mother of this
“ amiable family, to a great *decarum*, joins a
“ graceful behaviour beyond imagination: I
“ must leave you to judge how well I was
“ pleased with so engaging a family: and in-
“ deed I spent most of my time there with a
“ a select set of acquaintance; among the rest,
“ I had the pleasure of *Count de la Mesin's* com-
“ pany; *Mademoiselle de Salé*, his niece, made
“ one in that group of beauties, and was no
“ less distinguished by her wit than her charms.

“ The most intimate of my acquaintance,
“ and who remain such, are *Messieurs de*
“ *Gombervault, d'Atel*, and *Deslandes*: I had
“ been very intimate with a certain gentleman
“ named *St. Alu*, a person of worth; but our
“ friendship suffered from some ill-grounded
“ suspicions, and was finally broke off by con-
“ structions as wrong made as understood.

“ The justifying my character to you, is of too
“ great concern not to demand a succinct ac-

“ count of this rupture; perhaps you are not
 “ of the same opinion with me in an affair of
 “ this nature, and consequently may condemn
 “ my conduct. I always looked upon it as a
 “ principle, that whoever breaks with his friend,
 “ infringes the established laws of society. In
 “ consideration of the first engagements, every
 “ thing should be overlooked; but if those ties
 “ are to be laid aside, as incompatible with
 “ honour and reputation, a man should leave the
 “ world to do him justice, without the least at-
 “ tempt to do it himself; for whoever under-
 “ takes his own justification, after breaking with
 “ his friend, only endeavours to prejudice in
 “ his favour all those he makes judges of his
 “ case: This he cannot effect without defaming
 “ his friend, and consequently commits a fault
 “ against a just delicacy of sentiments, his own
 “ choice, and self-interest; against proper sen-
 “ timents, by putting himself into the woeful
 “ necessity of being an informer on one side,
 “ and his own panegyrist on the other; against
 “ his choice, by tacitly acknowledging himself
 “ mistaken in choosing his friends; and finally
 “ against self-interest by setting up judges, who
 “ may very possibly condemn his conduct.

“ From what I have advanced, lovely *Jenny*,
 “ this may be gathered, that I blame any man
 “ who breaks with his friend, much more him
 “ that seeks to justify himself for doing it, but
 “ most of all him who gives occasion to the
 “ rupture. However, when a man, without
 “ being wanting to those duties, to which
 “ friendship obliges him, happens to lose his
 “ friend

“ friend through a capriciousness not to be ex-
“ cused, and the rupture, becoming public,
“ may tarnish his honour, or that esteem all
“ polite people are fond of; then, he may be
“ allowed to justify his conduct, observing al-
“ ways the cautions before given, to prevent
“ his character being called in question, and
“ losing those favourable prejudices which in-
“ troduce us to the sweets of civil society, or
“ the secret springs that animate a reputation of
“ benevolence, to which we are allowed by
“ honourable methods to aspire.

“ This last was exactly my case, dearest *Jenny*,
“ at *Pont-a-Musson*; I mentioned to you the
“ great friendship between *Monsieur de St. Alu*
“ and me; it was really such. This intimacy
“ no longer subsists, and he publicly complains
“ of me: He persists in it, he has gone farther,
“ he endeavours to make me feel the effects of
“ his resentment; he has even employed the
“ most powerful means to complete my ruin:
“ he does not give over all hopes of succeeding.
“ I have been silent a long time, I have waited
“ with patience, he openly attacks me; that is,
“ he aims his blows by those hands, I have the
“ greatest reason to respect. Now then, may
“ not I be allowed to justify myself? I shall
“ undertake to do it, strictly observing the rules
“ of decency and politeness I have just now
“ established, and from which I hope never to
“ swerve.

“ This affair in question, discreet *Jenny*, is as
“ nice as it is difficult to relate: A formal ac-
“ cusation is laid against me; I am charged
“ with

“ with a violation of friendship in the most
 “ atrocious manner ; my innocence is my sole
 “ defence, and my honour my only evidence :
 “ Malice, ever predominant over charity, is on
 “ my adversary’s side. Against such an op-
 “ position, with what arms can I support my
 “ cause ? Must I not naturally expect to fall
 “ under the weight ? You alone, my charmer,
 “ can encourage me : If you pronounce sen-
 “ tence in favour of me and my sentiments,
 “ what may I not hope for from the goodness
 “ of my cause, and the indulgence of the
 “ public ?”

The greater preparation the *Marquess* made
 for his adventure, the more impatient I was to
 hear the conclusion. He took so much pains to
 win me over, that I was twenty times upon the
 point of telling him, that if I was to be judge,
 all this would only contribute to determine me
 against him ; but the fear of retarding a relation,
 whose introduction seemed to be of such im-
 portance, and wherein he appeared principally
 concerned, restrained me, and gave him an
 opportunity of pursuing his discourse in the fol-
 lowing words :

“ At my arrival in *Lorraine*, I learned with a
 “ great deal of pleasure, that *M de St. Alu*
 “ had taken up his residence there ; I was over-
 “ joyed, we had been bred up together, and
 “ always very intimate.

“ We soon renewed our mutual friendship ;
 “ and excepting our not being in the same
 “ house, we were seldom apart, and might
 “ have been justly called the inseparables ; we
 “ had

“ had no secrets for each other, our very
“ thoughts were communicated.

“ There was a house in the town where I
“ visited with less ceremony than at other
“ places; the freedom I there enjoyed was so
“ agreeable, that I generally eat, or at least
“ spent part of the day there. *St. Alu* fre-
“ quently reproached me for it: he was not
“ upon very good terms with the Provost’s
“ lady (the mistress of the house) and at that
“ time refused to do justice to the merits of
“ her daughter.

“ She is an amiable person, has a great deal
“ of wit, and exceeding fine parts. She was
“ married very young, and in a few months
“ became a widow. She might have married
“ again very soon, if she had pleased; some
“ accidents, foreign to my purpose, had in-
“ terfered. Her bloom was in its full lustre
“ when I was first acquainted with her, and a
“ slight knowledge of her sufficed to secure
“ one’s esteem and interest in her behalf.

“ *St. Alu* knew there was such a person
“ from the time he settled in the town, but had
“ made no acquaintance with her. What I
“ had advanced concerning the agreeableness of
“ her conversation, surprised him, and created
“ a desire of being able to judge for himself. I
“ introduced him, he was received as an
“ amiable person, and it was not long before he
“ gained their esteem.

“ He had scarce frequented the house a month,
“ when he fell desperately in love with the
“ young”

“ young widow ; his merit had its usual success,
 “ and his courtship was not rejected.”

“ In fine, notwithstanding some opposition,
 “ the match he so earnestly desired, was at last
 “ concluded, and he put in possession of the
 “ happiness he sought.”

“ This wedding was so far from making any
 “ alteration in our friendship, that it was ra-
 “ ther increased. *St. Alu* could not live with-
 “ out me, as he often said. We were con-
 “ tinually together, and being willing on my
 “ side to shew a grateful sense of such an en-
 “ dearing deference, I spent whole days with
 “ the new married couple, and thought myself
 “ extremely happy.”

“ Nevertheless, perceiving after some
 “ months that my friend was inclined to
 “ jealousy, I managed my visits with discretion,
 “ and often absented myself under various pre-
 “ tences. For some time *St. Alu* was satisfied
 “ with the plausible reasons I alledged for not
 “ seeing him so frequently ; but, too quick-sighted
 “ not to suspect the real cause, after some time
 “ he explained himself ; and, without allow-
 “ ing me to make a reply to a very obliging
 “ speech, he forced me to promise I would see
 “ him as often as formerly.”

“ I could not hold out against his intreaties ;
 “ they were so pressing and accompanied with
 “ such frankness, that I imagined the laws of
 “ friendship obliged me to desist from my de-
 “ sign.”

“ In small towns, assemblies are much in
 “ vogue, the leisure which abounds there,
 “ makes

“ makes time pass heavily; to remedy which,
“ gaming is of infinite service, by keeping up
“ correspondencies, which could not subsist with-
“ out that interesting *primum mobile*. Lan-
“ quenet was played every night at *M. St.*
“ *Alu's*; this amusement drew the whole town
“ thither; and as they were well received, and
“ much at their ease in his house, good com-
“ pany was never wanting, and it was generally
“ late before they parted.

“ One day *St. Alu* sent a footman in the
“ morning, to desire I would spend that day
“ with him, intimating he would not be denied;
“ it was a festival and very cold weather. I
“ went immediately to his house, where he
“ waited for me to go to church; accordingly
“ we went with his lady. After dinner, we
“ fell to play, and supped all three in the best
“ humour imaginable; *St. Alu* was very gay,
“ and sure enough I had little reason to expect
“ what immediately happened.

“ Just as we rose from table some friends
“ came in, who usually were there early to
“ begin play. As people cannot talk always,
“ *St. Alu*, who has a fine hand on the viol, took
“ up the instrument, and entertained the com-
“ pany with several pieces of music: They
“ heard him with great pleasure; I took this
“ opportunity to leave the room, having been
“ shut up the whole day, in order to enjoy the
“ fresh air, and a few moments reflection upon
“ you, dearest *Fenny*. When we have any
“ thing at heart, solitude is agreeable, and
“ as it presented itself, I willingly embraced it.

“ To

"To go to the room in which we played,
 "one was obliged to go through *Madame de*
 "*St. Alu's* apartment. I mentioned before the
 "coldness of the weather: I had not been long
 "in the court, before I was pierced with the
 "frosty air. I knew there was a good fire in
 "the room where the company was expected;
 "I went thither, the door was open, and
 "thinking I was alone, I shut it after me.

"The candles were not lighted, which oc-
 "casioned my error, having no other light
 "than what the fire afforded. It must be ob-
 "served, that in this room there was a bed
 "with the curtains drawn about it; it was de-
 "signed for a friend that was expected that
 "night.

"I was standing very quietly with my back
 "to the fire, thinking quite of another thing
 "than an affair of gallantry, when I heard some-
 "body groan. Surprised at this, I asked who
 "was there? A voice, which I knew to be
 "*Madame de St. Alu's*, called me. I am ex-
 "tremely ill, said she; I found myself chilly,
 "and the fire has struck the cold up to my head;
 "I am fainting away.

"I ran hastily to her assistance; (admire,
 "dear *Fenny*, my unlucky stars!) the very in-
 "stant I stooped down to raise her off the
 "ground, the door was thrown open, and *St.*
 "*Alu* appeared. He started back at seeing us.
 "Heavens! cried he, what is this? I am be-
 "trayed! my wife is false, and you are a
 "villain and a treacherous friend. This re-
 "proach, which I had so little reason to expect,
 "bereaved

bereaved me of a presence of mind sufficient
for my own justification. My silence, with-
out doubt, confirmed his suspicions; when
I would have made him sensible of his mis-
take; it was too late, his jealousy blinded
him, he would hear nothing; he roared in a
horrible manner, calling us by all the vile
names his fury could suggest. What was to
be done? Reason was lost on him; it was to
no purpose to represent to him that the com-
pany in the next apartment, alarmed by his
noise, would come in upon us; and ge-
witnesses of this unfortunate misunderstanding.
He would not be appeased; his passion blind-
ed him, and he ran headlong on his ruin. I
thought it best for me in such cruel circum-
stances, to retire, which I did immediately.
What I had foreseen, happened accordingly;
it was the hour for the assembly to meet, the
stair case was crowded with company, and the
whole affair came out. They asked me the meaning of the out-
cries they heard; I shrugged up my shoulders,
and answered, I think some family dispute.
To put an end to it, and drown St. Alu's
voice, who was still outrageous, I opened
the door and cried out, as if nothing had
happened, *the actors are come, we need only
light away.* I was in hopes St. Alu might
come to himself, be appeased, and the storm
pass.
The company entered the room; it was
very lucky there were no lights, which would
have discovered a terrible scene. *Madame*
" de

“*de St. Alu* cried bitterly; the husband had
 “tears in his eyes; to me all this was discern-
 “ible by the fire light.
 “*St. Alu*, under pretence of ordering the
 “candles to be lighted, left the room; when
 “he returned, as he passed by, he bid me in
 “very harsh terms to be gone, and never come
 “into his sight any more. It happened unfor-
 “tunately that an officer, next me, overheard
 “him; this put me under the fatal necessity of
 “not complying, as otherwise I naturally should
 “have done; nevertheless, as my sword was
 “in another room, and I did not think proper
 “to run any hazard from *St. Alu*’s obstinacy,
 “I went and fetched it. His lady, seeing me
 “return, shewed me by a glance of her eye
 “how much she was concerned at my pre-
 “sence. But unfortunately, as I said before,
 “her husband’s threats were overheard; and in
 “a garrison town, where points of honour are
 “so much regarded, I could not think of giving
 “the least handle to peoples discourse, especially
 “in an affair wherein I was not allowed to
 “justify myself: I remained, therefore, and
 “had the eyes of the whole assembly upon me:
 “This made me suffer cruelly; to put an end
 “to such a troublesome scrutiny, I proposed a
 “*duppe* to the company, and sat down to play.”
 “After staying a sufficient time to shew I was
 “not intimidated by *St. Alu*’s menaces, I left
 “the house. Whilst I staid, the husband, much
 “to be pitied, gave evident proofs of the anguish
 “he was under, sometimes calling for his
 “sword, sometimes his hat; in fine, every
 “action

"action betrayed what passed interiorly: It
"grieved me excessively, and I was in the utmost
"despair for having been the occasion of what
"had happened: in my mind
"The next day I was exceedingly surprised to
"hear, that the lady, pressed by her husband,
"who pretended to have seen strange things,
"and on this terrible evidence threatened to
"kill her, if she did not frankly own all that
"had passed, giving his word to forget all that
"had happened, if she showed such an entire
"confidence in him: The lady, I say, thought
"she had done wonders in owning, that I
"would have taken off her garters for a parti-
"cular use, she made me say, that would bring
"her good luck. As I often amused myself
"with cabalistical operations, and performing
"tricks, which, though natural in themselves,
"surprise such as are unacquainted with them,
"this amiable lady laid hold on the pretext to
"excuse herself, as hopes her husband, who
"knew me, would give credit to it. *St. Al-*
"took this occasion to have convincing proofs
"of the truth: His lady is truly pious, and be-
"ing obliged her that morning to approach the
"sacraments, and then swear upon her damna-
"tion, that nothing more had passed. She
"complied; and he agreed to live with her,
"provided she promised never to see me more.
"This, dear *Jenny*," continued the *Mar-*
"*ques*, "is the real truth of the adventure with-
"out the least disguise. Far from blaming *St.*
"*Al-* conduct, and justifying myself by ridi-
"culing him, I really pitied him sincerely, and
"always

I always did him justice, & never omitted any
 opportunity of mentioning those good qua-
 lities my friendship formerly remarked in
 him. His behaviour in my regard has been
 very different, every where railing against
 me. I never resented it; and whatever he
 may do to force me to change my conduct, I
 shall always be the same, and ever avoid doing
 him the least prejudice. This is the life I
 have led during my stay at *Pont-la-Mousson*:
 reading and hunting took up my leisure
 hours; but, whatever my amusements were;
 you were always present to my imagination.
 My love related his adventure with so much
 grandeur, that I no longer suspected his fidelity.
 After this poor disclosure turned upon the situa-
 tion of my affairs, I could not forbear hinting
 the undesired situation at being a burthen to St.
 Just, adding withal, that I could not prevail with
 myself to live any longer at his; for any other
 person's expence, that I was come to a resolu-
 tion, which was, notwithstanding my little relish
 for my country, to take shelter in one, as a place
 self sufficient against temptations; that I could not
 depend on my own strength, as the world had
 too many enemies; that I saw no great hazard in such
 a situation, had even nothing more to say.
 The *Mistress* heard me without interruption,
 he seemed thoughtful: I continued to represent
 to him very earnestly the dangers to which I was
 exposed; and to convince him I did not com-
 plain without reason, I fairly related the visit in-
 tended me by the Duke, the remarks *la Generale*
 had made on my land, her behaviour to me the
 day before.

My

My lover seemed sensible that I was in the right; particularly as to the dangers I mentioned in so lively a manner. He replied, "that he would take till the next day to consider on what I alledged, and that he did not despair of finding some expedient between the two extremes, which I should approve of; protesting, that he was too nearly concerned in every thing which regarded my reputation, not to concur with me in proper measures." After some discourse on this subject, he retired, assuring me that "he would immediately think of some method to make me easy, till he had the happiness of shewing, that he esteemed nothing in this world equal to me."

These last marks of my lover's tenderness afforded me much comfort: My hopes began to tour, and notwithstanding the many obstacles that might discourage me from expecting a husband of the *Marquess's* quality, still I flattered myself with the bewitching chimera. Every thing appears possible when eagerly desired. After several reflections on this head, I bethought myself of the letters I had wrote to the *Marquess* and *St. Fal*. I had a curiosity to read them again, but they were not to be found. At first I was uneasy, and looked earnestly for them, though in vain. Nobody had been in the room but the persons to whom they were directed; I concluded they had committed the robbery, and, all things considered, was well enough pleased.

These letters, especially that to the *Marquess*, displayed my aversion to my present situation, and a disrelish from all assistance from others: I imagined

imagined this might induce the *Marquess* to provide for me without my seeming to ask it. A thousand passing fancies made me long depend on him alone, methought that would screen me from my own scrupulosity. He had promised to marry me, which I judged sufficient for my justification; this was a great step for me, whose tender conscience was often alarmed at trifles.

The next day I received a letter from the *Marquess* acquainting me, that he could not see me these two days, being obliged to wait on his father in *Paris*, who had business of consequence that required dispatch. He added, he had some affairs of his own, which he would willingly end before he saw me; he asked it as a favour that I would not be impatient, hoping that his return would effect an agreeable change in my affairs, and assuring me I should have no room to repent the confidence I had placed in him.

I resolved to shut myself up during the absence of my dear lover, and see nobody but *Madame de Geneval*, whom her husband undoubtedly had made sensible of the injustice of her behaviour, came to see me, and made several excuses for what had passed, by imputing to my chamber-maid, who was, she said, very foul-mouthed, the cause of the unmannerly expressions she had employed. How much soever I might be provoked against her, she seemed so humble and sincere, that I could not help returning a civil answer to what she said on this occasion. I am not ill-natured but of a forgiving temper; besides, I thought it was to no purpose to chide her for the little time I had to stay at her house.

Madame

Madame de Geneval went from one extreme to another; we were no sooner reconciled, but she invited herself to sup with me, the better to ratify her pardon, as she said. I was not yet mistress of that faculty which teaches us politely to get rid of troublesome people, I durst not refuse her. The husband coming in, was of the party; and as *M. de St. Fal* arrived the instant we were setting down to table, I obliged him to make one. *Monsieur de Geneval* entertained us, as usual, with a thousand stories, gave us several adventures that were not new, yet amusing by the new turn he gave them. His wife proposed to go the next day to the park with me, assuring me the King would be there, and that he intended to fish in the canal. As little disposed as I was, I could not resist this party, for the following reason: one of *Geneval's* friends, belonging to the Board of Works, had promised him a *gondola* for his wife, and I could not have had a finer occasion of taking the air agreeably.

The pleasure I felt the next day in this party made me forget my cares, and I was not sorry I had consented to it. *St. Fal* was with us, and shewed us the *Menagerie*, *Marly*, and *Meudon*: I admired these palaces, which encreased my eagerness to see that of *Versailles* the first opportunity.

After having run over some other parts of the park, waiting for the King, who came pretty late, we amused ourselves with seeing him a fishing. *Madame de Geneval* remarked to me a very handsome man, who had his eyes con-

tinually upon us, and who, she told me, was the very *Duke*, who the day of my arrival had desired to see me. The fear I was under lest he should make an attempt to speak to me, obliged me to return home, where we sat directly down to table.

We lost no time; the fresh air had given us so keen an appetite, that we all played our parts with a good grace. The discourse turned upon the places we had seen, which occasioned from time to time some curious anecdotes, which pleased me much. I found a satisfaction in every thing relating to the Court, without guessing the reason; my mind seemed to forebode, that the day would come when I should have a place there.

In the mean time, the night being advanced, *General* and his wife retired. The *Count* seemed to have a great mind to talk to me; but he thought proper to take another opportunity, knowing my nicety of *decorum*; and I must do him this piece of justice, never was lover more assiduous, or more careful not to offend. I wished him a good night with all the cheerfulness in the world, with which he seemed so satisfied, that I dare say he slept well upon it. Lovers are very foolish; the least thing dejects, and a mere nothing raises them again.

The next day, destined for great events, I rose extremely gay, with a certain unconcern which was not customary. How easily we become acquainted with a life of pleasure! Like a great many women, my looking-glass did not a little contribute to my good humour, and in those

those days it flattered me very much. A milliner that had been sent for, set me off in that taste and air, that is to be caught no where but at *Paris*, or the Court. I had a mind to be fine that day, and I do not know why, for I had no design to please. A pair of stays, brought home the night before, gave so easy and so fine a turn to my shape, that I was quite charmed with it: My clothes put on, nothing was wanting to complete my dress.

As soon as the ceremonies of my toilette were over, I passed into my great room; I own my weakness, I thought myself very well, and I said in my own little conceit, it would be no misfortune to the *Marquess* to have a wife of my air: In short, I found myself handsome, and I have seldom seen any that surpassed me. Let this vanity be forgiven me, it is the plain truth; I have still some fine remains.

Just as I had finished my dress, *Monsieur* and *Madame de Geneval* came to my apartment. The husband extolled my charms highly. Compliments of form: As for the wife, she blamed the make of my gown, arraigned my tire-woman, found fault with my shoes and stockings. True woman; but I forgave her, in consideration of the proposal she made of going to see the King at mass; I accepted of it the more readily, because I knew both the old *Marquess* and his son were at *Paris*, and I was in no fear of being discovered.

Geneval having told us it was time to go, we went to the Castle; as it was but a step, there was no occasion for chairs. We passed by the

Comptroller of the Household's apartment, and so directly through the little galleries leading into the Castle: We met few people, to my no small disappointment. A woman is always a woman, and provided she is *pretty*, likes to be seen and admired; the last word, I believe, is the whole truth.

I expressed my surprize to *M. Geneval*: 'Oh! we are not yet come to the Court,' said he to me smiling, 'these are but the passages that lead to it.' In reality, as soon as we were got to the Prince's gallery, and began to enter into the apartments, I was in such a consternation, especially when I came into the great gallery, that I forgot myself, stood still at every step; fresh matter of admiration. If it had not been for *Monsieur de Geneval*, who was my guide and prevented my distraction, I should have run among the busiest of those, with whom the apartments generally swarm.

In the mean time, at every step a crowd of people stopped, and whispered to one another. I began to recover a little from my enthusiasms, and to consider those who passed by. I could not refrain from blushing, so stared at as I was. Certainly, I think, there is no nation in the world where they examine the women so nicely. I was every minute stepping on one side or another, fearing lest they should speak to me, not to say any thing else; for they came so near it was excusable in me to have that thought. *Madame de Geneval*, who perceived the confusion I was in, as well as what occasioned it, fell a laughing very heartily; and but for her husband,

husband, who told her she was not now at home, I believe she would have entered upon a discourse pleasant enough, and sufficiently overheard, to draw after us the young fellows, of whom the gallery was full. But my turn soon came, and if I had been spiteful, I might have justly diverted myself at her expence.

As we were walking, which *Madame de Geneval* did with an air of familiarity, and as if she had been a person well known, the closet door opened on a sudden; the King was going to mass, every body followed, and in an instant the crowd disappeared. *Monsieur de Geneval* told his wife, she had done ill not to secure places, and that it was very likely we should not get into the chapel. His wife bantered him for his uneasiness, and told him, she was sure they would open her the door as soon as she appeared. The husband shook his head at this idle piece of pride, he foresaw part of what was to happen.

Madame de Geneval being, as she said, very well known at Court, and acquainted with its ways, scratched at the chapel-door; a centinel opened it a little way: *You cannot come in, Madam*, said he, *there is no room*. She named her name, and was insisting upon her prerogative; but the guard shut too the door without answering her, as if he thought her a person of no great consequence. Transported with rage, she told me, that this was some young recruit, who did not know his duty, but that she would teach it him. For my part, I could not help smiling; she perceived it, and her vanity making her believe it was occasioned by the little notice

taken of her, she returned to the charge, and scratched once again at the door. *Why, Madam, it is to no purpose,* cried the guard, *I have already told you, you cannot come in:* With these words he was going to shut the door, when I advanced. I will not say my countenance pleased him, I would not indulge my vanity so far; perhaps I resembled some lady of quality, or that my dress imposed on him; be that as it will, opening the door to me, he stretched out his hand, and said to *General, Pray, Madam, make room:* Upon this I advanced again, and he let me in. The poor woman was obliged, in order to follow me, to say she was of my company. It seemed as if that day was destined to mortify her; there was but one place left upon the forms, which was given me, *Madame de Geneval* standing all the while. I pitied her, and offered my place, but she refused, telling me with a disdain she could not hide, that people used no ceremony in the King's presence.

I was too much taken up with the charming sight, to mind what she said. If a person out of the country is amazed the first time she finds herself at Court, let any one imagine my astonishment; I, who at most had heard talk of it, without ever having had any grounds to form ideas of that kind.

Of all the brilliant objects that struck my sight, I fixed my eyes on nothing during part of the service, but the *Tribune*, where the King distinguished himself as much by his devotion, as by an air of greatness inseparable from him. I forgot nothing that could confirm me in my prejudice,

judice, by which I was so zealously attached to him : I plainly saw that the Monarch was alone, and that this loneliness was the privilege of his rank. The crowd of Lords behind him, had an effect which struck me, I looked on it as a shade, which placed in the most advantageous light this amiable Prince, with whom I was so much taken ever since the lucky moment when chance had brought him in my sight.

After having for a long time considered this attracting point of view, I let my eyes wander through the galleries ; this sight shewed me the injustice of the remark, I had often heard made, concerning the little piety which reigns amongst those of the great world ; on the contrary, I was edified at the decency with which the courtiers assisted at the mysteries ; each person seemed recollected within himself ; no discourse, no trifling ; their outward behaviour inculcated modesty and respect ; methought I was the only distracted person, and I blushed to see it. I have since learned from experience, that what I then looked upon as solid piety, was but an imitation of the matter. It is all copy at Court ; when the model is good, all around it bears his resemblance.

Mas being over, I was taken up with so many curious objects, that I should have remained the last in the place, so deeply was I engaged ; but a hand which I felt, and which I thought was *Madame de Geneval*, reminding me to go, brought me to myself ; in this notion, I answered her without turning about. My eyes were fixed upon a lady, whose countenance had

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pleased me to that degree, I could not take them off, she was tall, exquisitely well shaped, large black eyes, a singularity in her face that struck me. I was examining her person with an eager eye, when *Madame de Geneval* interrupted me in a tone of voice, which retained a great deal of her former humour: "Pray, Madam, answer the *Marquess*." At this name I turned suddenly about, thinking it to be my lover; for I knew nobody called by that name except himself. But, how was I struck! Who would have expected such an incident? I trembled every joint at the sight of the old *Marquess de L. V.* father of him who possessed my whole thoughts; he did not go, as he had told the son, it was only an artifice, the sequel will shew why it was employed. But to return.

"Pardon me, Madam," says this old Nobleman, "if I take the lucky opportunity that favours me with a sight of you: Features like yours are not easily forgot; give me leave to express my joy at having once more found you. The circumstances in which I left you gave me great uneasiness; and, but for the duty of my place, which called me away, I should assuredly have staid till you had recovered your health; but if they executed my orders, they must have told you, that I commanded all imaginable care to be taken of you——But what is the meaning of this, Madam?" continued the Nobleman, perceiving by my countenance that I was in pain. "Is my presence always to occasion trouble and uneasiness? Is it possible that I should be so unfortunate?"

‘fortunate? Have you any private reasons——’
“The lady can have none, Sir;” said *Geneval*,
who could no longer hold her tongue. “Any
“one would think it an honour to be taken no-
“tice of by so polite a Nobleman, as the *Mar-*
“*quess* is.” “I am very much obliged to you
‘Madam,’ replied he, looking earnestly at her,
as if he endeavoured to call her to mind; ‘I
‘wish this lady was of the same opinion.’ A
man somewhat in years, and who seemed to be
a person of distinction, came luckily to speak to
the *Marquess*, which gave me time to recover;
I blushed at my own simple behaviour, and this
reflection stung me to that degree, that I be-
lieve I should have come off with flying colours,
if the attack had been renewed; but undoubtedly
the courtier, who interrupted so opportunely
this perplexing conversation, was of a rank to
put even persons of quality under constraint as
soon as he appeared. I was not mistaken; go-
ing out of the chapel, *Madame de Geneval* told
me, that the person in question was in favour,
and it was every body’s business to keep well
with him.

Surprise frequently hides part of the danger,
but reflection afterwards magnifies it. I had no
sooner left my lover’s father, but my blood was
chilled at the thoughts of my narrow escape; a
thousand things came into my mind, and occa-
sioned such a consternation, that I neither heard
or saw any thing. Instead of going down the
stairs, as I ought to have done, my hurry of
thought carried me back to the apartments: *La*
Geneval, ignorant of my design, followed me,
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and perceiving that I made no answer to what she said, thought I resented the haughty manner in which she had spoke to me ; she judged proper to make some atonement, by abating of her proud disposition. This same pride of hers proved advantageous to me, in as much as experience let her see from time to time, that persons of the first quality shewed me respect : She was persuaded I must be much above the ordinary sort. Be that as it will, she joined me, and stopping me with great politeness, asked if I was angry with her, and if her company was disagreeable ; adding, that “ she had reason to believe so, by my hurrying so fast from her, which was taken notice of, and looked as if she was troublesome.” These words drew me from my reverie ; I assured her I was quite of a different opinion from what she seemed to apprehend ; that she did not do me justice, having reasons for quitting the Castle, and going home. She replied, “ I did not take the way, and was going quite wrong.” I begged her to lead, and, following her, was vastly surprised to find how far I had to go back before we reached the Courts. I was offered blue chairs, which always wait at the foot of the stairs, to carry me home. I was going to throw myself into the first, without farther thought than the dread of being followed, when I heard a voice calling out, *Run, and beg her to stay a moment. Madame de Geneval,* who heard these words as well as I, instead of going into her chair, stopped mine, saying, “ that the same Nobleman who had accosted me in the chapel, was coming down the great
“ stairs,

“ stairs, accompanied by one of his pages, and
“ that he asked to speak with me.” My fears
redoubled; O Heavens! cried I to myself, in-
spire me what to do in this perilous occasion.
How comes it I always meet the father, and
never the son? His presence now would be very
serviceable, to extricate me from this fatal per-
plexity. Making this reflection the old *Mar-
quess* joined me; I remained in the chair, my
confusion was so great, that I thought I certainly
appeared to him excessively ill-bred. ‘ I must
‘ not suffer you, Madam,’ says he, without
taking notice of the confusion I was in; ‘ to
‘ make use of this chair; here is mine, that
‘ shall carry you home; you will be more at
‘ your ease in it; and I must beg leave to pay
‘ you my respects after you have dined: I have
‘ not forgot the regard you expressed for people
‘ of my age, in the conversation I had with you
‘ in the country, and I reflect on it with plea-
‘ sure.’ Saying this, he presented me his hand
to lead me to his chair. It seemed as if this
Lord had an ascendant over me, which could
not be resisted: However, I answered his com-
pliment, “ that I was sensible of his civilities,
“ and should be very much honoured by his
“ visit.”

The chair went off at these words. As I
turned towards the grate, I spied the old *Mar-
quess* talking with *Madame de Geneval*, which
gave me not a little disquiet, as I knew the
woman was very talkative. I imagined, as I
went through the Courts, every one stopped to
examine me; I concluded it was on account of

the chair I was in, as the arms were known: And to speak the truth, notwithstanding the many cares with which I was oppressed, self-love was soothed with its chimeras, and I was not sorry to see myself in so pompous and brilliant an equipage.

My cook-maid *Barbara*, it is the last time of calling her by this name, delivered me a letter as I came in, which I opened in great haste, because I knew the hand. Notwithstanding the late vexatious incident, my affection was not diminished for the person from whom it came; it was from *St. Agnes*, that unfortunate and tender friend, whose story is related before. She wrote as follows:

L E T T E R.

I Never doubted, my dear Jenny, of your affection, or generous sentiments; lovely Lindamine gave me proofs thereof the very first day she arrived, by informing me with what zeal you had engaged her to serve me, and the steps that had been already taken for making me easy. I durst not flatter myself with any good success from them; I thought all the world had forgot me. What transports did I not feel, from the convincing proofs that my friend and my lover were true! Yes, dear Jenny, your endeavours and friendship triumph. I have received an answer from constant Melicourt, he will be here shortly, to convince me his passion is unalterable. I should have wrote to you before, had I known your address; but your letter, which I have just now received, makes me

me snatch the opportunity given me of acquainting you with the satisfaction I enjoy. I know you share my troubles and pleasure; I will not fail to give you a full account, as soon as Melicourt arrives; as far as he is his own master, he will not fail, on what I shall say to him, to go and inform you what I have to fear or hope. Imagine, dear friend, what I suffer whilst my fate is in suspense: Alas! I blush to own it to you; but if I am so unhappy as to be forced to finish my days in a cloister, they will soon be at an end. Adieu, dear friend; shorten by your endearing letters the tedious hours, spent in care and impatience; you know but too well from experience, how horrible uncertainty is, not to alleviate the weight of its torments. Lindamine, who is now made acquainted with your history, and who loves you sincerely, desires the same favour: She has a great deal of good sense and wit; every body here loves her, and respects her virtue; convincing proofs thereof appeared in resisting the violence of her lover's passion, of which he gave public marks As dear as Belizai was to her, she would never see him. You know her history, she has told it me; but you do not know, that this rash lover found out Lindamine's retreat; and that a moment after she was got in'to the monastery, he appeared, and committed numberless extravagancies, in order to oblige his mistress to come out.

The rashness of his passion pleaded his excuse, and he at last thought fit to retire. The charming Pilgrim could not help being moved at it, but by her admirable vocation she has surmounted this natural weakness. How happy she is! Why cannot I follow her example! Once more adieu, dear friend.

friend. I expect to hear from you, with an impatience great as my affection; that is saying a great deal, for it is beyond every thing that I can express.

SAINT AGNES.

I had scarce read the letter, when *Geneval* came in: 'You never told me, *Madam*,' said she looking very cunning. 'that you knew the *Marquis de L. V.* I will make no secret to you, that he was an admirer of mine before I was engaged; though advanced in years, he was still dangerous; and my mother kept me from him with as much caution as if he had been a young man. He has been just now putting me in mind of this, and he seemed to recollect these trifles with some pleasure; but for all that, I was not so blind as not to discern his asking me leave to renew his acquaintance, is only a pretence to gain yours.' 'You banter sure, *Madam*,' replied I in great confusion; 'I do not know the person you speak of.' 'Not know him!' cried *Madame de Geneval*, fixing her eyes on me, 'what means this mystery? Did not he once meet you as he passed through a village?' 'That is true,' continued I, perceiving easily by her discourse that he had told her this particular; 'but he might have acquainted you,' continued I, 'that I had the honour to see him but for a moment.' 'Aye,' said she, 'I know you fainted, and he went away without knowing who you was, in spite of all his enquiries; and that same curiosity not being then satisfied,

‘fied, is what has occasioned the discourse we
‘had together; as I could answer his questions
‘but very imperfectly, I contented myself by
‘assuring him, that as soon as he should signify
‘his desires to you on that subject, he would be
‘fully satisfied.’

Dinner, which was then serving up, interrupted a conversation that was very troublesome to me. *Geneval*, who had company to dine with her, would engage me to assist in doing the honours of the table; but I excused myself, under pretence of a pain in my stomach, which was true enough. I was so overwhelmed with the *rencontre* I had had, and it caused such disagreeable reflections, and those of such consequence, that I was more than an hour dreaming over my meat before I could eat a mouthful. My good aunt, who stood behind my chair, and who pressed me ever since I sat down to employ the time as I ought, astonished to see me so distressed, asked me with all the respects she was capable of, if I could live without eating? To get rid of her importunity, and in order to be left alone, I complied, and forced myself to eat; after which I retired to my closet, where calling to mind the fatal meeting with the old *Marquess*, and all the consequences that might ensue, I gave myself up to sorrow and tears; but struggling with myself, and expecting the *Marquess* would soon be with me, and that if he surprised me in this condition, he would have room for many reflections; fearing, on the other hand, that his son was not yet gone, and lest he should come upon us whilst his father was with me, which

which would discover all, I judged it prudent to prevent all these incidents ; for this purpose, I thought myself obliged to write to my lover, and apprise him of all that had happened to me, beseeching him in the name of all that was dear, to take me away, and not expose me to the danger of losing him perhaps for ever.

As soon as my letter was finished, I felt into a new perplexity, how to get it delivered. Who could I trust ? I had no choice but my simple aunt ; I could depend on her fidelity ; but she was of that sort of character which discovers itself at once ; she had wit in her way, but her ingenuity was what I feared. These sort of people, by endeavouring to say nothing, say all. She might be questioned, and loved to prate : To recommend secrecy to her, was giving her an inclination to speak. After having weighed and examined this design, I thought I could not do better than be my own messenger.

This being determined, I ordered a chair ; by this means I avoided a great deal of perplexity. I was ignorant where my lover lived ; but he was universally known, and I did not question but my chairmen would find his lodging : I intended to make one of them deliver my letter, and to keep close all the while in my chair. Another reason engaged me to go from home, I was willing to avoid the *Marquess's* visit, and gain time, till I had given notice to his son, who perhaps, sensible of my danger, might find means to secure me from what I feared with so much reason.

I am persuaded there is nobody, but enters at once into all these things, and imagines that
during

during this quarter of an hour I was not very happy. Let us go on.

The chairmen knew, as I imagined, where the *Marquess* lived; as soon as I came to the door, I made them stop, and ordered him who seemed the most intelligent of the two, to ask if he was at home. I was in such an agitation, that I forgot the most important precaution: The man appeared again very soon, and told me, that the person I asked for was at table, that they were gone to acquaint him, that I should have answer in a moment. I had no intention to speak with him in so suspected a place, where we could be so overlooked; a number of footmen were passing backwards and forwards, and might draw conjectures from this visit. I thought it was sufficient to send in my letter, and I was going to give it to the porter, with orders to deliver it into the hands of my lover, when *Dubois* the *Valet de Chambre* I mentioned in another place, appeared. My dress was undoubtedly the reason he did not know me again; he drew near, and told me that ~~the~~ *Marquess*, hearing a lady asked to speak with him, desired me to go into his closet, and that he would immediately wait on me. "I cannot," replied I, charmed with being so happy to meet this man, "but, dear *Dubois*," said I, "give him this letter, and tell him ——" "Ah, *Miss Jenny*!" said he, knowing me again, "what is your design? to what do you expose yourself? Have you a mind to be ruined? My master is at *Paris*, and if it be him you want, as I doubt not but it is, they have made a
mistake;

‘mistake ; his father is here, all is discovered if you appear.’ “Heavens !” cried I, “what do you tell me ? Surely, I never designed my letter for him.” “Fly then,” said *Dubois*, “our old master will be here presently, he is too much an humble servant of the ladies to make them wait. They told him you was handsome, and I tremble lest he comes before your chairman, who is missing, be found.”

Let people judge of the consternation into which these words threw me. I bid the chairman, that remained with me, to open the door, choosing rather to return on foot, than risk such an interview : But the obstinacy of this fellow in searching after his partner, was the cause why I had it not in my power to retire when he was come.

A page, who had been eying me from the fore parlour, and seen me speak to *Dubois*, and who saw the letter I had just delivered, regaled his master with the discoveries he had made : The company was then bantering him upon his good fortune ; the stupidity of the man that carried my message, who thought he had done finely in adding that I came to solicit his interest, occasioned their raillery ; this wicked page, I say, (I hope he will forgive me the epithet) came sily, and informed the old *Marquess*, that, tired with waiting I was just going away, and but for one of the chairmen that was missing, I had been gone before. One of the Lords at table with him cried out, “Ah ! this is too cruel :” After which he ran out, and was followed by seven or eight other young persons, who came
just

just as they were taking me away. One of them, whom I knew to be the *Duke* of ———, him that *Geneval* made me take notice of at the canal, bid them set me down, and coming to my chair, told me, 'I was going to have an audience with the *Marquess*, and that in his name he asked a thousand pardons for making me wait.' Pierced to the heart at this accident, I made signs to go on without returning any answer, but in vain; the respect the men had for the Noblemen that surrounded me, made them set down the chair and open the door. The young Nobleman who spoke to me, presented his hand; but he no sooner saw my face, then turning to the rest, "The *Marquess* is no unlucky man," cried he, "this pretty lady is the same we all admired at her window on our return from hunting." At this they all drew near and examined me with a murmur that flattered my charms, but redoubled my uneasiness. To encrease my confusion, up comes the old *Marquess*, who knowing me again, retired two steps with an air of joy; 'Ah! is it you, *Madam*?' cried he, 'Good God! Why have you done me the honour to prevent me? I am very angry at myself, not to have haⁿened a visit I was bound to make.' As he spoke these words, he took me out of my chair very politely, and I followed him with a trouble that may be well imagined.

I was accompanied by all those that were with the *Marquess*; and I heard one among them say to the Nobleman that spoke to me first, 'This is the person I will engage, of whom you
talked

‘talked so much, and at whose house you were
 ‘refused admittance: You had reason to ex-
 ‘tol her beauty.’ This discourse confirmed
 ‘me in what *Geneval* had said the night before,
 and taught me at the same time how much one
 may depend on the discretion of young people.

Crossing the anti-chamber, I spied *Dubois*,
 who placed himself in my way, and dexterously
 put his finger on his mouth, as much as to say,
 be cautious, and confess nothing. I understood
 extremely well what he meant by this, and me-
 thought it inspired me with prudence. As
 soon as I was set down, addressing myself to the
 old *Marquess*, and affecting an air of the
 greatest sincerity: “If I had known sooner,
 “my Lord,” said I, “who you were, I should
 “not have omitted coming to thank you for
 “the regard you shewed me when we met by
 “chance in the village. *Madame de Geneval*
 “informed me this morning of these particulars,
 “and that you had carried your goodness so far,
 “as to have designed sending a physician to my
 “assistance.” “It is true, Madam,” replied
 the *Marquess*; “but can one do too much for
 ‘one so accomplished? I make you judges;
 ‘Gentlemen,’ said he, speaking to the com-
 ‘pany; ‘can one regret any pains so well em-
 ‘ployed?’ The Noblemen all said the politest
 things imaginable on this occasion, and I thought
 I did not return them very ill. The *Duke* of
 — asked me very earnestly, if he might be so
 happy as to be serviceable to me at Court? I
 framed my answer upon the story invented by *St.*
Fal, and said, “I did not want advocates in the
 “affair

“ affair which brought me thither ; that my deceased husband had done good service, and spent his fortune in it ; that I asked in consideration of all this, a pension to maintain me in a convent, where I was resolved to end my days.” At the word *convent*, the old *Marquess* and the whole company exclaimed ; they said one and all, that they sincerely offered me their interest for the success of my suit ; but, on condition the last article should not be mentioned in my petition but for form sake ; adding all that young people could say on such an occasion to a woman that is not frightful. I came off pretty well in this conversation, and was lucky enough not to be examined about the regiment in which my pretended husband had served ; this would have gravelled me, had it happened, as it might naturally enough. *St. Fal* had not instructed me on that head ; it was very excusable in him, and we had neither of us much reason to foresee our ever being in such perplexing circumstances.

I was got up to take leave of the old *Marquess* who had eyed me during the whole time of my visit, when he came to me, and desired me to stay a moment longer : ‘ May I, *Madam*, propose a little diversion to you ? ’ said he : ‘ There is a play to night, you have not perhaps seen, a piece much in vogue, called *Iphigenia* : I am sure it will amuse you ; the character is tender and well wrought : It pleases all the world, and I make no doubt but it will have the same effect with you.’ I thought I had a good excuse, by my being then in the state of widowhood;

widowhood; but people in the great world are very apt to suspect excuses of that sort. ‘Oh! as to that, Madam,’ says the young *Duke*, ‘that pretence won’t pass; besides, the time allotted for mourning is out: It is presumed you are not known; and even suppose you were, we live in a Court, it is not amiss to appear there, and let it be known how deserving you are.’ “That is a very proper reason,” added a young person who had not yet spoke; “and I take upon me to acquaint the world, that a widow so distinguished ought not to be refused: I declare myself from this moment the solicitor of her pension.” ‘You see, Madam,’ said the *Marquess* smiling, ‘this allows of no reply. I do not in the least doubt but the *Duke*, knowing him as I do, will keep his promise. Do not hesitate to charge him with your affair, he is exceedingly lucky in every thing he undertakes.’

The *Duke* of —, flattered by this discourse, in order to give me a compleat opinion of his interest, loudly protested, that “if in three days my pension was not granted, if I would be directed by him, he would submit to any thing that should be imposed on him, and never more appear in my sight; a punishment, in his opinion, beyond all torments.”

The serious manner in which this was spoke, made the whole company laugh. For my part, fearing lest a longer scene might clear up who it was, I rose a second time to go, representing for a pretence, that it would be indecent for me to appear alone at the theatre, or conducted thither

thither by a man. ‘ I foresaw this objection,’ replied the old *Marquess*, replacing me with great respect in my chair; ‘ you saw me give orders; I have sent for the lady you live with; I have sent my chair for her, and I doubt not but she will be here presently: I know her, and am sure she will be overjoyed at the honour of accompanying you. But in case she fails us, I’ll give you an agreeable companion; and thus, Madam,’ continued the *Marquess*, ‘ all difficulties are removed, and every thing conspires towards your seeing *Iphigenia*.’

What could one answer to such pressing and polite solicitations? Courtiers are not easily refused, particularly by women. I recommended myself to God, and his divine protection: I had no other party to take; it is generally our last resource, though it ought to be the first, as the most solid and assured.

‘ This being resolved,’ cried the *Marquess*, ‘ the question is, who must introduce these ladies to the play; for my part,’ continued he, ‘ besides that I am too old, and should acquit myself very ill of the employment, my being in waiting prevents me.’ All that were present offered themselves; but the *Duke* of — was the privileged man, on account of his quality without doubt. The *Marquess* added, that ‘ he would provide us with places, and would send to the *Exempt* on guard.’ He said with a smile, ‘ that he would employ *Dubois* as a worthy agent of his son’s, and very intelligent in the service of the ladies.’ Had the *Marquess* turned his eyes towards me at that time, he

he would have discovered I was affected with what he said; but happily he did not then examine me. As for the Noblemen that surrounded me, they doubtless attributed to my bashfulness the disorder that appeared in my face; their flattery was sufficient to make it probable, and the little confusion of which they imagined themselves the authors, did not make against me. I have since learned that a new beauty was not thought odious in those parts. But enough of that. A woman may be pardoned for knowing a great many things, but she is not allowed to expatiate upon them. Disguise is so much the fashion, people are scandalized the minute we lay it aside.

Dubois, who had been called, appeared with an air that betrayed his surprize, apprehending a severe reprimand, but he recovered at the orders he received; he hearkened to the *Marquess* with a share of astonishment, and made him repeat the message twice over, he was so frightened. Notwithstanding the agitation I was in, I could not help smiling to myself at his perplexity. The arrival of *Madame de Geneval*, in whose looks I could read a secret joy, helped to keep me in countenance; for although I was flattered with being made for the world, I was not in my proper element; the comfort I had for my want of experience was, that my friend seemed more at a loss than I; for a woman that piqued herself on knowing the Court, I did not find her behaviour suitable to the company she was in. That volubility of speech, I had observed in her, made me think at first that she alone would be a match

match for the whole company ; but I have found from experience, that many of those who appear to have the most wit among people of their own sphere, are the most puzzled when among their betters. *Madame de Geneval* continually lost the thread of her discourse : She *Lordshipped* every one who did her the honour to address themselves to her ; like a tennis-ball on a racket, in the easy-chair placed for her, she was no sooner sat down in it, but at each word spoke to her she bounded up, and a courtesy ensued. I could not forbear smiling several times at this excessive good breeding ; but I thought I should have laughed out when one of the company expressed some gallantry on the subject of her beauty ; this flattery softened her looks into a studied smile of sweetness, designed to convince how very sensible she was of the favour ; and her body, as if it had been upon springs at the same instant, by a motion that kept time with her head and shoulders, put her neck on the rack to hold itself higher.

This is a small sketch of what self-love can do, and at the same time a sample of our charity. We women shew each other no mercy, and to conclude this article with a proof of my sincerity, I must own, nothing in these Memoirs has given me so much pleasure as this little piece of satire. Where is the harm in confessing the truth ? I wish others may not be guilty of the same fault. Upon reflection I was inclined to suppress this passage, but then my motive was pride, so that, all considered, I leave things as they are.

In the mean time, the attention with which the old *Marquess* examined me, renewed my

former frights, and made me judge he was contriving something that regarded me. This brought to my mind what he had said as he went out of my chamber, when I feigned to continue in my fainting fit, which I before mentioned, that *he had means of discovering who I was*. But what chiefly terrified me, was his remaining silent as to what had then passed; and when I compared his politeness with his reservedness, after taking so much pains to find me out, I could not help concluding, from his seeming tranquillity, that he acted the politician, and had secret motives for his behaviour.

Prepossessed with these reflections, I repented my facility in accepting of the party of pleasure proposed; was not it possible that a hundred inconveniences might ensue? I apprehended them; my lover might come; what would have been the consequence? Would not our mutual confusion have betrayed me, or given room for former suspicions? A crowd of such like apprehensions seized my mind at once, I grew pale, and the Duke ———, who was near, and missed no opportunity of saying soft things to me, was not the last in perceiving it: “You change colour, Madam,” said he, “are you out of order? You seem to be fainting.” I excused myself in the best manner I could, and I attributed the alteration he observed to a new pair of stays. The old *Marquess*, who heard my answer, which was natural enough to gain credit, came to me, and in an obliging manner begged me to think myself at home, and thereupon called for a dram, which he assured me was exquisite for comforting the heart.

Geneval

Geneval, who judged she ought to share in the assistance given me, offered to unlace me; all the young sparks applauded this motion, and drew about me with eyes that betrayed their motive. I refused to suffer it with a blush, which at the same time made me appear to be better, although it was in reality the effects of common modesty; but my resolution determined it, and they desisted. So true it is, that men are no farther enterprizing than they are encouraged.

The dram being come, the old *Marquess* presented it himself: I thought proper to take some out of policy. In effect it recovered me, and I found myself perfectly well as usual: But are all the cordials in the world capable of curing an unquiet mind?

Dubois, who had been to bespeak places from the *Marquess*, returned, and gave an account of his commission: He brought word that the *Exempt* ordered two to be kept for us; but that he desired us at the same time to come early, on account of the number of people he was to provide with places. Upon this the *Marquess* presented me his hand, and led me to his chair; the *Duke* of ——— walked on one side of me, and *Madame de Geneval*, to whom a *Count* gave his hand, followed. We went very slow: The old *Marquess* said to me softly, ‘You will make many conquests, Madam, I am sure; but however flattering they may be, you triumph over a heart, which places your charms in the strongest light.’ “I expected, my Lord,” replied I, “these compliments, not because I merit them, but as they ra-

“ naturally come from a person of your turn;
 “ with this disposition I hear them without the
 “ least vanity on my side.” “ Would to God,”
 said the *Marquess*, with a look far from suitable
 to his years; “ that all the vows addressed to you
 “ make no greater impression; but with so many
 “ charms it is not possible but you must have a
 “ compassionate heart: it is a point I beg leave
 “ to discuss with you after the play; I have a
 “ great deal to say to you upon the subject, and
 “ must own you make me uneasy on more ac-
 “ counts than one.”

The discourse broke off there, and I was not a little perplexed; we were at the door of his apartment, which put an end to it. I got into the chair that was designed for me, it was the young *Marquess's*, as I soon learned, and as it was the finest, they assigned it to me. *Madame de Geneval* went into that of the father, which was ornamented in a manner more agreeable to his age: She seemed so transported with the honours shewn her, which she undoubtedly thought due to her merit, that she could neither see nor hear, nor was sensible of any thing but her own dear self. Whilst we are in the arms of self love, we have very little regard for any thing else.

We were scarce got out of sight, but *Dubois* approached my chair: “ In the name of God,” said I to him as soon as I saw him; “ tell me
 “ where your master is, and how I may extri-
 “ cate myself from all the difficulties I see
 “ round me.” “ Faith, *Mademoiselle*,” replied he, “ I know not what to say to it: I am so
 “ astonished, that I cannot imagine how these
 “ things could happen, or why you should throw
 “ yourself,

‘yourself into the toils of our crafty master.’ Here I interrupted *Dubois*, and I told him by what accident it came to pass: He heard my story out, and agreed, that after meeting with the old *Marquess* at mass, my behaviour was natural enough, and that neither himself nor I could prevent accidents. Upon this he told me, that both my lover and *St. Fal* were at *Paris*; that it was impossible for the former to acquaint me that his father did not come there, he not having changed his resolution till a moment before his son’s departure; and that *For-san*, his gentleman, a person entirely attached to the father, accompanied him in the journey, and that he durst attempt nothing, neither to write to me, nor any other step, fearing he should be examined, which would infallibly have happened.

Dubois and I both concluded from all these precautions, that the old *Marquess* knew me better than I thought for, or at least had a suspicion of me, and that the journey was one of his stratagems to clear up the mystery. “But, “good God,” cried I, fearing what might happen; “dear *Dubois*, what method can I “take? Could you not, when I come from “the play, get me a post-chaise to make my “escape?” “By no means,” replied this trusty servant; “you may easily think, that if our “conjectures are well grounded, as there is no “room to doubt, there are persons who watch “you. Heaven keep us from any attempt of “that sort! I have thought of a contrivance “which will have a much better effect.” The minute he was going to tell it me, we found

ourselves at the play house door ; a number of chairs, and a great crowd interrupted our conversation. *Dubois* quitted me, saying, ' Be easy and cautious of what you say to the old *Marquess*; dissemble, and do not trouble yourself about the rest, I am going to *Paris*.' He added something more as he retired ; but the *Duke* of ———, who was got into the play-house by the stage door, and was ready to receive me, hindered my hearing it : A cruel disappointment ; my lover was in question, and that is generally a very interesting article.

I had no room to doubt, some moments after I was placed, but that the young *Duke* was the person who at the first sight had been so complaisant as to be dazzled with my youthful charms ; he told me as much, as likewise the visit he had made me, and renewed his acquaintance with *Madame de Geneval*, to whom he was very courteous, secretly aiming, no doubt, to get her of his side, in order to have access to me, or to oblige me, believing her more agreeable to me than she really was.

Whilst he was making his court, my eyes ran over the objects that surrounded me ; the prospect was enchanting, and the impression it made was so great, that it took up my mind, and banished all my cares. Such is the way of thinking with us women, new objects seize, engage, and make us vary ; the most solid and faithful of us all, is she, that returns oftenest to the favourite object.

This sight humbled my vanity ; till that time I looked upon myself as the compleatest and prettiest woman in the world ; I could not help
flattering

flattering myself that I had but few equals; however, I recovered with a sigh from these two errors. The first thing that struck me, as I cast my eyes towards the boxes, was the magnificence and taste which shined there; I then turned my eyes on myself, in order to draw parallel betwixt those ladies and me: What disparity! Besides my beauty, I thought I had a natural air, but I discovered a stiffness in myself; there, if art supplied the place of beauty, their easy behaviour gave it such charms, that I did not know myself. Though I disapproved of the red with which their faces were vermillioned, I secretly owned it was of great advantage; and and I instantly called to mind my having on a certain time made trial of it myself, and the astonishment it occasioned at my being so different from what I was before. I judged from thence that it was no great crime to indulge such harmless satisfactions, and that if ones happiness consists in being satisfied with oneself, it is not surprising that people give no practice which procure it.

The *Duke* of ———, who had finished his politic conversation with *Madame de Geneval*, came back to me, and interrupted my reflections by his soft expressions: But seeing me consider very attentively a mighty pretty woman, he asked my sentiments of her: “I think her very charming,” said I, “her chearful countenance pleases me beyond expression.” “I am infinitely taken” replied he, “with this frank and natural decision; there are few women who do justice to their own sex, particularly when beauty decides in their favour. She we

K 4

‘talk

‘ talk of, resembles you in this respect ; her turn
 ‘ of mind is excellent, and her history very re-
 ‘ markable : If I thought the King would give
 ‘ me time enough, I would relate it to you,
 ‘ and I am persuaded you would thank me.’
 Having always had a strong inclination to secret
 history, my answer was, “ He would do me a
 “ sensible pleasure.” He was just beginning,
 but that instant every body rising up, informed
 us of the King’s coming. The *Duke* being
 obliged to do like the rest, he said, ‘ That if I
 ‘ would favour him so far, he would wait on me
 ‘ to give this account, and hoped to have that
 ‘ honour the next day.’

I scarce heard these words ; I was taken up
 with the King’s presence to such a degree, that I
 remained the only one standing, although every
 body was seated, which made me taken notice
 of with some smiles ; even the name of country
 gentlewoman reached my ears, and I took my
 seat with a blush, which punished me more
 ways than one, for the little uneasiness my
 vanity had caused. As great a pleasure as it is
 to be new, one hates to shew it by any thing in
 our behaviour.

I had never seen a play, so that it is easily to
 be imagined how attentive I was ; I even melted
 into tears, and was more *Iphigenia* than *Iphi-*
genia herself. Whatever bears a resemblance
 to the sentiments of one’s heart, and affects it,
 causes emotions, and recalls the object of one’s
 affections. I found myself moved, thoughtful,
 anxious ; the idea of the *Marquess* made deep
 impressions in those passages where the lover com-
 plained of the rigour of his destiny ; methought
 he

he deserved a milder lot ; in one word, I was taken ill, I could scarce fetch my breath. The *Duke*, more inured, or less attentive, could not help smiling at the sincerity of my sorrow : ' How happy is that lover,' says he to me in another of the acts, ' in those precious tears he causes you to shed ! but a thousand times more fortunate will he be, who shall please on a more real occasion.' " Good God, my " Lord," replied I, ashamed of my tears, which I strove in vain to hide, " you are very ' cruel to be diverted with my tenderness ; " great resolution is requisite to resist the motions of the soul, and you plainly show there- " by your own insensibility." ' Ah ! what do you say, Madam ?' replied he, ' and upon what do you ground that suspicion ?' " Why, " is it not evident ?" said I, vexed to have given room for this discourse. " I am not the " only one who seem to be touched at this fine " scene : My tears are excusable ; but you, " my Lord, who very far from being moved, " seem to brave compassion, do not you discover it is none of your favourite virtue, and " that you was born with a hard heart ?" ' Much less than you imagine,' returned the *Duke*, ' witness those fine eyes of yours in my ' behalf ; I can easily confute your reproach, ' since all that belongs not to you, at present, ' is indifferent to me. Yes, charming creature, ' if *Iphigenia* should be a hundred times more ' charming and lovely, she could never make ' any impression on my sentiments : You reign ' alone without a rival, and I think nothing ' lovely besides yourself."

This declaration appeared so lively and open that I thought proper to be silent : This play enabled me the better to observe this conduct ; it engaged me so closely, that I soon forgot what had passed : I interested myself more and more in the distresses of the heroine, and it was over, when I expected another act to follow ; so deep and tender an effect it had on me.

The *Duke* of ———, who seemed enamoured with my slender charms, would have resumed the discourse : I began to be at a loss in answering him, nor did I know on what pitch to frame my discourse. When one has given one's self out for somebody, and yet through a sincerity of heart disdains to assume a haughty air, that face of brass is wanting which impostors easily attain. If I had really been the *Countess des Roches*, I should have known very well how to banter the *Duke* on his being so sweet ; but when I reflected upon what I was, by taking upon me, I ran a risk of being one day or other ridiculed for my affectation ; I found myself under an incertitude, which laid restraint on my very expressions.

Happily the King's presence occasioned such an awe, that my praises were uttered so low, that they could not be overheard ; nevertheless, I should have been obliged, either out of good manners or vanity, to return an answer ; but an accident, which I little expected, eased me of my fears ; an *Exempt*, whom I knew to be such by his staff, advanced towards the *Duke*, and told him the King commanded him to his box ; he immediately rose, and appeared concerned at this ill-timed order ; at least his looks signified as much.

much. I turned my eyes towards the King, he seemed to consider me; this threw me into a fresh perplexity.

How weak we women are! How justly do they tax us with self-love! How many conjectures did I draw from this regard! Had I strictly examined myself, I might have discovered a belief that the Monarch thought me handsome, and that the message related to me. But this vanity was soon punished, the *Duke* presently returned; it is true, he flattered me with a compliment upon the enquiry the Prince made after me; but upon the whole I found I was the second cause of the King's enquiring who I was; he had seen the *Duke* talking earnestly to me; I was handsome and well dressed, but unknown to him, and he had a mind to know who I was; that is the matter of fact; and all things considered, I found there was no grounds for my first thoughts: However I was contented with the reverse of self-love, and not sorry to have been mistaken.

The play was over, and they were going to begin the entertainment, when the old *Marquess* appeared at the box joining to the place where I was: He bowed, and asked me if I had been diverted? Although I answered properly enough to this question, part of the company turned their eyes upon me, either on account of my pronunciation, or person. I stood it however, as well as all the polite things the young *Duke* persisted to say to me; I will not disguise the truth, I have said it before, and as a farther proof, I own sincerely, that though this discourse caused no emotions in my heart, at least

I hearkened to it with pleasure. The wisest of us all are not insensible to flattery, when accompanied with taste and delicacy.

I was then in a sort of state, scarce perceptible, and harder to be described; my eyes involuntarily turned upon the *Duke* who was talking to me, when looking off him, I saw the young *Marquess* leaning towards us, who seemed to overhear us; he raised himself up as soon as I saw him, and looked another way: I was so struck at his unexpected appearance, and so sensible of the scorn which I thought he expressed, that I changed my colour and found myself ill. my new admirer, who perceived it, hastily asked me what was the matter? "I am subject," replied I, "to giddiness, this is a fit of it, and "if I remain any longer here I shall faint away." All which I told him to get out, not knowing any longer what countenance to put on.

The *Duke* of ——— seemed disturbed at this. It is never the custom, where the King is, to go out before he does, when it occasions any stir. However, the *Duke* found me so much altered, that he thought fit to venture; he made signs to the *Exempt* who had seated me, and when he was near enough to be heard, in a low voice he told him I was ill, and to give a greater weight to the desire he had of serving me, he added, that there were reasons for it. This made me blush, and I heard people talk round me, which augmented my confusion: However, the *Exempt* presented me his hand, and I went out followed by *Geneval*, who murmured greatly at my frequent indispositions, and who was much mortified not to see the entertain-

ment;

ment : For notwithstanding her pride, and her valuing herself upon being so well known at Court, it was the first play she had seen, as her husband very imprudently told me, and perhaps if it had not been for me, she might not have had this honour so soon. But let us come to something more interesting. .

I was no sooner in my chair, but was overjoyed at being out of the house. I should infallibly have made a fine piece of work of it, which might perhaps have become public, and forwarded what was to happen.

Let any one imagine my trouble and confusion, affectionate and tender as I was. What innocence on my side ! and how many motives of suspicion for the *Marquess* ! He finds me at the play, I appear to be engaged with a very handsome young gentleman, and attentive to his discourse : No sooner do I discover him, but am out of countenance ; I do more, I go out, and so seem to avoid him. All these things, united to the uneasiness arising from what *Du-Bois* had undoubtedly told him, could not suffer him to be very easy, particularly after the proofs he had already given of his jealousy.

I intended, when at home to shut myself up and write ; but how much was my anxiety increased, when the *Duke* of ——— met me coming out of my chair ! he had followed me in his, and offered his hand with an air of concern for my indisposition, which very happily was visible in my face ; I made use of this pretext to get rid of him, by saying, I found myself oppressed, and was going to bed. He approved of my resolution, and offered to send
an

an eminent physician to my relief; I thanked him for his obliging offers, and when I was come to my apartment he retired, assuring me he would have the honour of waiting on me the next day, and in the mean time he would inform himself punctually of my health.

I thought I was going to be at quiet, but I had *Madame de Geneval's* officiousness to endure still; the honour and distinction I had procured her, rendered her polite, politely hoping, that if we remained good friends, she should hereafter enjoy the same prerogatives. I was obliged, in civility, to wait till she pleased to quit me, which she did as soon as I was in bed.

I ordered my aunt, in her presence, to lock my doors, and let who will come, to tell them I was in bed, in order not to be disturbed in my reflections, principally on the incident of that day.

I began with tears, which gave me relief. In effect, could there be a more cruel case than mine? Had I one happy moment, from the time I first knew myself? One accident had followed another; I had not one moment's rest. What could I hope from what was to come? What incidents seemed ready to create new troubles! The uneasiness of the old *Marquess* about me; his son's love and jealousy; the *Duke* of —'s sentiments, who had no sooner conceived, than declared them; would not all this draw on consequences? Could I expect any thing else?

I was only entering into a detail of so many perplexities, in order to take proper measures, when my aunt came into my room: 'Madam,' says

says she, 'here is a Nobleman desires in the
'handsomest manner to see you.' "Did not
'I tell you," said I, with an air I had much
ado to sustain, "that I would see nobody?"
'I remember it very well,' replied the good
creature; 'but the person of whom I speak says
'he must necessarily speak with you, and has
'things of consequence to communicate to you.'
"Do as I bid you," continued I, in a tone to
be obeyed, thinking it might be the *Duke* or the
old *Marquess*; "fail at your peril."

After my aunt was gone, I rose, and to avoid
all surprise, considering her simplicity, I drew
the bolts, and then I wrote the *Marquess* a let-
ter, in which I ingenuously gave him an account
of all that had passed. I foresaw the uneasiness
he would have on account of my conversation
with the *Duke* at the comedy; I mentioned my
apprehensions in relation to his father, and begged
him, in order to obviate what might happen,
to change my abode, and even the town, if it
could be done.

I was much easier after relieving myself of the
burthen which weighed me down; it was after
midnight before my letter was sealed; and there
was no likelihood of getting it delivered then; it
was of so much consequence. I was determined
to trust nobody with it, but *St. Fal*, or *Dubois*;
the latter had promised to call the next day, and
I formed my resolution accordingly. One is no
sooner at ease in one respect, but one wants to
be so in another: I was extremely solicitous to
know who came to see me, when *Barbara*
brought me word of the visit I refused. Hav-
ing then my wits more about me, I began to
reflect

reflect on this affair, and I found I was in the wrong to imagine the *Duke* of ——— would come again, it was so lately that he left me, when my aunt came with the message: It was not likely it should be him, especially knowing I was going to bed; he seemed to have more respect for me, than to commit such an indecency; I turned my conjectures another way, and as I could not but fix them upon the old *Marquess*, I found them also as ill-grounded on many accounts, unnecessary to be mentioned. But it was not the same as his son; he loved me, had many reasons for desiring to speak to me; had not his jealousy been one, it was very natural for him, seeing me go out, on account of being indisposed, to fly to my house with concern, and learn the occasion of it, as well as several things that might regard him. I had no sooner raised this doubt, but was desirous to clear it up; I rung the bell, and according to the description my aunt gave of the gentleman she had sent away, I found my suspicion too well-grounded.

Had I foreseen that my obstinacy, in not hearing my aunt, would occasion the cruel consequences it did, I should then have regretted the giving room for them. But can one foresee every thing when in perplexity? So far from repenting, I thought my lover would pass a favourable judgment on his disappointment in not seeing me, and would not condemn me in his heart. But were men born to be just? Pardon me, oh best of husbands, the injustice of this *apostrophe*! I retract it, my sincere love has long since excepted you from the number of those I mean.

I passed

I passed the night in great anxiety, and I waked early, hoping *Dubois* would come, and carry my letter to the *Marquess*. I was just up when my aunt informed me of a visit, and asked, if she was to deny me as she did the day before? I bid her shew up, in hopes it was the man I wanted; but instead of *Dubois*, a gentleman of figure appeared, who named himself immediately *Melicourt*, lover to that dear friend; he came from the monastery where *Madame de G——* had sheltered me. How troubled soever I might be in mind, out of respect for my friend, I received the gentleman with great politeness, and earnestly asked after his mistress; he delivered me a letter from her, telling me, that as soon as I had read it, he would fully satisfy my curiosity. I opened it, and read as follows:

I Send you, my dear friend, the happy news I have received from M. de *Melicourt*, who will have the honour to deliver you this letter: I call it happy, because it will shortly perhaps procure me the charming pleasure of embracing you, and renewing our tender friendship. I am much obliged to him for complying so readily with the desire I had, that you should be informed by him of the good effects which followed from your kind offices; all we want is an additional interest to terminate our affairs. I do not doubt but you will employ the *Marquess* of L. V. to press my discharge from the monastery. I confess it will be so much the more agreeable, as it will bring me nearer you, a happiness I am ambitious of beyond what I can express.

Our

Our mutual friend, the discreet Lindamine, charged me to tell you, that you are ever in her thoughts; do you think I yield to her in the least, as to vivacity of sentiments?

SAINT AGNES.

I was charmed with this letter, and the hopes it gave me of my friend's affairs drawing to a conclusion. I turned to her lover, and begged him to compleat my joy, by informing me what had been done, and why I had been so long without hearing from her. 'Alas! Madam,' replied he with a sigh, 'the lovely *Minette* would never have heard more of me but for the letters you forwarded, by which I at length learned where she was; it is to her, it is to you I owe the happiness of having found her out. I thought her lost for ever, and I was very far from persuading myself of the possibility of any such thing, which I thought so distant. You yourself shall judge, by what happened to me since the fatal day, when the artifice and credit of her unjust father found means to separate us.

'You knew, *Mademoiselle*,' continued *Mellicourt*, 'in what a cruel manner I was snatched from the embraces of so beloved a wife. Had my strength equalled my rage, I should have freed myself from the hands of those cruel people who opposed the relief I would have given her: But I was obliged to yield to numbers, and it was not without a thousand efforts that they at last seized me: However, notwithstanding

‘ notwithstanding the trouble my resistance gave
‘ them, and my furious transports, they behaved
‘ with respect to me; they had orders un-
‘ doubtedly to use me well. The officer who
‘ commanded the party, knowing the deep con-
‘ cern under which I laboured, seemed to share
‘ in it, and endeavoured to pacify me by re-
‘ peated assurances, that my confinement would
‘ be short; that he knew the affair did not
‘ regard the state, but was entirely owing to
‘ the interest of a family; in all appearance
‘ these differences would neither be of any long
‘ continuance, nor have any farther conse-
‘ quences. Instead of answering, I held my
‘ tongue; my grief was mute, and continued
‘ in that disposition during the four days of my
‘ journey; I would hear no reason.

‘ When I arrived at V——, they conducted
‘ me to the town-prison; the next day the
‘ Governor came to see me, and assured me if I
‘ behaved well, I should not be confined eight
‘ days. I asked him what was expected from
‘ me? To join, said he, in setting aside your
‘ marriage: You may imagine, in spite of all
‘ your efforts, it will be so, neither more, nor
‘ less, for it must end there, the methods you
‘ employed being unwarrantable: Shall I ac-
‘ quaint you what must be the consequences of
‘ your refusal? A long and ruinous suit between
‘ your families. Is it not much better prudently
‘ to consent to what you cannot avoid, than to
‘ give your adversary a handle to oppress you,
‘ and keep you here during pleasure? Prudence
‘ requires of us to yield to occurrences; and he

‘ is

‘ is truly wise, who knows how to suit his conduct to the caprices of fortune.

‘ Such was the Governor’s discourse, as often as he came to see me, but without any effect: I assured him of my constancy and resolution, with a protestation that I defied *Monsieur de ———*, from the hopes I had of being protected by the King’s justice, and his decision in my favour; that in the mean time I would oppose patience to the persecutions prepared for me.

‘ The Governor, who was undoubtedly an intimate friend of *Monsieur de ———*, and who had been pitched upon in order to intimidate me, seemed much dissatisfied with my steadiness; however, he behaved like a gentleman, and, barring my confinement, I was treated with great indulgence; but he had his views, as I have plainly discovered.

‘ He came every eight days, and after some time he ceased to talk of my affairs, not to provoke me; my fear of putting him upon the chapter of dissolving the marriage restrained my curiosity, and hindered my asking any questions.

‘ In the mean time, the uneasiness I suffered on account of my charming *Minette*, tormented me night and day to the last degree; there was not a moment I did not lament her absence, and seek means of obtaining my liberty; but I was so secured, that there was no hopes of effecting it.

‘ After having lost these endearing hopes, I employed myself in endeavouring to inform my father of the place of my confinement,
‘ that

that he might exert his power for my delivery; this seemed less difficult than making my escape. The turnkey who attended me, and whom I had been a long time gaining by little gratifications, and formal promises of making his fortune upon obtaining my liberty, if he would come into my measures, appeared fit for my purpose; I flattered myself the more, because he seemed compassionate, and would sometimes of his own accord bewail his being engaged in an employment, to which he had, he said, such a repugnance and antipathy. This confidence seemed to me a good omen; and when I imagined I had wrought him to that pitch of compassion I desired, I opened myself one day to him, and proposed to him, under promise of a good reward, to deliver a letter I had wrote to my father. He seemed struck at the proposition, and expressed his dislike of it, by representing the punishments assigned for those who betrayed their trust on the like occasions; to enforce which, he cited several examples, the very rehearsal of which was really shocking; and he did it so pathetically in his way, that he seemed much terrified. I found him so averse this first time, that I did not press him any farther; I thought it best to wait another day to speak again, and prepare him by degrees; thus he insensibly accustomed himself to my proposals.

It happened as I guessed, the turnkey yielded at last, and charged himself with my packet, promising it should be delivered as directed, and that I should have an answer. These fair hopes gave some truce to my pain, and I waited

' waited impatiently the issue. The time seemed
 ' insupportably long, and there were now fifteen
 ' whole days past away without hearing one
 ' word; he exhorted me to have patience,
 ' assuring me, it would not be long before I was
 ' satisfied. As a proof that I ought not to be
 ' uneasy, the turnkey informed me how he had
 ' contrived to be certain of the packet's being
 ' delivered, without running any risk; he had
 ' sent his brother, as he assured me, who was
 ' to deliver my letter himself, and bring back
 ' an answer. This seemed so feasible, that I
 ' applauded it, and easily believed all he said on
 ' the subject.

' I had wrote a letter to my dear *Minette*,
 ' wherein I assured her of being for ever con-
 ' stant. As I was ignorant what became of her,
 ' I desired my father to get this letter delivered
 ' wherever she was, and to send her answer.
 ' I was prepared on every side, and made no
 ' doubt but that I had taken care to be served
 ' according to my wishes. A prisoner has time
 ' to think of every thing.

' One night being more impatient than ever,
 ' and lamenting bitterly that I had no news, I
 ' heard an unusual noise of bolts, which sur-
 ' prised me. I was alone in my tower: It
 ' could be only to me they came, and, unless
 ' it were something very pressing, and it was not
 ' then an hour for any body to visit me; in fine,
 ' it was my turnkey. Joy in his countenance
 ' promised good news, and immediately raised
 ' my spirits; nothing but tidings of my letters,
 ' or my liberty, that could occasion his visit, or
 ' his looks. I eagerly asked him, what I was
 ' to

to expect? See, said he, delivering me a packet of letters, to what danger I have exposed myself! I say no more, adieu, I tremble, my fidelity must not be suspected; my brother is but just arrived, and notwithstanding the danger in coming at this time, I could not withstand the pleasure of easing your concern, and affording you a good night. I thought this regard of his so kind, that in order to give him an early instance of my acknowledgment, I drew a small diamond ring from my finger, and made him a present of it, with assurances that I would not stop there. The turnkey went away well satisfied; but I was certainly more so at that time than he.

I was no sooner alone, but I opened my packet in great haste; it contained two letters; the first was from my father, the other from my wife. I found my father's hand somewhat different from what it used to be, but I took very little notice of it; as for the second, signed *Minette*, I thought of nothing but the pleasure I enjoyed; it was the first I ever received from her, and only delayed, by kissing a thousand times the testimony I expected of her love. However eager I might be to know the reasons of my confinement, love prevailed over curiosity. Here is *Minette's* letter.

I thought I could not refuse, Sir, an answer to your letter; I am sorry for what you suffered upon my account: I advise you to contribute to your enlargement, by submitting to what is expected from you. For my part I thought myself
obliged

' obliged to obey a parent ; and if I am the only
 ' cause of your troubles, I remove that obstacle, by
 ' releasing you from any engagement between us.
 ' I had some scruple in the affair, but I have
 ' been informed the first duty of a daughter is to
 ' obey her father, and that all engagements are
 ' void, which are made without the consent of
 ' those who brought us into this world. I hope
 ' you will have sense and resolution enough to con-
 ' form ourself to so warrantable an excuse, and
 ' that your esteem for me is such as not to oppose
 ' my tranquillity.

' I thought this letter so cruel, and it over-
 ' whelmed me with so violent a grief, I had like
 ' to have fainted away ; Despair alone preserved
 ' my senses. Perfidious wretch ! (I cried,
 ' throwing the letter disdainfully away ;) could
 ' I expect such a barbarous return ? So much
 ' love and constancy, did they deserve a change
 ' so odious ? I was two hours in a state as pain-
 ' ful to feel as to describe ; I threw out a
 ' thousand imprecations against the ungrateful
 ' creature, and stopped twenty times before I
 ' could read over my father's letter ; he ex-
 ' pressed great tenderness, exhorting me to have
 ' patience, and promised I should soon be at
 ' liberty, provided I renounced my marriage ;
 ' he very frankly confessed, that *Minette's* fa-
 ' ther had much the better interest, and that I
 ' should perish in prison, if I did not submit to
 ' power as he had done ; he gave me an account
 ' of the perfidy of my mistress, who had held
 ' out but a few days, and, to obtain her pardon,
 ' had accepted of a husband recommended by
 ' her

‘ her relations, to whom she was to be married
‘ in eight days; he exhorted me to imitate her,
‘ assuring me that I should be restored to my
‘ liberty as soon as I should take such a resolution.
‘ I was not able to go through the letter, I had
‘ too much of it already; the night was spent
‘ in walking about my chamber, and complain-
‘ ing of my perfidious mistress.

‘ I was three days and three nights without
‘ taking any thing, and it was the fourth day,
‘ that being ashamed of my folly, I resolved on
‘ declaring I had no farther thoughts of the un-
‘ faithful *Minette*; and that since she had been
‘ capable of deceiving me, I would never hear
‘ her named. I had no sooner explained myself
‘ on this subject, and consented to the setting
‘ aside my marriage, but I was promised my
‘ liberty on this condition, that I should return
‘ to my father, and never more endeavour to
‘ see my ungrateful mistress. I was too angry
‘ to make any difficulty upon that head. My
‘ hatred, so naturally expressed, forwarded my
‘ liberty, and it was granted three days after.

‘ As soon as I was at liberty, I went to my
‘ father; he confirmed *Minette*’s perfidy, and
‘ shewed me a letter setting forth all its circum-
‘ stances; he told me what steps he had taken
‘ to procure my liberty, which proved inef-
‘ fectual, through the great credit which *Mi-
‘ nette*’s father had employed; he told me how-
‘ ever, that in spite of all his interest, his ad-
‘ versary would have had the worst of it, be-
‘ cause as my father acted *incognito*, he must
‘ have been plaintiff in the trial, without a de-
‘ fendant, on account of his refusing his own
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‘ daughter, if I had not given my consent for
 ‘ the annulling the marriage : This occasioned
 ‘ a letter from Court, by which he was given to
 ‘ understand, that if he pushed things any farther,
 ‘ he should never see me again ; a menace
 ‘ that stopped him short, by reason of the tenderness
 ‘ he had for me.

‘ Above six months after, talking with my
 ‘ relations about my confinement, and telling
 ‘ them after what manner I found means to
 ‘ write to my father, I understood he had never
 ‘ received my letter : This incident astonished
 ‘ me, and I greatly surprisèd my father in my
 ‘ turn, when I produced the pretended letter I
 ‘ thought he had writ. He was himself almost
 ‘ mistaken in the hand, so little difference there
 ‘ was between it and his own ; he assured me
 ‘ he never wrote to me, and notwithstanding
 ‘ the pains he took to find out how they could
 ‘ counterfeit his hand, he never could clear up
 ‘ the affair, and it is but lately that this mystery
 ‘ was brought to light.

‘ However, this instance of forgery gave me
 ‘ some suspicion ; I acquainted my father with
 ‘ it, but he was the innocent cause that I did
 ‘ not examine things with proper attention ;
 ‘ the confidence he was in of *Minette’s* infidelity,
 ‘ which had been confirmed to him from different
 ‘ hands, passed even to me, and I thought
 ‘ there was so much reason to forget her, that I
 ‘ should in time have attained it.

‘ For some months I was exceeding melancholy ;
 ‘ notwithstanding my endeavours, I
 ‘ could not forget the ungrateful *Mademoiselle*
 ‘ de ———. I strove indeed to divert my
 ‘ thoughts

‘ thoughts from her ; but her dear image had taken
‘ too deep root in my heart, to be so easily torn
‘ away. Sometimes resentment gave me ease,
‘ but it soon vanished, and after all my projects
‘ to forget her, I found myself the most unfor-
‘ tunate and most enamoured of mankind.

‘ But my mother, who suffered prodigiously
‘ to see me waste away by degrees, and feared
‘ at last to lose me, thought if she could but
‘ contrive to give me an inclination for some-
‘ body else, that I should recover in time, and
‘ forget the perfidious *Minette*. To this effect,
‘ she drew much company to the house, and put
‘ me under an obligation, as is usual, of assisting
‘ in the honours of the assembly which was con-
‘ stantly held. All the neighbourhood afforded
‘ of handsome young ladies came to it. One
‘ in particular, about fourteen, of a brown
‘ complexion and a chearful amiable character,
‘ distinguished herself, and was admired by all
‘ the world : She was always merry, and had
‘ something new ; to be acquainted with her,
‘ and desire to love her, was the same thing. At
‘ first, I only looked at her, and considered how
‘ well she deserved the praises given her ; but a
‘ custom of seeing her, soon had a farther effect ;
‘ I wished to share in her friendship. Time
‘ could not be more agreeably spent, she did
‘ not seem averse to me, and was the most
‘ obliging creature in the world ; the more I
‘ knew her, the more I was enchanted ; my
‘ mother perceived it, and being willing to
‘ snatch an opportunity she had been purposely
‘ waiting for, she spoke to the young lady’s mo-
‘ ther, named me for her daughter, and ad-

‘ vanced matters with so much expedition, that
‘ three days after she told me, if I was in love
‘ with *Mademoiselle de ———*, as she had no
‘ room to doubt, I should be her husband in
‘ eight days.

‘ Any body but myself would have been
‘ transported with such an expectation; the lady
‘ in question was exceeding lovely, a thousand
‘ good qualities enhanced her charms; they had
‘ seduced me in appearance, yet it was admiration,
‘ and not love, which affected me, as I
‘ discovered when my mother proposed her for
‘ a wife; instead of the comfort she had promised
‘ herself, she met with nothing but trouble
‘ and perplexity.

‘ This unexpected coldness surprised her; she
‘ asked what could occasion it? and whether it
‘ were possible, after having shewn such a
‘ deference for *Mademoiselle de ———*, that I
‘ should hesitate to thank her for her trouble,
‘ in getting me preferred to a number of others
‘ who sighed for her? I loved my mother too
‘ well to disguise the matter; I told her sincerely
‘ how I was affected; the proposed lady’s
‘ charms had sensibly touched me, but I continued
‘ to love the perfidious *Minette*; her
‘ image was more deeply rooted than ever in my
‘ heart, when she seemed just upon the point
‘ of being banished from it. I bemoaned my
‘ weakness, I asked a thousand pardons for it
‘ of the best of mothers, but I could not extort
‘ from myself a promise to comply with what
‘ she had engaged her word for; it was to no
‘ purpose for her to remonstrate the injury I did
‘ myself thereby; the folly of a constancy so ill
‘ deserved,

‘ deserved, and the resentment of *Mademoiselle*
‘ *de ———* and of her family, if I persisted in
‘ my sentiments: I owned the justness of her
‘ reflections, but at the same time declared,
‘ that if they drove me to this marriage, how
‘ flattering soever it might appear, they would
‘ render me the most unhappy of mankind.

‘ My mother, moved with all I had said on
‘ this occasion, promised me so to manage mat-
‘ ters, that my refusal should not appear, and in
‘ order to it, she would find pretences for a
‘ delay, the better to break off the affair. This
‘ goodness, this condescension gained upon me
‘ so much, and appeared so endearing, that I
‘ expressed my acknowledgments in the most
‘ lively and respectful terms: Methought I
‘ was myself again, and foresaw what was to
‘ happen.

‘ Nevertheless my father, who was not so
‘ complaisant as she, in giving into my way of
‘ thinking, called my mother’s goodness im-
‘ prudence, and would not join in it; he told
‘ me, that he did not understand my visions,
‘ and told me sternly, he expected me to agree
‘ to the marriage, which had only been con-
‘ curred in complaisance to me. It was in vain
‘ for me to try his paternal tenderness; he would
‘ hear no reason: My father reaped up all the
‘ trouble I had already occasioned through his
‘ fond complaisance, and assured me, that if I
‘ took the way to give him more, he would
‘ make me know who was master, and that he
‘ expected to be obeyed.

‘ Things were in this posture, when a stranger
‘ arrived, and enquired for me: It was high time,

‘ I was on the brink of being tied for ever, and
‘ after long struggles, sinking under a father’s
‘ authority; but the letters that were delivered
‘ changed the face of affairs, and gave me a
‘ legal right of protesting against my intended
‘ marriage. I was transported with joy to
‘ think the charming dear *Minnette* was con-
‘ stant, and I blushed for having been capable
‘ of suspecting her fidelity; I bewailed her
‘ condition, and my father joined with me in
‘ detesting the cruelty of her relations, in bar-
‘ barously sacrificing her to vile interest; We
‘ took advice concerning the violence offered
‘ this adorable person; we consulted the laws,
‘ and the most eminent lawyers; they were of
‘ opinion, that *Minnette* should protest against
‘ her vows, and the suit be revived which had
‘ been carried on to have her acknowledged for
‘ the daughter of *Monsieur de* ———. My
‘ father would not let me appear in the affair,
‘ but managed it in the same manner as
‘ *Monsieur de* ——— had done before, and
‘ this with so much address, that the affair was
‘ on the point of being determined in three
‘ months time.

‘ *Monsieur de* ———, who little expected to
‘ see this affair renewed again, which so nearly
‘ concerned him, thought to confound his se-
‘ cret enemies with the same facility as before,
‘ but he found things very much altered; his
‘ protector was dead, and the successor not al-
‘ together so partial in his favour; he was
‘ obliged now to appear, and put in his answer
‘ to the strong attacks that were made against
‘ him: As the proofs were clear as the day, he
‘ was

‘ was at last condemned to acknowledge *Minette*
‘ for his daughter, and on account of his former
‘ behaviour, and the violence he had employed,
‘ he was forbid the sight of her till farther
‘ orders.

‘ The verbal process of this affair having
‘ been sent to *Rome*, the Holy Father named
‘ Commissaries to examine it, and after a ma-
‘ ture deliberation it was determined that the
‘ *Nuncio* should decide it.

‘ This, *Mademoiselle*,’ continued *Melicourt*,
‘ is the present posture of our affairs; and
‘ therefore your charming friend begs your assist-
‘ ance. The justice of her cause is all she has
‘ to depend on; my father has not the honour
‘ to know our Judge, and we have some reason
‘ to fear he will not be favourable to us, not
‘ only from the interest that *Monsieur de ———*
‘ may still have, which he will undoubtedly
‘ exert on this occasion; but even from the
‘ consequences of such an indulgence, which
‘ may become a precedent for others in the same
‘ case.

‘ As to *Monsieur de ———*,’ added *Meli-
court*, ‘ he is exasperated against his daughter;
‘ and declares, that if she is freed from her
‘ vows, he will never see her; his wife joins
‘ with him, and without a miracle there is no
‘ room to believe he will ever lay aside this un-
‘ just prejudice.

‘ The powerful party my father has formed
‘ for us in the province, has declared in our
‘ favour, and promises, if the *Nuncio* restores
‘ *Minette* to her liberty so unjustly taken away,

‘ we shall be married after the proper forms
 ‘ have been observed; in this they generally
 ‘ agree. I went in person to acquaint *St. Agnes*
 ‘ with these particulars; she was equally pleased
 ‘ with me, and shewed so great an earnestness,
 ‘ that you, *Mademoiselle*,’ said this constant
 lover, ‘ should share in our joy, that I am
 ‘ come with zeal to impart to you this trans-
 ‘ action: I beg you to continue to us both
 ‘ your friendship, which we value beyond ex-
 ‘ pression.’

Thus did *Melicourt* finish his story. I observed him, during his discourse, and found him to be worthy my charming friend, I heartily thanked him for his complaisance, and I promised to contribute every thing in my power to promote his interest, which I earnestly embraced, and would certainly employ all my credit in an affair wherein I took so great a share. He seemed satisfied with these assurances; and to leave him no room to doubt of my being in earnest, I told him I was that moment writing to the person *St. Agnes* had mentioned, and that I hoped I should know that very day if I might depend upon those I intended to employ. I took my pen and inserted this request in my letter to the *Marquess*, which I recommended in a manner the most prevalent to render it effectual.

Dubois, whom I impatiently expected, never came. I could not imagine how to account for this delay; it was now past noon, and my uneasiness became so manifestly visible, that *Melicourt* perceiving it, asked me the cause of it. I could not resist the desire he shewed of making
 me

me easy, I thought I saw in him a second *St. Agnes*; besides, I imagined myself in so much danger, till I had acquainted the *Marquess*, that I ought to hazard the secret, in order to get a letter delivered to my lover, on which I thought my safety depended. I could trust *Melicourt* with the commission, which he joyfully accepted, and promised to bring me an answer in less than half an hour; I was overjoyed at this, and giving him his instructions, he set out. Ought I to have expected what he brought me back? Oh Heaven! I tremble at this day, when I think on the cruel answer I received. If any one has shared in the preceding perplexities I have undergone, let them continue their pity for me; they will shortly see whether I deserved it, and whether the peace and prosperity I actually enjoy have not been bought by all that is most sensible to a woman, whose heart has ever been so tender and faithful as mine.

It was almost three in the afternoon, and no *Melicourt* yet returned. Let any one imagine what I suffered; a thousand things came in my head upon this delay; to crown my misfortune, *Madame de Geneval* entered my chamber, telling me the *Marquess* was come, who followed her in. How hard is it to affect tranquillity when inwardly racked with cares! and how much it has cost me to accustom myself to this policy, so necessary in the world, which obliges one to be perpetually disguised! I was too much a novice in this art, to assume that air which eludes the eye of the curious. The old *Marquess* perceived the constraint I was under, and asked me (with a politeness which so much distinguishes

L 5

people.

people of a certain quality) if he was not come at an improper time? I could not help blushing at his penetration; however, I answered luckily enough, attributing the trouble I could not hide, to an indisposition that hung upon me: To recover myself, and avoid a conversation, whereof I dreaded the consequences, I asked his Lordship's leave to continue my work; this gave me an opportunity of looking down, for I dreaded to meet his eyes: Though in years, he had a piercing look, which seemed to read one's very thoughts. Whether it was prejudice, or fear, every time he looked me in the face, I imagined his eyes said; "Ah! *Jenny, Jenny*, it is to no purpose to hide yourself from me, I read the very motions of your heart." One may judge if I was very easy under such an apprehension.

Any body but myself, in these circumstances, would have foreseen that *Melicourt* might return with a letter, or perhaps have some secrets to communicate, and therefore would have absented themselves for a moment, under pretence of giving orders to a servant. It is commonly said, that the simplest girl has always sense enough to manage what regards her heart; I ingenuously own myself not to be of that number. I thought the least action would render me suspected, and even betray me.

When my eyes met those of the old *Marquess*, I cast them quickly down again in great confusion; methought he came only to make discoveries, and that I was to guard against all that might lay me open; upon this, I put on a formal countenance; my discourse was perplexed, and in my agitation I often answered without understanding.

derstanding what was said, or knowing what I answered.

The old *Marquess*, too quick-sighted not to see the disorder I was in, curious perhaps to augment it, or finding out the meaning of it, drew near, and began to be very sweet, but in the most refined manner in the world. *Madame de Geneval* applauded him, undoubtedly vexed, though willing to make her court. For my part, totally absent, I scarce gave him an answer; a forced smile often supplied the place of a real one. 'Confess, Madam,' said the *Marquess* to *Geneval* playing with a ball of silk; 'that the *Countess* has a complexion not to be matched; do you observe the delicacy of her features, and those little dimples which form themselves when that pretty mouth is going to utter the least syllable?' Perplexed as I was, I could not help smiling from time to time every feature received its encomium; and letting none escape him, his imagination, more lively than could be expected for his age, seemed transported when he spoke of all the charms, with which he flattered me.

I was handsome, I have said so before, and I am sorry I am obliged to repeat it, and to speak of myself with less reserve, than I would choose; but I cannot give a probability to certain transports, without ingenuously telling what gave them birth. The *Marquess* was surprizing in that respect; I was some time before I could account for it, his curious looks betrayed him; the posture I was in, showed my breast, notwithstanding its being covered, on the least motion; the fine turn and whiteness of it threw

the old gentleman into extasies; he talked to me on this subject in expressions that did not betray his years; and this in such a manner, as to make an impression on any one but myself.

The name of father to the man I adored, gave the old *Marquess* such an influence over me, and I had conceived such respect for him, both through fear, and my regard for his son, that I had not courage to contradict several expressions, I should certainly have interrupted, but on these motives. I cannot tell what the old courtier thought, but to me it did not seem that my condescension gave him room to exceed the bounds of a certain decency. His politeness gave me a great pleasure, and kept me in countenance. *Geneval* was quite otherwise; every trifle made her familiar, and if I had not behaved with a serious air in her regard, her little fooleries, and the liberty which she would have taken, might have encouraged the *Marquess* to exceed the limits my discretion had prescribed to the complaisance I thought myself obliged to shew him. But I had not the same regard for her; when leaning over my work, and pretending to romp, she had maliciously removed the handkerchief which covered my breast, and occasioned great sprightliness from the *Marquess*; I gave them both so severe a look, that it was easy to comprehend I was not to be jested with too far, nor of a temper to suffer such sort of behaviour. The air I put on made the *Marquess* reassume that respect for me he thought my due; and from that time, on all occasions, he never forgot himself: So true it is, that a virtuous woman may keep men at a distance if she pleases;
whenever

whenever they behave otherwise, she can only blame herself for her want of reserve. Men endeavour to divert us, and, under that pretence, take too great freedoms. Unhappy is that young woman, who defends herself in mirth; she must lose ground. Seriousness is the shield of virtue; those are wise, who know how to employ it in a proper manner.

Another thing against which young women ought to be upon their guard, is their own sex, and above all, never to contract a friendship with any woman, unless they be very sure of her character. The commerce of too familiar a she-friend, is often more dangerous than that of the most enterprising man. And why? because one is aware of a lover, whose vivacity and too great freedoms proclaim his designs; whereas one resigns one's-self up with confidence to a she-friend, who passes for such; the great secret never to become their prey, is to break off all commerce with such, who, under pretence of friendship, communicate certain secrets, or who artfully enter into dangerous particulars. It is so far from being an advantage for a young woman to be informed from the knowledge of another, for satisfying an inquisitive curiosity, to which they are unhappily inclined from the time they begin to know themselves, that she ought to avoid all that gives light into certain things. Curiosity is a rock fatal to virtue. I cannot repeat it too often: Young women who have a mind to know, are not long before they practise.

I began to grow very uneasy at the eagerness of the old *Marquess*, and *Geneval's* foolish talk, who, to please him, persisted in flattering his frenzy,

frenzy, when *Melicourt* thinking me alone, and who knew I expected him with impatience, entered without sending in his name, with a letter in his hand. I turned pale, and, confounded as I was, could scarce rise to receive him.

The old *Marquess*, observing me, easily saw the trouble I was in; he took no notice of it, but got up and returned a bow to *St. Agnes's* lover, who judging him, by the marks of distinction he wore, to be a man of quality, was very respectful. *Madame de Geneval*, who had never seen *Melicourt* before, and who imagined by the little ceremony which I used with him, that it was some old acquaintance (not being able to distinguish that it proceeded from my perplexity), asked me in my ear, if the gentleman was a relation, or my countryman? I answered without reflection, "Yes." 'By all' means then' continued she in a low voice, but designed to be heard, 'we must keep him to supper.' I answered this nonsense (pardon the expression), with silence. We were all seated again; the old *Marquess* and *Melicourt* were entered into conversation. As this young country gentleman had a great deal of wit, he acquitted himself so as to deserve applause. *Melicourt*, who had his own affair as much at heart as mine, recounted the history of his mistress from one end to the other, and that with a view, without doubt, to interest the *Marquess* in his favour; who, as he sought on all occasions of being acquainted with me, and perhaps of pleasing me, turned and asked if I interested myself in the affair of the beautiful Nun? I was too much her friend to hesitate in my answer. 'Well, then, Madam,'

‘Madam,’ cried the *Marquess*, ‘I promise my good offices ; I am an intimate friend of *Monsieur de ———*, who has great interest in affairs of this nature.’ ‘Sir,’ continued he, addressing himself to *Melicourt*, ‘please to take the trouble of sending me an exact memorial of the affair, and I will certainly give this lady a good account of it.’

I thanked the old *Marquess* with an air of earnestness, which convinced him how warmly I espoused my friend’s cause. Courtiers take all opportunities of commending ; I received, upon this subject, a compliment on my good nature. *Melicourt* joined with him, and as the conversation rolled upon this topic, I was less uneasy than before. Nevertheless the old *Marquess*’s visit began to grow troublesome, I could think of no artifice to get rid of him. I was extremely impatient to hear from his son. *Melicourt* had undoubtedly some news for me. How disagreeable it is to be under constraint in the like case ! Nobody could suffer more than I did ; but patience was my only remedy, not being yet come to the end of my troubles.

My good and very simple aunt, who, by extreme good luck, happened to be in my anti-chamber, and whom I had ordered to let nobody in without giving me notice, a thing however she had quite forgot as to *Melicourt*, remembered it then, and came to tell me there was a gentleman who had dined with me, desired to see me. I could not help blushing, upon reflection, fearing some untoward accident ; I got up and went out, excusing myself to the company. It was *St. Fal*, a moment later he had

had entered. "Ah Heavens!" cried I, "what was you going to do? Fly, the old *Marquess* is here." "Good God! who would have thought it?" replied the *Count*: "His being here is very unseasonable; I have a thousand things to say to you; I will brush off; try to shorten the visit, I will return as soon as my uncle is gone." "What news from the *Marquess*?" said I to him, conducting him to the door, "Mad," answered *St. Fal* — Whilst the *Count* was speaking and opening the door, somebody knocked. I was more dead than alive. "Perhaps it is your cousin," cried I, "for who else can come to see me? If it is he," added I, "let him be gone." "You need not fear that," continued *St. Fal*, "it is certainly not him; I wish to God it were! We would find ways enough to hide him from his father." "What do you mean?" replied I confounded; "What is the matter?" *St. Fal* had not time to reply, they knocked again. I bethought myself of putting him into the kitchen, to wait whilst the door was opened, whither he went. As for myself, who have always been fearful, and being otherwise moved with what *St. Fal* had just said to me, I went into my apartment, and ordered *Barbara* to open the door. I had scarce any life in me, and sat down to my work in so much disorder, that might easily be observed.

The old *Marquess* taking but too much notice of it, whispered in my ear with an air of intimacy, to know if any body had made me uneasy, or if any private reason had occasioned my trouble, offering his service, in case he were so happy, that I should have any occasion
to

to make use of it. I was going to answer, when *Barbara* brought in word of the *Duke de ———* being there; How unfortunate am I! said I to myself, and rising to receive him. Is it possible that vexations should thus spring up on all sides? I received him, notwithstanding the compliment this Lord made me, without appearing uneasy. We had all taken our seats, and the discourse began to roll on the raillery the young *Duke* bestowed on the *Marquess's* taste and regard for handsome women; when *Barbara* entered my chamber in a fright, crying, "Thieves." We all of us got up; I could not guess at the cause of her fears, I asked her in great apprehension, what thieves she meant? "In the name of God, Madam," cried she, "desire these gentlemen to be so charitable as to go into the kitchen; perhaps he that went down just now was not alone, for he looked as bold as if he feared nobody."

Though I was much concerned to find that *St. Fal's* going out of the kitchen, where I had desired him to wait, and of which *Barbara* was entirely ignorant, had occasioned her outcries; notwithstanding my uneasiness, I say, her mistake made me smile to myself. I was under necessity, nevertheless, to affect a seeming terror, in order to give no umbrage. As I did not play my part ill, neither the young *Duke*, nor the *Marquess*, would suffer me to stir, but went with *Melcourt* and *Barbara* to search the apartment, not a hole or corner escaped my credulous aunt. During this scrutiny, a glove with a gold fringe was discovered; the *Duke* laid hold of it, and returned to me in triumph. "Faith, Madam,"

‘Madam,’ said he with a smile, ‘this thief is certainly a beau, and ought to be pardoned for the sake of the glove.’ I trembled for fear it should be known; it belonged to *St. Fal*, who had dropped it; luckily no notice was taken. The *Duke*, pleasant as he was, and willing to divert me, was very merry on the subject of the thief and the glove; he bantered *Barbara*, pretending to believe she had other reasons for crying out; he affirmed with a grave face, which set the company a laughing, ‘that the person who made his escape, was certainly an humble servant; adding, that if my chamber-maid (as he was pleased to call her) would own the truth, we should be convinced he was not mistaken.’

The tone in which this banter was uttered, and the figure of my poor aunt affording a humorous contrast to the imputation, enlivened the conversation to that degree, that I was vexed to be obliged to laugh, when in reality I had so little reason. But I was soon punished. Word was brought the *Marquess*, that his time for being at Court drew on. I could discover by the *Duke*’s countenance, that he would willingly have staid with me; but as I had not the same reasons for obliging him as I had in regard of the old *Marquess*, I had courage enough to declare my intention of writing a letter, not to lose the opportunity of *M. de Melicourt*, who was so obliging as to take that trouble. This feint succeeded; the *Duke* and the *Marquess* took their leave, protesting they had not been so agreeably diverted a long time. I appeared obliged by their civilities, though in my heart I sincerely wished

wished it were the last time I should receive the like from either of them.

The moment *Melicourt* and I were alone, I asked with great earnestness for the *Marquess's* letter. 'I am afraid,' replied he, giving the letter, 'you will not be pleased with it, I think myself very unfortunate to have served you so ill the first time.' This preamble made me shudder, and open the paper in a hurry; the contents were as follow:

I *Am surpris'd Mademoiselle, that you should take the trouble of giving me an account of your behaviour, which I have no right to expect. My regard for you was too great to disapprove of the civilities which seem due to the rank and merit of the Duke de ———. If he should have the same designs as I had, the satisfaction of having put the first band to making your fortune, at least, is mine. I am far from consulting my own interests on this occasion, much more from complaining. The sacrifice would not be complete, and reproaches still more unseasonable, considering the delicacy of sentiments on which I value myself. You received the Duke's visit, you were at the play together, because you thought it depended on yourself; taste must not be disputed. I wish you, Mademoiselle, greater happiness than myself, and shall be careful not to disturb your new engagements by a presence equally disagreeable to you, as unprofitable to myself. This is all. Farewel for ever.*

The Marquess of L. V.

"Just

“Just Heavens!” cried I, bursting into tears
 after reading the letter, “can any one be so un-
 “just? Can so much love be paid with such in-
 “gratitude? Cruel man!” cried I, casting a
 melancholy look on the fatal letter, “how have
 “I deserved to be made so unhappy!” *St. Fal*
 entered as I was speaking, much moved at my
 condition. ‘Ah! *Mademoiselle*,’ cried he look-
 ing strangely on *Melicourt*, whom he did not
 know, ‘mitigate your grief, it will be soon
 ‘over; pardon the author, his fault is owing
 ‘to the excess of his passion.’ “No, my
 “Lord,” answered I, “he loves me not, nor
 “ever did. He ought to know me; but since
 “he doubts my constancy, I will give him a
 “convincing proof. In the name of all that is
 “dear, assist me in flying from a climate I de-
 “test. Alas! I ought to have dreaded it.
 “Fool that I was,” continued I lifting up my
 eyes, “dear *St. Agnes*, when I left you!
 “Why did I not follow the discreet *Lindamine*?
 “Why did I not make my escape? My heart
 “would now have been at ease; I should have
 “learnt by degrees to wean my affections from
 “the world; and if I must have been unjustly
 “suspected, and no longer beloved at least
 “through custom, I might have found my
 “comfort in seeking a better world. See the
 “fruits, or rather the punishment of the errors
 “of headstrong youth. Ah! *Marquess*, *Ma-*
 “*quess*, was this blow reserved for my lively
 “tenderness in your regard? I lose you, you
 “fly me; I am nothing! Pardon, dear
 “lover, the vexations I have given you, and
 “my unhappiness in displeasing you; your re-
 “venge

“venge shall be ample, regret shall end my
“life.”

St. Fal, always tender and exquisite in his sentiments, behaved with his usual generosity. Instead of taking this advantage in behalf of his own passion, he exerted himself in favour of his kinsman, and endeavoured to support my affection for him, of which my extreme grief was, alas! too plain a proof. Two days, for so long my transports continued, did he pursue the dictates of that noble disinterestedness he professed to cultivate for *Melicourt*, had who affairs on his hands, employed his leisure hours in pacifying me, but all in vain, death was the object of my hopes. The *Marquess* appeared no more; at last they owned he was gone to join his regiment in *Germany*, where the war was broke out. How cruelly was I alarmed at this news! I would see nobody. *St. Fal*, the complaisant *St. Fal*, exhausted to no purpose his whole stock of good nature; I could scarce bear with him; the old *Marquess* was the only one I did not dare refuse, on account of that ascendant I have mentioned elsewhere; but I was so melancholy, that if he had not guessed the reason, he must necessarily have discerned an alteration in me; yet he was complaisant enough to suit himself to my humour. As for the *Duke*, he was quite at a nonplus, I having given him a very cold reception the next day, though he brought me a handsome gratification he had obtained for me, and which occasioned a sad mistake, as I shall relate afterwards. I explained myself with so much resolution on the subject of his visits, that he durst seldom appear, notwithstanding his
his

his easy behaviour; a strong proof of a woman's power when beloved; her tyranny knows no bounds, and it is submitted to the more servilely, as a dread of displeasing is the very foundation of her empire. The *Duke*, the old *Marquess*, and tender *St. Fal*, were all in this situation, and the more to be pitied, as their passion met with no encouragement.

Eight days passed on without coming to any resolution; sometimes I was for shutting myself up in a monastery, at other times I thought of going home, and throwing myself at my father and mother's feet, to punish what I then called an error, by returning to my primitive mean condition; frequently I was upon the point of owning myself to my aunt; nothing but my vanity prevented me. In fine, on the ninth day I wrote to *St. Fal*, desiring he would come to me immediately. My resolution was fixed. Alas! how many tears were shed! but virtue remained triumphant. I was determined to throw myself into a cloister, and employ the repeated proffers *St. Fal* had so often made of serving me, to be received a Nun, on which I was absolutely bent. How little do women, at the age I then was, know themselves! how cautious ought they to be, when drove precipitately into any state of life! Oftentimes their weakness hurries them into extremes; a love-quarrel, the inconstancy of an admirer, misleads their mind, or rather judgment. Thus intoxicated, a young woman takes a resolution, and either marries a rival for whom she has no relish, or becomes a Nun without a vocation. And what is the consequence? The cloud vanishes, she

she comes to herself, and looks back with horror on the step she has taken, the state in which she is engaged; grief and tears the only remedy left; death is called upon, but to youth its approaches are but slow, and is a thousand times undergone before it comes. These reflections are pardonable; I write for my own sex, as I declared from the beginning, and cannot too much inculcate, that virtue ought to be their only aim; where this is the case, they run none of those hazards I mention; it preserves them, because it never exposes its followers.

St. Fal was too assiduous not to fly at my summons. The moment he appeared: "Come, my Lord," said I, "crown the work you have begun; you are the only person I rely upon. May I flatter myself I am not deceived?" "Can you question my sincerity?" replied he, with an air that proved it; "Speak, charming *Jenny*, nothing appears impossible to the zeal I have for your service. Would you have me overtake the *Marquess*, reproach him for his injustice, force him ———?" "No," answered I, with greater tranquillity than he could expect; "your kinsman's eyes are opened, love had blinded him; he now sees the great distance between us, he blushes at his own weakness, and will atone for it by abandoning me. He is too dear for me to blame his behaviour, which needs not have been so harsh; but I respect even his severities. Let us say no more on this subject, dear *Count*," continued I, unable to restrain my tears; "those happy moments, wherein I indulged so flattering an illusion, must be forgot, and amends
— made

“ made by a more regular conduct, for the
 “ fallies into which a foolish passion hurried me.
 “ My design is to throw myself into a convent,
 “ and there, in the lowest station, humble that
 “ vanity I have too much encouraged : Heaven,
 “ in pity of my youth, I may say innocence,
 “ will give me strength to break through my
 “ bonds ; my constant prayer will be, to free
 “ my heart from the image too deeply engraved
 “ there ; my tears, continually poured out be-
 “ fore its altars, will prevail perhaps, and ob-
 “ tain for me that peace, from which at present
 “ I am, alas ! much estranged.”

This was uttered with such abundance of tears, that the compassionate *St. Fal* was moved to sympathize with me. After repeating how large a share he bore in my affliction, he remonstrated in the most lively manner, how unreasonable such a conduct would be, and the danger I should incur of being miserable for life. He artfully insinuated, such a state did not suit my temper, that I should no sooner make my vows, but despair would be the consequence. He drew a lively picture of a Nun without a vocation, emphatically pointed out the tortures arising from a distaste to her way of life, her subjection and humiliation increasing every day ; he even introduced the article of salvation, and seemed to doubt it ; after so much pains employed to secure it ; in fine, he talked like one inspired, and if he did not shake my resolution, he gave me at least great uneasiness.

St. Fal had his motives for exerting himself against my retreat ; he still had hopes, which made it natural enough. From the vexations

and

and dangers he had represented, he turned to a proposal of a middle state, a kind of retreat without renouncing the world entirely. ‘Why should any one,’ said he, ‘become a slave, that may live in a state of independence? A cloister is a sure refuge for persons that are timorous, or liable to trip; they are highly to be commended for shutting themselves up, and cutting off all occasions of sin. But you, charming *Jenny*, whose mind is formed, and whose morals are the dictates of the strictest virtue, to what purpose should you arm yourself against imaginary dangers, and lay a constraint on a temper never designed to be buried in a convent? At present you have an irksome disrelish for the world: Well, make yourself easy; but do not irrevocably renounce it, lest so hasty a determination should change, and then you need not repent in vain. Nobody can hinder you from living retired: Go to another part, you need only pretend a journey, take a borrowed name, and see no company: Of my own accord, I will banish myself from your retirement, though never so inviting by your presence. How do you know, lovely *Jenny*, but in a little time, the *Marquess*, discovering his own injustice, may come and protest at your feet’——“Ah! though he should change his mind,” replied I interrupting, “and should return, I never will behold more a man that was capable of suspecting me. No, *Count*, though I love the ingrate, even more than my life, yet in vain would he seek to see me again. I repeat it, nothing can alter my mind on this article; my resolution

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“ solution is fixed, and the world shall not shake
“ it.”

Instead of contradicting me, *St. Fal* seemed to come into my measures; he agreed with me, that his kinsman deserved I should act with resolution, but still insisted on the manner of regulating my conduct in leaving him. ‘Your imagination, charming *Jenny*,’ said he, ‘is lively, and your heart has too much of the same quality, to remain in a state of indifference, if I could suppose such a thing, after so tender a passion; your heart will carry the day, it is made for love, and will always love. Would to Heaven, in changing its object, it may be remembered that you have an admirer.’ The *Count* was doubtless going to speak of himself, when my aunt lighted a person into the room, which I presently knew to be the young *Duke*. “Pray, Madam,” said she, “do not be angry; I refused to let his Highness” for so she styled all that were richly dressed; “come up, but he said he must speak with you about business, that would admit of no delay.” I rose to receive this visit, unseasonable as it was; my eyes shewed plainly I had been crying. ‘Good God!’ cried the *Duke*, placing me in my chair; ‘are you already acquainted with the affair which brought me hither? By the trouble you are in, I have no room to doubt it. But really, Madam, you need not be very uneasy; you have friends who will give convincing proofs of their regard. Do not question it, Madam; *St. Fal* knows how earnestly I promote the interests I have once espoused.’

This

This discourse surprized me. What can possibly have happened, said I to myself, that requires assistance? I hid my perplexity as much as possible; I durst not own my ignorance, lest the *Duke* should enquire the occasion of my tears. I employed a stratagem, beseeching him to relate the affair, as if I had heard nothing of it, that by putting the several accounts together, I might the better judge what was to be done. 'It is a trifle,' said he, 'and ought not to alarm you; such affairs are frequent here, and a proper turn will set all to rights. It is true, the affair, upon second thoughts, might prove troublesome to any one else, Madam; but this is not the case, there will be nothing got by molesting you; for the *Marquess of L. V. St. Fal*, and I, are not persons to suffer any thing of that nature. I will lay a wager the *Count* is of the same opinion.'

All this served only to increase my uneasiness, and raise my curiosity; *St. Fal*, who saw what I would be at, and was an intimate friend of the *Duke's*, pursued my thoughts, and asked him, if he had taken an oath to perplex me, in making me wait so long for the particulars. 'God forbid,' replied the *Duke*, seating himself; 'but I judged it proper to put the lady in good heart: This is the fact; others may have related it differently, but what I am going to say may be depended on, I have it from the fountain head.'

'About two hours ago, a woman, much about your age, though not so handsome, followed by a man, sent your name in to me just as dinner was over. I had company with me,

‘ but imagining it must have been you, Ma-
 ‘ dam, I rose immediately from table to receive
 ‘ you ; how was I surpris’d to find myself mis-
 ‘ taken ! You are not the only one, said this
 ‘ *Countess des Roches*, that have express’d their
 ‘ astonishment at seeing me ; your prejudice in
 ‘ favour of a woman, who, upon what account
 ‘ I know not, has taken my name, makes you
 ‘ wonder that I should dispute that title with
 ‘ her, and complain that she has very gravely
 ‘ given my husband out for dead, whom I have
 ‘ brought to wait on you, and on that consi-
 ‘ deration has received some favours from the
 ‘ Court. You may imagine,’ continued the
Duke, ‘ how much I was surpris’d at this pre-
 ‘ amble : Good God, said I to the woman, you
 ‘ perplex me very much ! I am at a loss what to
 ‘ think of the confidence you shew, in address-
 ‘ ing yourself to me under the name of a per-
 ‘ son for whom I have a great respect, and know
 ‘ perfectly well : Upon this the *Count des Roches*
 ‘ spoke, and in a polite manner told me, he did
 ‘ not doubt but the person, for whom I interest-
 ‘ myself, was of the same name, and that in the
 ‘ King’s armies there were several more ; but
 ‘ what most surpris’d him was, that though he
 ‘ proved himself, by a personal appearance, to
 ‘ be alive, people would have him to be dead, at
 ‘ least till an account could be had from his regi-
 ‘ ment, to which letters had been sent, as he
 ‘ was inform’d, in order to discuss the affair ;
 ‘ in the mean time, he was given to understand,
 ‘ that his commission was dispos’d of, and that
 ‘ though what he affirm’d should prove true,
 ‘ yet, without great difficulty, things could not
 ‘ be

‘ be altered. The *Count* added, that he was
‘ the more incensed against the person who had
‘ played him this trick, for that he came to
‘ Court in order to solicit a gratification, which
‘ he had occasion for, being obliged to drink the
‘ waters, but could not now hope to succeed,
‘ since such a favour had been granted to another
‘ person. He concluded with beseeching me
‘ not to take it ill, if he applied himself to the
‘ War office, which he had not as yet done,
‘ knowing I interested myself in favour of the
‘ fictitious or real *Countess des Roches*; offering
‘ at the same time to desert, if I had reasons for
‘ the adventure’s not being talked of, being as-
‘ sured my interest could easily prevent his being
‘ a sufferer in the affair.’

While the *Duke* was giving this detail, *St. Fal*
bit his nails, and seemed to be in a deep study.
For my part I was all in a maze, and fancied
nobody ever met with such extraordinary ad-
ventures except myself. The *Duke* continued his
discourse in the following manner:

‘ You cannot question, Madam,’ said he,
looking stedfastly on me, ‘ but his request per-
‘ plexed me very much. I thought my answer
‘ would be of such consequence, that it would
‘ be proper to defer it till to-morrow. The
‘ officer retired, professing to observe my com-
‘ mands; and I am come, Madam, to know
‘ how you would have me behave in the affair.
‘ Ridiculous it is, I own, but we shall be
‘ obliged to prove at the office, that no fraud
‘ has been employed, and that though the
‘ gentleman and his wife are of the same name,
‘ you are still the person I specified in the me-

‘morial presented in your behalf. To put the
 ‘thing past dispute, all you have to do is, to
 ‘give in the place where your husband died, that
 ‘enquiry may be made, and you acknowledged
 ‘the real widow of the *Count des Roches*.’

St. Fal, who perceived the anxiety into which
 this discourse plunged me, and of which, in
 truth, he was the cause for want of foresight,
 answered in a bantering tone, which much sur-
 prised me, “that the affair would be soon
 “cleared up; that this *Count* and *Countess des*
 “*Roches* were in all probability impostors, who
 “designed by their contrivance to pick some-
 “body’s pocket, and that in two hours time I
 “could bring sufficient proofs who I was; but
 “at present urgent business, though out of good
 “breeding I did not tell him as much, obliged
 “me to go out.” ‘Good God!’ cried the
Duke, interrupting him; ‘the lady is much to
 ‘blame, if she uses the least ceremony with
 ‘me; she knows I am entirely devoted to her,
 ‘and should be extremely concerned to lay the
 ‘least restraint on her; on the contrary, I should
 ‘think myself very happy if she took the free-
 ‘dom to refuse seeing me, as often as I am un-
 ‘seasonable in my visits.’ I judged from what
St. Fal said, that he used this contrivance in
 order to talk with me alone; upon this I seconded
 him in a very polite manner, that the *Duke*
 might not imagine I was at a loss. He came
 immediately to a resolution, and went away
 with the *Count*, who set him the example, giving
 me a wink that he would be with me imme-
 diately; in fine, I was left alone, if one may
 be

be said to be so with a hundred reflections, one more vexatious than another.

So many crosses, without intermission, overwhelmed me to that degree, that I was quite stupified. *St. Fal* returned as my tears began to find a passage. It was high time, being almost choaked. 'I am come, lovely *Jenny*,' cried the *Count*, 'to shew my grief at your feet, for what my imprudence has occasioned: I never imagined such a use would be made of it, as I find, by the *Duke*, has been done; had I known what he was about, when he solicited that unlucky gratification, I should have prevented his good intentions, and foreseen the consequences.' "The mischief is done," answered I, obliging him to rise; "and you are far less the cause, than that cruel destiny which pursues me; but our time is too precious to be thrown away in this manner. You see there are a hundred reasons to one for my making off; give me this last mark of your friendship, not to forsake me till I am settled in a monastery." "I am ready to obey you," replied *St. Fal* with a sigh; "but if you would be ruled by me, and you ought, considering the perplexity you are in; I will place you so as to be secure from all alarms, or at least have the satisfaction of being your own mistress." I exclaimed bitterly against this proposal, telling him, "that the sad experience I had hitherto had, of being left to myself, prevented my making a second trial, perhaps more fatal than the first."

St. Fal opposed my resolution but faintly; he remonstrated however, that till a convent was

pitched upon, I must retire somewhere. This I thought reasonable enough, and the more, as he observed to me, that till I took the vell, I should be upon the footing of a pensioner, and that my effects, which he would take care should be brought, would be a credit to me, and procure me a more favourable reception. How great a master was this amiable friend in the art of persuasion! He interested my vanity, and fixed my eye imperceptibly on the advantages a person receives who comes well equipped to a monastery. It is true, these things made no very deep impression, yet they had their effect. Pride will always exert itself, no age nor character is proof against it, and experience teaches us, that through ostentation it will subsist in the grave itself.

Our consultation lasted an hour, when it was resolved I should not go away till the next morning; and in order to deceive *La Geneval*, whom we had all the reason in the world to mistrust, we agreed *St. Fal* should tell her, that being too much straitened for room, I had taken a house that was empty, and should furnish it directly for my reception. We took this precaution, lest in her frequent conferences with the old *Marquess*, she should give him some light that would put him upon his guard, in case he dissembled with me. I could not forbear suspecting as much. I could read in his eyes, every time he look at me, a secret design, which never failed of making me uneasy. To be a woman and subtle, is much the same. Simplicity is seldom found after twenty: Nay, thirteen has produced as artful women as ever thirty did:
But

But no more of that, I may perhaps be mistaken with the rest of the world ; where reputation is concerned, too much precaution cannot be employed. If prejudice is too hasty, equity ought to suspend the sentence, till a rigorous examination be made.

Every thing concerted was put in execution. The furniture was taken down early next morning ; but, instead of sending it to the place intimated to *La Geneval*, one of the *Count's* servants conveyed it to *Paris*, on carriages hired for that purpose.

About an hour before my departure I sent for *Melicourt*, and acquainted him with my journey, and the motives which induced me to undertake it, promising to write a direction to him as soon as I was fixed, that he might find me out. He was sensible of my regard, and assured me, that at his return he would not fail to wait on me. He informed me, his affairs were in a fair way, and that before the end of the month he hoped *St. Agnes* would be released from her vows. I congratulated with him very sincerely on the occasion, and told him, I intended to write to that dear friend, as soon as my troubles would permit, begging that, in the mean time, he would inform her nobody had a greater value for her than myself.

Secret undertakings are generally attended with disagreeable accidents. I was got into a post-chaise provided by *St. Fal*, in order to join him, for he set out first, and was thanking Heaven that I had made my escape without any obstacle ; when, turning towards the great alley, I passed close by the old *Marquess*, who was

coming in his coach from *Paris*. I turned pale at the sight of him, being convinced he knew me by his earnest look, and a smile. What he discovered in my countenance I knew not. I presently lost sight of him. My chaise went at a great rate, and I flattered myself that my fear was the worst of the adventure.

As short as my journey was, it afforded time for reflections; I began, through custom, to bear much better the continual crosses which befell me, than the *Marquess's* inconstancy. He no longer loves me, cried I to myself, he abandons me to my own destiny. Fatal passion; why did I suffer thee to gain so cruel a sway in my breast? Why cannot I tear it from me? I am told I was made of love, why then can I not reward the assiduity of the politest and most complaisant man in the world? Pursuing this thought, self-love made me reflect how happy I should be, if I could bring myself to do justice to the *Count's* merit: I represented him to myself with that easy generous air, with which the services he did me were accompanied; his agreeable and engaging person was not forgot; I could not but admire his disinterestedness and noble behaviour; a sigh ensued; methought I endeavoured to persuade myself to do him justice. When I drew a parallel between him and the *Marquess*, the one seemed an ungrateful, the other a tender and constant lover. Such were my thoughts when he appeared at the end of the Court, where he waited for me in a livery coach, a precaution he used to prevent the place, to which I was going, from being discovered.

I was

I was so taken up with the notions just now mentioned, that I received him with a far different countenance than formerly; my expressions even exceeded what he usually met with from me. His behaviour, instead of making me sensible of my giving a handle to it, plunged me deeper into the illusion, which rose from my troubled mind. I talked of the apartment he had hired for me, as familiarly as if he was my entire *confident*. He informed me that till the furniture for a handsome apartment was fitted up, I must go into an *Hotel* ready furnished, where I should be commodiously situated. I thanked him in the most obliging manner, for the pains he had taken in serving me. Alas! this was cruelty. My carriage served only to renew the wound the caprice of love, rather than my charms, had made in his heart, and which reason perhaps might have healed in time. The spouse, dearer to me than life, excuses this generous pity. Can any one refuse it to a person whose conduct truly deserved it?

The *Count* and I supped together; I was very chearful, and he overjoyed to observe so great a change. He afterwards owned, that the apprehension he had of my making a trial of his moderation and sentiments, in order to come to a resolution about the monastery, if he had betrayed any eagerness, alone restrained him twenty times from throwing himself at my feet to express the transports he received from my complaisance. How refined was such an apprehension! how much it increased my esteem! Few men are so reserved; and that woman is happy, who makes a friendship with such.

The next day *St. Fal* conducted me to my apartment, consisting of four rooms. My chamber was so well adorned, and so different from what I had at *Versailles*, that I scarce knew the furniture again: I could not forbear blaming the *Count* for this additional expence; he excused himself, saying he had not ordered it, but that it was only the remaining part of the furniture, which my lodging at *Versailles* could not contain. His apologies were always so handsomely turned, whenever I found fault, that I was sometimes vexed at myself when at a loss for a reply. Such is the advantage of wit, and no small share of it is required to prevent the mortification of making acknowledgments; this is to oblige doubly.

St. Fal passed a part of this day too with me; he busied himself in remarking to me the titles of several new books, with which he had augmented my library, and advised me to read, in order; he said, to divert my thoughts, the better to enable me to judge coolly on what was to be done. He named several much in vogue, and esteemed by all persons of taste: Among several pamphlets which seemed new, the title of one piece struck me, and engaged my curiosity: I enquired if the history, under the title of the *Payson Parvenu*, was fictitious or real? 'I cannot say any thing positive as to that,' replied *St. Fal*, 'oftentimes the heroes of such adventures never existed but in the author's imagination; nevertheless, as to the book in question, it may be matter of fact, or at least an artful criticism on some one who have made their own fortune: Many such there are, charming

‘ charming *Jenny*, and among them, some who
‘ owe their elevation as much to their virtue, as
‘ to a capricious turn of events. But, with-
‘ out entering into a detail of too great a
‘ length, and too serious a nature at present, I
‘ may venture to affirm, the reading of such
‘ books is useful, instructing, and proper to
‘ form the mind. Besides, being unavoidably
‘ interested in reading such amusing passages,
‘ truths are frequently met with, which persons
‘ would not take the trouble to dive into, were
‘ they not with art and delicacy thrown in their
‘ way. Proper expressions not only please, but
‘ lead to an imitation of the virtues proposed as
‘ a model; a method of instructing often
‘ crowned with success; one may add, that it
‘ has sometimes led the way to a morality of the
‘ greatest consequence. To correct mankind by
‘ amusing them, is certainly the most agreeable
‘ means, and which seldom fail; the mind, in-
‘ dependent as it is, revolts against the harsh-
‘ ness of rigid maxims, and may be compared,
‘ lovely *Jenny*, to the heart which repines when
‘ under the constraint of imperious laws, whereas
‘ mildness and address are sure to prevail: Happy
‘ are they who have attained the art.’

Whilst *St. Fal* was discoursing thus, I turned
over the *Payson Parvenu*; when he was silent I
read a page, and was charmed with the style, and
the singular manner with which the author lays
open the deepest recesses of the heart. This
agreeable amusement lasted till suppertime; nor
should I have then quitted it, had not *Barbara*
informed me how late it was. The *Count*, who
was no more tired than myself, took the ad-
vantage

vantage of my good humour, and asked leave to stay supper, a favour I could not prevail on myself to refuse; not but I knew very well, it was breaking a little into the strict rules of decency. While the cloth was laying, he asked me, 'if he was so unfortunate as to be troublesome, or whether I had so little confidence in him, as not to talk of what was agreeable to me?' I must own the question puzzled me, not imagining the drift of it. The *Count* was never at a loss in knowing my thoughts. 'You are amiable beyond expression,' said he, seizing my hand in a respectful manner; 'two days I have enjoyed the charms of your conversation, without once mentioning the *Marquess*.' Saying this the artful *St. Fal* looked earnestly at me; endeavouring, methought, to sound my heart, and there discover whether I was really indifferent in regard of the *Marquess*, or out of resentment only forbore to speak of him. My colour came, my heart represented the ungrateful man with all his charms, and all his cruelty. "How barbarous are you!" answered I with an air of trouble, "why should you remind me of a man I am desirous, you know, to forget?" "What pleasure can you find in plunging me again into reflections, it has cost so dear to tear from my breast? Why would you have me think on the *Marquess*? Does he still remember me? No, no, dear *Count*," continued I with some emotion, "there is not the least appearance of it; he goes away without seeing me, without giving me the least hopes of his return; he bids me farewell forever.—Ah! it is too plain, I am now as
indifferent

“ indifferent to him, as ever I was dear. Alas !
“ perhaps at this very instant he offers his ad-
“ dresses to another, and vows an eternal con-
“ stancy !” ‘ That *sigh*, that *alas*,’ cried *St. Fal*,
interrupting me, to prevent my giving way to
grief, ‘ informs me of what I wanted to know.
‘ Yes, *Fenny*, you are more in love than you im-
‘ agine. The *Marquess* will be ever dear, and his
‘ kinsman wretched. You have pronounced my
‘ sentence ; I revere it, and before eight days
‘ are over, will give you convincing proofs
‘ that my passion for you surpasses that of yours
‘ for the *Marquess*, which is in reality saying a
‘ great deal.’

What the *Count* said, made a deep impression.
“ What proofs so convincing, and in so short
“ a time ?” replied I, “ What relation can they
“ have with the *Marquess* ?” ‘ Still more marks
‘ of your tender passion,’ replied *St. Fal* with a
forced smile ; ‘ you would not have been thus
‘ curious, had my words regarded only myself.
‘ For your punishment,’ added he with an agree-
able air, ‘ I shall not inform you, unless I have
‘ your promise not to think of the monastery
‘ you was so full of, till after my return.’
“ How !” cried I, “ will you go and leave me
“ before you have settled me in a convent ?”
“ How obliging,” replied *St. Fal* with a sigh,
‘ would that fear be in other circumstances !’
“ Ah, *Count*,” continued I, “ how can you de-
“ light in humbling me ? Can you doubt of the
“ friendship I have for you, which I owe you,
“ and of which you are so worthy ? But take
“ not a pleasure in giving me these alarms.
“ What journey do you design ? what mystery

“ is

“ is this, which is not to be cleared up but upon
 “ condition? In the name of goodness, keep
 “ me no longer in suspense.” “ Well! charm-
 “ ing *Fenny*, I must speak then,” said *St. Fal*
 lifting up his eyes: “ My duty calls me to the
 “ army, where I ought to have been some days
 “ before, but could not prevail on myself to
 “ leave you surrounded with vexations and
 “ troubles. The mystery is, I shall see the
 “ *Marquess*, and in eight days you may possibly
 “ here of him. That is the riddle. I am
 “ too well acquainted with my cousin’s character
 “ to doubt, that when he knows you are at a
 “ distance from the *Duke*, and reflects on the in-
 “ justice of his own suspicions, he will expire
 “ through regret for his behaviour towards you;
 “ I dare venture to affirm it. Consider, whe-
 “ ther such a reflection is agreeable to me, or
 “ that upon it I can leave you with a serene
 “ mind.”

How great is the force of love in a heart that
 is prepossessed? No sooner had the *Count* given
 me hopes of being still beloved, and that the
Marquess might perhaps return again, my dis-
 turbed mind was no sooner struck with the
 charming illusion, but I imbibed, without measure,
 the sweetness of such a flattering idea. I was
 no longer uneasy at his intended departure,
 which before I seemed to apprehend; my
 thoughts, outstripping the post, carry *St. Fal*
 in twenty four hours to the army, bring him
 and the *Marquess* together, overhear their dis-
 course, are witnesses of my lover’s repentance,
 and grant his pardon before he sues for it, Sup-
 per.

per being served up, very opportunely interrupted a conversation which began to give me pain. *St. Fal*, always complaisant, always refinedly polite, pretended not to observe what he too plainly perceived; he entertained me with the pleasure he proposed to himself from my letters, since he had, he said, my leave to write to me, and was in hopes of my answers. He avoided mentioning the *Marquess*; but a moment before, he was blamed for recalling him to my mind; whereas now, if I had spoke my sentiments, I should have quarrelled with him for being so ready to obey me. Cruel love! fatal passion! how dost thou disorder a heart too weak and sensible to resist thy power? That very instant I was indifferent, and had not for two days mentioned my lover, and this without the least constraint, because I thought him grown indifferent himself. Hope revives me, I believe he still loves me, and on that account would talk continually of him. May not this be truly stiled *caprice*? Do not the mind and heart contribute their share in these disorders of the judgment? Can any one wonder after this, that on such a topic, a history containing variety of events has been built? Alas! were journals taken of the errors of the heart and mind, there would be little room in libraries for any other subject; it were hoped, they would be finely touched after the manner in which *M. de Crebillon* has wrought his *caprices of the heart and mind*; nor can it be denied how odd soever it may seem, that disorder is the offspring of nature. The manner of improving

proving it, must be the work of art and sense, qualities rarely found united.

At last *St. Fal* took his leave; notwithstanding his endeavours to conceal his tears, I saw them trickle down; this affected me very much, and engaged me to give him all the marks of friendship possible; he was so well satisfied, that he repeated the strongest assurances of his disinterestedness, and the zeal he had to promote my happiness with the greatest sincerity. He was no sooner gone, but I ordered him to be called back; I exacted of him, that he should not make the least effort in my favour with regard to the *Marquess*. Notwithstanding my tenderness for him, my little heart was nettled; haughty as it was, it could not remember the offence without shewing a resentment. The apprehension I was under lest the *Count*, in order to serve me, should take some steps not agreeable to a vanity well grounded, made me employ a very singular precaution; that I might not be deceived, in case my lover returned, I was determined his passion should be the only motive. With this view I made *St. Fal* engage his word of honour, and promise to inform me, with the sincerity of a gentleman, of all that passed in regard of me, without suppressing the least circumstance on any motive whatsoever. His answer to this seemed so sincere, that I did not doubt of his acting according to my wish. I consented on my side to what *St. Fal* demanded, which was, not to make any alteration in my way of life till his return. It was with difficulty that I agreed to it; I seemed to foresee what was to happen.

The

The day after the departure of this amiable friend, I was terribly dejected. How frightful is solitude after an agreeable companion ! It was in vain to have recourse to work or reading, every thing was tedious, and no possibility of amusing myself. Half the day was spent in melancholy and affliction. My only comfort was the expectation of hearing soon from the army, and would willingly, had it been in my power, have abridged the time, the sooner to have that satisfaction. The pleasing hope of my lover's return, with which the *Count* had flattered me, was continually present in my mind. What ! shall I behold him again tender and constant ? said I to myself as often as the thought occurred. Shall I have the happiness of hoping to be his ? One moment I was in hopes, the next I despaired ; in a word, I could not agree with myself, and when I seriously put the question, What do I think ? I could make no answer. Doubting, perplexed, I walked backwards and forwards, looked through the window, went from one apartment to the other, and suffered more than if I had been employed in the most laborious exercise. Where the mind is oppressed, the body undergoes a great deal.

I supped and went to bed very early, but it was in vain to close my eyes ; twice I put out my candle, and lighted it as often. In fine, not knowing which way to turn myself, and quite spent, I rose to fetch a book from my library ; the first I met with was a pamphlet the *Count* had brought the day he set out, and, as he said, much in vogue. I carried this book

to

to bed ; in reading three or four pages, I began to interest myself in favour of the young lady whose story is related ; I was much affected, I dreaded coming to an end of what was so agreeable. I made a pause, my fears soon regarded new objects. I lost myself, if I may be allowed the expression, in favour of the lovely *Marianne* ; methought there was a near resemblance between our adventures. She found a protectress ; the character she gives of her exactly suited *Madame de G——*. Every page furnished matter for applications ; I stopped : Alas ! said I, this is me ; this lover so tender, is the *Marques, Climal, M. de G——*. How different soever these adventures were from mine, I was so bent upon finding a resemblance, that I strained the events, adjusted the characters and even the conversations did not escape me.

Thus agreeably amused did I pass a part of the night, and continued reading till I had finished the first part. All I had in the world, would have been the purchase of the following ones. How charming an author * ! cried I to myself, how happy should I be in his acquaintance ! It is impossible to write with so much wit and delicacy, and not to be exceeding amiable in conversation. From thence I considered the advantages arising from books. I found myself quite altered by the amusement I reaped from so many different passages. I resolved on setting a part a time for reading ; life said I to myself, will pass away more imperceptibly, and with less regret. Such agreeable relief is more than I could have expected.

Sleep

* *M. de Marivaux.*

Sleep at last closed these reflections, and I passed the night in a manner which surpassed my expectations.

At ten in the morning I was waked by a woman's voice, which was exquisitely fine, and whose melody and sweetness was so great, that I rose on purpose to hear it the better. I presently discovered that the person, who was mistress of so great a treasure, lived in the apartment over mine; the windows were open, and going to my own, I could distinguish the words. Enchanted as I was with this amusement, I could not think of dressing, for fear of losing the least part of this regale; I was always extravagantly fond of music, and to this day it is my favourite diversion.

When the singing ceased, I dressed myself and then gave directions in the house affairs; I was no novice in them, considering my age, and knew something of œconomy. My aunt, as honest as a servant could be, yet was an entire stranger in *Paris*. It is true, my experience was short of hers in things of this nature, nevertheless I acquitted myself tolerably well.

Several days passed, and nothing material occurred; I had taken an entire relish for reading, and found so much relief from it, that my whole time in a manner was spent in it. I soon went through all the modern pieces; among the authors which pleased me most, *Messieurs de Crebillon* and *de Marivaux* were chiefly distinguished. Had it been allowable for a young woman to seek acquaintances with men, I should infalibly have endeavoured to draw such agreeable

agreeable persons to my house; I envied the happiness of those who enjoy their conversation. Where a book gains our favour, the author commonly comes in for his share: In a word, reading was a refuge, and often a pleasure to me. By way of variety, music was sometimes indulged. I had made an acquaintance with the young gentlewoman who sung so well, and whose voice at the very first charmed me so much. She was a person of family, about twenty-two, of an infinite deal of wit, and enticing sweetness of temper. She gained my affections from the beginning, and without examining into her conduct, I placed an entire confidence in her.

She dined with me almost daily; and when she missed, it was, as she said, that I might do her the same favour. As to the remaining part of the day, we had neither of us taken it into our heads to pass it together. I lived so very retired, that probably she would not venture to propose going abroad; or rather, she did not think proper to interrupt her now way of life, to which I was an utter stranger, and begrave with me, when she might enjoy so much company; a motive I had not been acquainted with, but for an adventure which befell me soon after, and taught me how imprudent a young woman is who grows familiar with strangers, particularly of her own sex; otherwise I might very innocently have been entangled in some dangerous engagements, without being able to extricate myself from them. What hazards do young women run when abandoned to themselves, and how little do they know of the snares which

which may be laid for them ! Without a large share of discretion, and this supported by the best advice, they seldom escape the ambushes prepared for their ruin. Happily I did not buy this experience too dear ; but I have less reason to thank my own discreffion, than Heaven, which opened my eyes, and discovered the danger to which I was exposed.

One evening, when the moon shone very bright, I went to the window for the benefit of the air. I began to reflect with great anxiety on my not hearing from the army ; three weeks were passed without any news from the Count, though he had promised to write on his arrival. I was racking my imagination, I say, to find out the cause of this neglect, when *Mademoiselle Junia*, she that sung so well, came into my chamber, and asked me to honour her with my company at supper : ‘ I am extremely ‘ dull today,’ said she, ‘ and I know nobody but ‘ yourself that can divert a melancholy which ‘ overwhelms me without my being able to discover the reason : Can you be so cruel as to ‘ leave me in it ?’ The disposition I was in, so much resembled what she described, that I very chearfully accepted of her proposal. ‘ We will ‘ be a long time at table, we will sing, this ‘ perhaps may enliven us both, for you seem as ‘ grave as myself. A little disorder should now ‘ and then be indulged to keep up our spirits, ‘ and in my opinion’ added she, ‘ good chear ‘ is of great efficacy for that purpose,’ I agreed ‘ to what she advanced, and followed her with a kind of satisfaction at being diverted from my uneasiness ;

easiness ; this drew a thousand acknowledgments from her in return for my complaisance.

In effect, the meal was sprightly, which is not usual between two women. *Junia's* sparkling turns of wit made me laugh very heartily. Nevertheless, I could not sincerely approve of some expressions she let fall from time to time ; as often as this happened, I looked very grave ; but she bantered me, mimicked my countenance, and by that means obliged me to quit it, rallying me for my preciseness. ' Are we not alone ? ' said she, ' nobody hears us ; and may we not, as we are friends, and of the same sex, make ourselves amends for the severe restraint in which we are educated, and which decency obliges us to observe ? ' *Mademoiselle Junia* was certainly the most artful creature in the world, as will appear by the contrivance she formed : How much ought the conversation of such a woman to be dreaded !

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END of the SECOND VOLUME.